



ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

THE END







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THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHICAGO
1674-1914

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHICAGO

1674 - 1914

SHOWN IN A SERIES OF CONTEMPORARY
ORIGINAL NARRATIVES

Compiled and Edited by
MILO MILTON QUAIFFE
Superintendent of the State Historical Society
of Wisconsin

A copy of the Marquette Building, Chicago,
for mosaic, Marquette Building, Chicago, by J. J. Holzer.
THE DEATH OF MARQUETTE



CHICAGO
THE CAXTON CLUB
M CM XVI





THE DEATH OF MARQUETTE

From drawing for mosaic, Marquette Building, Chicago, by J.A. Holzer.
(By courtesy of the Marquette Building, Chicago.)

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PREFACE

I am minded to begin my prefatory note by telling a Chicago story; if I do not tell it well it will not matter provided the moral is clear. During the World's Fair of 1893 some French visitors were one day comparing the city they had come to see with their own great metropolis, to the manifest disadvantage of the former. "And how long," asked a Chicago woman, herself of French descent and familiar with the language, "have you been developing your city of Paris? Do you expect us to do in sixty years as much as you have done in a thousand? Only give us time and see what we will accomplish."

The moral of the story chiefly concerns the principal actor in it. She had come as a child to Chicago when it was an insignificant military outpost in the heart of the wilderness, with the Potawatomi still lords of all the adjacent region. As these lines are penned, she still resides in the community of her childhood adoption, grown from a wilderness outpost to America's second city, and fifth metropolis of the world. In memory she sees the lonely hamlet of 1830, clustered around the stockade fort beside the sluggish river; pictures of dusky throngs gathered periodically to receive their treaty payments, of panic paleface rout before the tomahawk and scalping knife of Black Hawk's followers, pass before her mind; while around her flows and throbs unceasingly the rushing life of the city of two and a half millions, and to her ears comes a babel of tongues still stranger than the Potawatomi she learned to speak in childhood. I can think of no more marvelous development in all history than the one spanned by this single lifetime on the banks of Chicago River.

In view of the rapidity and the recency of her development it is not to be expected as yet that Chicago shall give much heed to her past. Yet the fact remains that she has an interesting past, the records of which stretch back farther than most men realize; and a knowledge of and reverence for one's past constitutes a

PREFACE

potent cultural influence, whether in the life of an individual or of a community. The present volume attempts to visualize the development of Chicago and the tributary region from seventeenth-century savagery to twentieth-century civilization by grouping a considerable number of the more interesting accounts that have been written of it from the first recorded visit of white men down to the present day.

A few words may be offered concerning the conception of the project and its execution. In preparing the volume I have followed no conscious model, and so far as I am aware the plan of it is unique. The chief obstacle to its execution was the difficulty, in many cases insurmountable, of finding suitable material for certain periods which it was desired to illuminate. With but few exceptions the selections offered are travelers' narratives and journals. Gathered from many sources, they are necessarily of uneven interest and value. In transcribing the selections taken from published works the liberty has been exercised of disregarding, on occasion, the typographical style of the original volume, but in no case has the work of the author himself been altered. The editorial work has designedly been confined to the minimum; naturally the earlier selections call for more of annotation than do the later ones.

Although duly acknowledged in another place, I take pleasure in here calling attention to the generosity of the Burrows Brothers Company, the Century Company, T. Fisher Unwin, Charles Scribner's Sons, Harper and Brothers, and George H. Doran Company, publishers, in permitting me to reprint portions of books copyrighted by them. Acknowledgment of courtesies rendered is also due the Michigan Historical Commission and the Chicago Historical Society; and to Marjorie Park and Lydia Brauer of the Wisconsin Historical Library staff for much accurate and faithful labor in preparing the manuscript and index, and in seeing them through the press.

MILO M. QUAIFE.

MADISON, WISCONSIN, March 1, 1916.

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Part I

The Seventeenth Century



THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHICAGO

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

PART I

THE earliest record that has come down to us of the coming of white men to Chicago is that of Jolliet and Marquette's visit in the summer of 1673, while returning from their famous voyage of exploration of the Mississippi River. It is an interesting fact in the local historiography that for a generation following this initial record accounts of the visits of white men to Chicago are relatively frequent and satisfactory. There ensues upon this a period of almost a hundred years, coinciding roughly with the eighteenth century, during which the records are for the most part silent. Not entirely silent, for here and there are to be found brief notes of the presence of white men on the site of the future metropolis; but the entire eighteenth century does not afford a single record which even approximates in detail and interest the shortest of the three seventeenth-century narratives which are here presented. That such records exist and will some day be brought to light the present writer at least is optimistic enough to believe; thus far, however, if any do in fact exist, they slumber in concealment, awaiting the coming of some future fortunate discoverer.

In this opening chapter I have chosen to assemble three of the most interesting known records of seventeenth-century Chicago. The first is not included because of its novelty, since few characters in American history have so taken hold of the popular mind as has gentle Father Marquette. Notwithstanding this, however, his own narrative is accessible only in a costly and bulky collection which practically no individuals, and only the larger and more important libraries, possess. The two

remaining narratives, perhaps equally interesting in themselves, possess more of novelty to the usual reader than does Marquette's.

While Jolliet and Marquette were laboriously making their way up the Mississippi in the summer of 1673, they received from the Indians a bit of information interesting both to them and to us. In fine they were told that by ascending the Illinois River they would find a shorter and easier route back to Mackinac than that by which they had come out. Acting upon this information they became the first white men, so far as we have any knowledge, to traverse the Illinois-Des Plaines River route to Chicago. This journey was directly responsible for Marquette's next and final one. The Illinois Indians had welcomed the explorers, and had urged Marquette to return and instruct them. This he promised to do; but the fulfillment of the promise was delayed for nearly a year by the illness which was shortly to terminate his career. At length in the late autumn of 1674 he set out from the Jesuit station at De Pere, accompanied only by two voyageurs and a party of Indians, to make his way down the western shore of Lake Michigan to Chicago and thence to the Illinois village one hundred miles below. We take up Marquette's story with the arrival at "the river of the portage"—Chicago. Here an aggravation of his disease together with the inclemency of the season compelled a halt of four months. Thus it came about that our first account of life at Chicago pictures the doings of a lonely priest passing the dreary winter in a rude hut, animated by a fiery zeal for the salvation of the savages he was seeking, the while his physical frame was shaken with the pangs of a mortal disease. If plain living and high thinking be the ideal life, no locality ever launched its recorded career more auspiciously than did Chicago in the winter of 1674-75.

A decade and more passed away. The bones of Marquette slumbered at his beloved Mackinac where he had labored from 1671 to 1673. The masterful La Salle had wrought at his dream of imperial Louisiana and perished, leaving to his compatriots the tiny Fort St. Louis perched on its lofty rock, and to posterity the memory of a dauntless soul. From his last essay and its mournful failure proceeds our second narrative. There is no need to repeat here the story of the ill-fated Texas expedition. Fleeing from its wreck there came up the Mississippi and the Illinois in the summer of 1687, a band of five forlorn individuals. One of them was Cavelier, brother of La Salle; another Joutel, journalist of the expedition. At Fort St. Louis, in the heart of the Illinois, the destined capital of the empire of La Salle's vision, his faithful Achates, Tonty of the Iron Hand, held sway. From him the fugitives expected a royal

welcome and the means of prosecuting their journey on to Canada, but they bore a fearful secret which they took care to conceal from his knowledge. La Salle had been assassinated in the Texan wilds by a group of his treacherous followers. But his brother bore a letter of credit to Tonty directing the latter to furnish him with supplies and a valuable store of beaver skins. With the knowledge of the death of La Salle and the vanishing of his dream of empire this request would naturally not be honored. The fugitives accepted Tonty's hospitality therefore, while they meanly concealed from him the news of his master's death.

Joutel's account of his experiences, a narrative of over 440 pages, was printed in the original French by Margry a generation ago. It is also available in English translation in a number of editions, none of which, unfortunately, is either accurate or complete. The original translation, considerably abridged and much distorted, was published in London in 1714. In recent years this translation has been several times reprinted,¹ no one of Joutel's modern editors having taken the pains to provide a translation of the original journal. We present here a fresh translation made for the Michigan Historical Commission, to whose generosity is due the privilege of thus printing in advance an excerpt from one of the Commission's projected publications. For those who care to read a secondary description based upon Joutel's narrative there is of course Francis Parkman's fascinating biography of La Salle.

Again a decade passes. The torch of civilization so long held aloft by Tonty on the rock of St. Louis has at length been extinguished, and the man of iron hand and iron heart is about to give his aid to the attempted French settlement at the mouth of the Mississippi. Here, a few years later, at Biloxi, yellow fever struck him down, and the valorous career of the chief who "Feared not men" was ended. Meanwhile the Jesuits, whom La Salle had regarded with jealous eye, had established a mission at Chicago. Broken up for a time through the opposition, as it was charged, of Count Frontenac, it was shortly restored, and for a year or two, just at the close of the seventeenth century, the cause of religion flourished at Chicago. The Seminary of Quebec now determined to enter upon the vast field of missionary endeavor which the discovery of the Mississippi had opened, and to rival there the work of the Jesuits farther north in plucking the souls of the savage red men from impending perdition. The initial essay of the Seminary priests in the Mississippi Valley affords our third seventeenth-century narrative. Proceeding to the interior by the now-familiar route, they desired to

¹Once by the Caxton Club, under the editorship of Melville B. Anderson.

traverse the Fox and Wisconsin rivers from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, as Jolliet and La Salle had done in their first momentous exploration. But the belligerent attitude of the Fox Indians compelled them to take the more difficult Chicago route. Thus the same cause which is chiefly responsible for the cessation of visits to and records of Chicago in the eighteenth century, operated in this instance to supply such a visit and narrative.

The records of the expedition are preserved in a number of letters written by its members, that from which we quote being the longest and most important. Its author, Jean François Buisson de St. Cosme, was not the leader of the party, but he seems to have been commissioned to write the principal narrative—the only one describing the experiences of the outward journey. St. Cosme signified the measure of his missionary zeal by winning the crown of martyrdom, being massacred by the savages on the lower Mississippi a few years later. The original manuscript of his letter is preserved at Laval University in Quebec. Francis Parkman procured a copy of it, and loaning it to John G. Shea, the latter translated and published it in 1861.² The copy was defective, however, and the translation of it not entirely accurate. The translation here presented was made for Dr. Reuben G. Thwaites, late Superintendent of the Wisconsin Historical Society, some years since by Col. Crawford Lindsay of Quebec from a transcript of the original manuscript taken for this purpose.

One characteristic common to all of the seventeenth-century narratives here presented deserves a word of comment. These earliest French visitors to Illinois gained a truer insight into its climatic and natural resources than was possessed by some of the best-equipped observers a century and a half later. Judge Storrow (whose narrative we reprint) gravely concluded in 1817 that the region of southeastern Wisconsin "labors under the permanent defects of coldness of soil and want of moisture." He recognized, however, the "native strength" of the soil, and conceded that "at some remotely future period" when a dense population should make possible the application of artificial heat, the husbandman might extract means of life from it. More dolorous still is the estimate of Keating, the historian of Major Long's expedition, which visited Chicago in 1823. He found the climate inhospitable, the soil sterile, and the scenery monotonous and uninteresting. Nor could he perceive any future for Chicago, such as Schoolcraft had foretold a year or two before. The only prospect he could foresee was that "at some distant day," when the country between the Wabash and the

²In *Early Voyages up and down the Mississippi* (Albany, 1861).

(Mississippi should become populated, Chicago might become a point in the line of communication between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi; but even such intercourse would, he thought, be at all times limited. Even Schoolcraft, whose optimism concerning Chicago and northern Illinois was thus so severely arraigned, had only dubious praise for the country between Lake Peoria and the mouth of the Illinois.

Judged in the light of our present knowledge the first explorers of the Illinois country had a truer conception of its worth than did some of their successors of a century and a quarter later. Marquette's account of his first passage through it is as brief as the journey itself was hurried. Yet the opening sentence of the single paragraph he devotes to it states succinctly his impressions: "We have seen nothing like this river that we enter, as regards its fertility of soil, its prairies and woods, its cattle, elk, deer, wildcats, bustards, swans, ducks, parroquets, and even beaver." In view of the forlornness of his situation and the hard experiences to which he was subjected, there would be little occasion for surprise if Joutel had drawn a dolorous picture of Illinois. How differently he described it, and how impressed he was with its beauty and natural resources, need not be pointed out to the reader of this portion of his journal which we publish. St. Cosme, like Marquette, speaks but briefly of the country, but the little he does say leaves no doubt of his satisfaction with it. Even 160 years after Joutel's visit, Horace Greeley, describing the Illinois country for the benefit of the readers of the *New York Tribune*, considered "*Deficiency of Water*," to be "the great, formidable, permanent drawback on the eligibility of the prairie region for settlement," and could not see how this deficiency was ever to be fully remedied. If any moral may be deduced from this hasty contrast between the estimates of the newer explorers of Illinois and the older ones it is perhaps that the real character of a country, as of an individual, is not always apparent upon superficial observation.



FATHER MARQUETTE'S SOJOURN AT CHICAGO, 1674-75

(From "*The Jesuit Relations*," R. G. Thwaites, Editor;
copyright 1900, by The Burrows Brothers Company.)

[Dec. 4]

WE started with a favoring wind, and reached the river of the portage, which was frozen to the depth of half a foot; there was more snow there than elsewhere, as well as more tracks of animals and Turkeys.

Navigation on the lake is fairly good from one portage to the other, for there is no crossing to be made, and one can land anywhere, unless one persist in going on when the waves are high and the wind is strong. The land bordering it is of no value, except on the prairies. There are 8 or 10 quite fine rivers. Deer-hunting is very good, as one goes away from the Poutewatamis.¹

[Dec. 12] As we began yesterday to haul our baggage in order to approach the portage, the Illinois who had left the Poutewatamis arrived, with great difficulty. We were unable to celebrate holy mass on the day of the Conception, owing to the bad weather and cold. During our stay at the entrance of the river, Pierre and Jacques killed 3 cattle and 4 deer, one of which ran some distance with its heart split in 2. We contented ourselves with killing 3 or 4 turkeys, out of many that came around our cabin because they were almost dying of hunger. Jacques brought in a partridge that he had killed, exactly like those of France except that it had two ruffs, as it were, of 3 or 4 feathers as long as a finger, near the head, covering the 2 sides of the neck where there are no feathers.

[Dec. 14] Having encamped near the portage, 2 leagues up the river,² we resolved to winter there, as it was impossible to go farther,

¹ Marquette had gained the shore of Lake Michigan at Sturgeon Bay and followed thence down the lake shore to Chicago. This paragraph has reference to this portion of his journey. The Potawatomi were in this period in the vicinity of Green Bay; for a time their name was attached to modern Washington Island.

² The site of Marquette's winter camp is supposed to have been at or near the junction of South Robey Street and the south branch of the river.

since we were too much hindered and my ailment did not permit me to give myself much fatigue. Several Illinois passed yesterday, on their way to carry their furs to nawaskingwe; we gave them one of the cattle and one of the deer that Jacque had killed on the previous day. I do not think that I have ever seen any savages more eager for French tobacco than they. They came and threw beaver-skins at our feet, to get some pieces of it; but we returned these, giving them some pipefuls of the tobacco because we had not yet decided whether we would go farther.

[Dec. 15] Chachagwessiou and the other Illinois left us, to go and join their people and give them the goods that they had brought, in order to obtain their robes. In this they act like the traders, and give hardly any more than do the French. I instructed them before their departure, deferring the holding of a council until the spring, when I should be in their village. They traded us 3 fine robes of ox-skins for a cubit of tobacco; these were very useful to us during the winter. Being thus rid of them, we said The mass of the Conception. After the 14th, my disease turned into a bloody flux.

[Dec. 30] Jacque arrived from the Illinois village, which is only six leagues from here; there they were suffering from hunger, because the cold and snow prevented them from hunting. Some of them notified la Toupine and the surgeon that we were here; and, as they could not leave their cabin, they had so frightened the savages, believing that we would suffer from hunger if we remained here, that Jacque had much difficulty in preventing 15 young men from coming to carry away all our belongings.

[January 16, 1675.] As soon as the 2 frenchmen³ learned that my illness prevented me from going to them, the surgeon came here with a savage, to bring us some blueberries and corn. They are only 18 leagues from here, in a fine place for hunting cattle, deer, and turkeys, which are excellent there. They had also collected provisions while waiting for us; and had given the savages to understand that their cabin belonged to the black gown; and it may be said that they have done and said all that could be expected from them. After the surgeon had spent some time here, in order to perform his devotions, I sent Jacque with him to tell the Illinois near that place that my illness prevented me from going

³ Concerning these two Frenchmen, who seem to have preceded Marquette to the Illinois country, we know little, aside from what Marquette himself tells us. "La Taupine"—the mole—was Pierre Amoreau, a trader and bushranger of the period. He was an adherent of Count Frontenac, and was accused by the intendant of New France with being an agent of the Governor in the prosecution of illicit trade with the Indians. Of his companion "the surgeon," nothing is known further than is set forth by Marquette.

to see them; and that I would even have some difficulty in going there in the spring, if it continued.

[Jan. 24] Jacque returned with a sack of corn and other delicacies, which the French had given him for me. He also brought the tongues and flesh of two cattle, which a savage and he had killed near here. But all the animals feel the bad weather.

[Jan. 26] 3 Illinois brought us, on behalf of the elders, 2 sacks of corn, some dried meat, pumpkins, and 12 beaver-skins: 1st, to make me a mat; 2nd, to ask me for powder; 3rd, that we might not be hungry; 4th, to obtain a few goods. I replied: 1st, that I had come to instruct them, by speaking to them of prayer, etc.; 2nd, that I would give them no powder, because we sought to restore peace everywhere, and I did not wish them to begin war with the miamis; 3rd, that we feared not hunger; 4th, that I would encourage the french to bring them goods, and that they must give satisfaction to those who were among them for the beads which they had taken as soon as the surgeon started to come here. As they had come a distance of 20 leagues, I gave them, in order to reward them for their trouble and for what they had brought me, a hatchet, 2 knives, 3 clasp-knives, 10 brasses of glass beads, and 2 double mirrors, telling them that I would endeavor to go to the village, — for a few days only, if my illness continued. They told me to take courage, and to remain and die in their country; and that they had been informed that I would remain there for a long time.

[Feb. 9] Since we addressed ourselves to the blessed Virgin Immaculate, and commenced a novena with a mass,—at which Pierre and Jacque, who do everything they can to relieve me, received communion, —to ask God to restore my health, my bloody flux has left me, and all that remains is a weakness of the stomach. I am beginning to feel much better, and to regain my strength. Out of a cabin of Illinois, who encamped near us for a month, a portion have again taken the road to the Poutewatamis, and some are still on the lake-shore, where they wait until navigation is open. They bear letters for our Fathers of st. François.

[Feb. 20] We have had opportunity to observe the tides coming in from the lake, which rise and fall several times a day; and, although there seems to be no shelter in the lake, we have seen the ice going against the wind. These tides made the water good or bad, because that which flows from above comes from prairies and small streams. The deer, which are plentiful near the lake-shore, are so lean that we had to abandon some of those which we had killed.

[March 23] We killed several partridges, only the males of which had ruffs on the neck, the females not having any. These partridges are very good, but not like those of France.

[March 30] The north wind delayed the thaw until the 25th of March, when it set in with a south wind. On the very next day, game began to make its appearance. We killed 30 pigeons, which I found better than those down the great river; but they are smaller, both old and young. On the 28th, the ice broke up, and stopped above us. On the 29th, the waters rose so high that we had barely time to decamp as fast as possible, putting our goods in the trees, and trying to sleep on a hillock. The water gained on us nearly all night, but there was a slight freeze, and the water fell a little, while we were near our packages. The barrier has just broken, the ice has drifted away; and, because the water is already rising, we are about to embark to continue our journey.

The blessed Virgin Immaculate has taken such care of us during our wintering that we have not lacked provisions, and have still remaining a large sack of corn, with some meat and fat. We also lived very pleasantly for my illness did not prevent me from saying holy mass every day. We were unable to keep Lent, except on Fridays and Saturdays.

[March 31] We started yesterday and traveled 3 leagues up the river without finding any portage. We hauled our goods probably about half an arpent. Besides this discharge, the river has another one by which we are to go down.⁴ The very high lands alone are not flooded. At the place where we are, the water has risen more than 12 feet. This is where we began our portage 18 months ago. Bustards and ducks pass continually; we contented ourselves with 7. The ice, which is still drifting down, keeps us here, as we do not know in what condition the lower part of the river is.

[April 1] As I do not yet know whether I shall remain next summer in the village, on account of my diarrhoea, we leave here part of our goods, those with which we can dispense, and especially a sack of corn. While a strong south wind delays us, we hope to go tomorrow to the place where the French are, at a distance of 15 leagues from here.

[April 6] Strong winds and the cold prevent us from proceeding. The two lakes over which we passed are full of bustards, geese, ducks, cranes, and other game unknown to us. The rapids are quite dangerous

⁴By "this discharge," Marquette means the south branch of the Chicago River; the other discharge by which they are to go down is, of course, the Des Plaines. In time of spring flood the two streams were commonly united.

in some places. We have just met the surgeon, with a savage who was going up with a canoe-load of furs; but, as the cold is too great for persons who are obliged to drag their canoes in the water, he has made a cache of his beaver-skins, and returns to the village tomorrow with us. If the French procure robes in this country, they do not disrobe the savages, so great are the hardships that must be endured to obtain them.⁵

⁵Here the journal ceases abruptly. From other sources we know that Marquette journeyed to the Illinois town and there preached for a few days, laying the foundation of the Illinois mission. Because of his illness he then set out on the return journey to Mackinac, going by the southern end and east shore of Lake Michigan. At the mouth of Pere Marquette River, where the city of Ludington now stands, he died on May 18, 1675. His companions interred his body in accordance with directions Marquette himself had given. The following year his bones were exhumed by some of his faithful converts and carried to Mackinac where they were reinterred in the mission church of St. Ignace.

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THE NARRATIVE OF JOUTEL, 1687-88

WHEN everything had been arranged, as I have said, we made preparations for our departure; we requested the Sieurs de Bellefontaine and BoisronDET to send a party with the Indians as far as the Great River, or River Colbert,² whence they would be able to get through without much risk, as they could travel by night as well as by day, letting themselves drift with the current, by which means they would make very good progress.

On Wednesday the 17th three men arrived, in great haste, from Micilimaquinac, and since, as I have already noted, there was not water enough in the river, they had been obliged* to leave their boat on the shore of the lake; this happened very conveniently, for we gave them the one which had been prepared for us, as it saved carrying ours, and the boats were of about the same size.[†] So, on Thursday the 18th, all our small equipment being ready, we took leave of all the dwellers in the Fort, and set out, numbering eight Frenchmen, namely we five and the three who acted as our guides or, rather, who were to do so, with about a dozen Indians to carry some provisions for us and about a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty otter-skins and a few beaver-skin robes, which we took to enable us to obtain provisions at Michilimaquinak or elsewhere, in case we should need them, and could find any.

We set off at about ten o'clock in the morning. They fired several volleys when we left, as they had done on our arrival, wishing us a good journey. Before leaving, M. Cavellier had written a letter to M. de Tonty, which he handed to the Sieur de Bellefontaine to give to him on

The selection begins with the first departure of Cavalier's party from Fort St. Louis (modern Starved Rock) for Chicago.

The Mississippi; the Indians alluded to were the guides who had conducted Cavalier's party from the Arkansas to Fort St. Louis, and who were now to return to their native haunts.

Proceeding by canoe from Mackinac to St. Louis the men had been forced by reason of lack of water in the Des Plaines to leave their boat at Chicago and make the remainder of the journey to Starved Rock on foot. Since Joutel's party was about to reverse the route of the men from Mackinac they now found it possible, by exchanging boats with the latter to forego the task of carrying their own canoe from Fort St. Louis to Chicago.

Here Delisle's manuscript ends, and Joutel's original text begins again.



STARVED ROCK, THE SITE OF FORT ST. LOUIS
(By courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society.)

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We set off at about ten o'clock in the morning. They fired several volleys when we left, as they had done on our arrival, wishing us a good journey. Before leaving, M. Cavelier had written a letter to M. de Tonty, which he handed to the Sieur de Bellefontaine to give to him on

¹ The selection begins with the first departure of Cavelier's party from Fort St. Louis (modern Starved Rock) for Chicago.

² The Mississippi; the Indians alluded to were the guides who had conducted Cavelier's party from the Arkansas to Fort St. Louis, and who were now to return to their native haunts.

³ Proceeding by canoe from Mackinac to St. Louis the men had been forced by reason of lack of water in the Des Plaines to leave their boat at Chicago and make the remainder of the journey to Starved Rock on foot. Since Joutel's party was about to reverse the route of the men from Mackinac they now found it possible, by exchanging boats with the latter to forego the task of carrying their own canoe from Fort St. Louis to Chicago.

* Here Delisle's manuscript ends, and Joutel's original text begins again.

his return.⁴ So we went our way, passing by the village of the Miamis, a distance of about a league from Fort Saint Louis; it is situated on a hill, in a very good position, where a fine town could be made, of great strength, for the place is steep all round, or could be made so, and the river flows at its foot. We went on until Thursday the 25th, when we arrived at a place called Chicagou, which, according to what we were told, has been so called on account of the quantity of garlic growing in this district, in the woods.⁵ There is a small river there, formed by the drainage from a great plain or prairie at that place, which flows straight into the lake called, as I have said elsewhere, the Lake of the Illinois or Michigan. At about three or four leagues' distance, on the other side of the great plain, the waters run into the River of the Illinois, which is formed by them; and the higher the waters, the less is the distance things have to be carried. It would appear that this place is the highest ground between the Gulf of Mexico and the River St. Laurence, for all the streams from this district run towards the coast at one or other of those places. The more water there is in the streams, the less carrying there is to do; for, in navigating rivers of this sort, it is (sometimes) necessary to carry the canoe or boat and the baggage, and it cannot be avoided. On our arrival, we sent back the Indians the next day, otherwise they would have eaten up all our provisions, of which we had no great quantity; for they had consumed a great part of them, the rains having prevented us from getting on as fast as we could have wished. Some Frenchmen from the Fort, who had come to carry some of the things, went back with the Indians.

⁴Tonty was absent on Governor Denonville's campaign against the Iroquois. To share in this distant enterprise he led from Illinois a small band of French followers and some 200 Indians.

⁵Much discussion has been waged, and so-called wit indulged, over the question of the significance of the name of Chicago. Most commonly it is thought to signify skunk, or, as here, wild onion. With no pretension to speak as an authority in the field of Indian philology I venture to hazard the opinion that the true significance of the word is simply great or strong. If so it might readily have become associated with the name either of the plant or the animal just mentioned, or with both. There is a river in Iowa known today as the Skunk. On Prince Maximilian's map of 1832-34 this stream is denominated the "Checaguar." On Joseph Nicollet's map of the upper Mississippi, published by the War Department in 1843, it is laid down as the "Shikagu or Skunk" River. On the other hand, La Salle's Fort Crevecoeur on Lake Peoria, doubtless the only structure more imposing than a wigwam they had ever seen, was dubbed by the Indians "Checagou." It seems obvious that this did not mean skunk to them and probable that it did mean great or large. On an old Spanish map which I have seen (but to which, unfortunately, I am now unable to refer), dating from the explorations of De Soto, the Mississippi bears a name which is obviously the same from which the cognomen of the second city of America is derived. Other similar illustrations might easily be supplied but I forbear, since this note is intended to be suggestive only, rather than exhaustive. That variations occur in the spelling of the name signifies nothing. The Indian languages were developed entirely independently of any thought of accommodating them to English orthography. Upwards of forty different ways of spelling Chicago have been noted; half as many, probably, might easily be supplied for Milwaukee.

We found the boat on the bank of the river⁶ and took it and went to the shore of the lake where we remained a week, in consequence of the contrary winds and bad weather. Moreover we had no men who had much skill in navigation, which was very much against us, as our provisions were rapidly diminishing and we were making no progress. As I have said before, some part of the provisions had been expended to no purpose, in keeping the Indians during the delay caused by the rains. To add to our misfortunes, one of our men, in firing at some turkeys, burst his gun, either by overcharging it, or by ramming the charge badly, or by some other accident; and he grieved so much over it that he fell ill with a fever. Thus it seemed as if everything was against our journey, which disappointed us very much, and me especially, for I was always very anxious to send news of this country to France; we were therefore greatly troubled. M. Cavelier told the man that he had no need to worry about the loss of his gun, and that he would give him another when we reached Montreal, if indeed we got there; as for me, I told him that he ought to be thankful that he had not been maimed by the accident. We got weary of staying at this place; and, as we did not see the waves on the lake from the spot where we were, which was at the mouth of the river, we decided to take our boat down to the shore of the lake, so as to be ready to embark if we should find it possible; but, having no experience of navigation of this kind, we would not force the voyageurs to start, against their will.

However, when the wind went down a little, we embarked, and went about eight or ten leagues on the lake, always keeping along by the land towards the north with the intention of going to a tribe called the Poutoutamy [Potawatomi], where we hoped to get some Indian corn; but the wind got round to the offing, and made the water rough, compelling us to put in to the shore. The water of the lake is like the sea, except that it is fresh water; the waves run as high as at sea, and the land at the other side is out of sight. According to what I was told, some of the lakes are as much as four or five hundred leagues round. Having landed, we encamped there the next day; and, as the wind still blew from the same quarter, I took my gun and went to see whether I could find any game. While I was away, M. Cavelier and the others decided to put back, as we had only a very small stock of provisions, and they were afraid of dying of starvation; moreover, one of them was suffering from ague; so, when I got back, I found everyone was inclined to put back, that is, to return to Illinois. I stood out, however, as long

⁶ The Chicago River, probably in the near vicinity of Robey Street and the South Branch.

as I could, for pushing forward, as I had always done since we came to the Seny [Cenis] tribe, where M. Cavelier thought we ought to return to the Settlement.⁷ I pointed out that, the sooner we could get the news to France of what had happened, the better it would be; because, if it should be thought advisable to send reinforcements, the sooner it was done, the better. I pointed out that, to return, would be to lose a year; for, even when we reached Canada, we should have to wait until the ships left, at their usual time. I also said that, while we had, for certain reasons, concealed the fact that M. de la Salle was dead, there was the danger that some of the men whom we had left with the Acancea might come and make it known. But, notwithstanding all the arguments I put before them, they were determined to go back, fearing starvation; and they quoted the case of some men who had suffered in that way, and for some days had had to eat wild garlic, or something of the kind, which grows in the woods in these parts. Yet there was a tribe fifty or sixty leagues away who sow Indian corn, from whom we had counted on obtaining some, and we needed no more than three days' fine weather to go there; and we could get provisions from them, as we had furs and other things to buy them with. I was unable, however, to gain them over, for they were all afraid of starving. They brought to my notice what had happened to the Sieurs de Tonty and Boisrondet, who had had nothing but garlic to eat for nearly a fortnight; their boat having broken up, they had been obliged to go on foot, which is extremely difficult, as there are some places which are almost impassable. There was yet another difficulty, in the fear of meeting some Iroquois, which would not have been very pleasant, as there is little hope of quarter from them at such a time, when we were at war with them; and, beyond the fear of death, the dread of the tortures which they inflict was still more terrible.

Thus all my arguments were useless, as they were determined to go back, to my great regret, for I was extremely anxious to go on; but, as I could not undertake the journey alone, I had to submit. We returned, therefore to the mouth of the River of Chicagou, where we had to set about making a hiding place for the things we had with us, so that the Indians who often come to this district, might not find them, and the rains might not be able to spoil them all. For this purpose we made a hole in the ground, at a spot which was raised a little, so that the water should not get to it; we lined the bottom with stakes and dry grass, and the sides as well, and then we put in our bundles, and the furs and other things, such as powder and bullets. After that, we made a sort

⁷That is, to La Salle's expiring colony on Matagorda Bay, Texas.

of ceiling on top, with stakes and dry grass, and then put back the earth and trod it well down, for fear the water should penetrate; and as the ground cannot be turned over without it showing, we felled an oak, which was near by, and brought it down on top of the hiding place, and dug a hole in the thick part of the oak, as if for pounding Indian corn, a thing which is sometimes done,—doing all this to prevent any Indians who might come to the place, from thinking there was a hiding place there. The fact that the leaves were falling was also of great service, as it helped considerably in concealing that the ground had been turned over. After we had finished our hiding place, we put the boat on a platform which we had set up; and we went back to Fort Saint Louis, where we arrived on the 7th of October. We passed the winter there, much to my regret; for, if we had gone to France, reinforcements could have been sent to those who remained at the Settlement, and the settlement itself could have been maintained which would have been of advantage to the nation. When we reached the Fort they were greatly surprised at our return, for they thought we were far away; however, we had to think of our winter quarters, and to put our journey out of our minds and leave it until the spring.

A private apartment was given to M. Cavelier, but Father Anastase and the rest of us were quartered in the warehouse; we all took our food together. These gentlemen secured two Indians to go hunting during the autumn and winter; and they fed us on roebuck meat, of which we never ran short all the autumn and a great part of the winter; and that is the time when these animals, and also game of other kinds, are fat and in good condition, for they feed on acorns and nuts, of which there are great quantities, as well as other fruits.

We found also, on our way back, a number of apple trees in the woods loaded with fruit; but they were crabapples, that is, very sour ones, which in Normandy they call '*Boquet*'; we ate some of them after cooking them in our pot. There are also vines, hops, hazelnuts and fruits of other kinds, of which I cannot give a full account, because I was not there long enough to see them; but the French people at the Fort told me that they had seen vines along a stream, which they called the River of the Miamis [the Wabash], on which there were very fine and sweet grapes, besides a number of fruits of other kinds. A sort of hemp grows on the banks of the River of the Illinois, which attains a great height, and is said to be better than French hemp; at least it resists the water better, when it is made into nets.

As to the aspect of the country, it could not be more beautiful, and

I may say that the land of the Illinois is perfect; everything necessary to life and subsistence can be obtained, for, in addition to the beauty with which it is adorned, it possesses fertility. As to its position, I had no astrolabe, compass, or any other instrument for taking the altitude, and I can say nothing as to its latitude or longitude; I shall only speak of the formation of the country. There is a prairie about half a league in breadth, through which the river runs, which ends in hills of medium height; in the prairie, very tall and coarse grass grows in abundance. In the river there are a number of islands, of various sizes, on which trees of various kinds grow; the Indians cultivate some of these islands, in which they sow Indian corn and other vegetables, which grow very well there, and crop well. On the hills the grass is finer; the stones or rocks are like a sort of sandstone or limestone, at least they are shining. On these hills there is quite six feet or more of soil, black, and apparently very good; the trees on them are mostly oaks and walnut trees. Behind these woods are great plains and stretches of flat country, full of fine grass, extending further than the eye can reach. There are however places, on some of the hills, where there are pines and other kinds of trees, and the land does not seem to be so good, besides the rocks and the stone like sandstone or limestone which would be very suitable for building. There are coal mines in several places, which are on the banks of this river or others which flow into it; the coal is very good, and the blacksmith at the Fort was using some when we were there. At other places there are slate mines or quarries, and I have no doubt that there are other metals of greater value than those I have mentioned, though these are very good and greatly to the advantage of any settlers in the country. Some French voyageurs told me that they had seen mines of very fine lead; and, according to their report, the supply from them could not have diminished to more than a very slight extent. They said that the mines cover a considerable area, and are on the banks of a river, which would make it easy to work them and to convey the lead. Moreover the value of the woods and the coal is of no small importance; and, in addition, the other trees, which are good for building boats, to convey everything one may wish to take up or down all these streams; would assist in conducting a very extensive trade in furs and hides, of which there is a large quantity. So that men alone are needed for obtaining great riches from this country, and they could maintain themselves far more easily there than in many other parts, where heavy expenses have been incurred for settlements which yield small returns and are of little importance.

As to what has been done at this place, the *Sieur de Boisrondet*,

the agent at the Fort, had sown, or caused to be sown, a little wheat which had been brought from Canada. He got fully seven or eight minots⁸ from the very small quantity he had sown, which indeed he had scattered broadcast, for the land is so heavy and so fertile that it would almost be advisable to sow corn [*au piquet*].* Although this wheat was not well cultivated it made good bread, nevertheless, which we ate from time to time while we stayed at that place, as there was not enough for us to have it always; we had, however, bread made from Indian corn, which seemed to us good enough, as in fact it is. There was a steel mill at the Fort, for grinding corn, which is much more convenient than pounding it, as the Indians do. There can be no doubt that everything grows well in that country, seeing that the climate is temperate, and there are hot and cold seasons; for, although the current of the river is rather strong above the Fort, it gets frozen over, notwithstanding, and is covered with ice for five or six weeks, and they went on it to their hunting. This was a great convenience to the hunters, who made sleighs on which they placed two or three roebucks, which they dragged behind them far more easily than they could have carried half a one; also, when goods arrive from Canada, and there is no water in the river, or it is frozen over, they go with sleighs to fetch the goods. They make [?] spiked sticks† to enable them to walk more steadily over the ice. Although the river was frozen, we had some very fine days nevertheless. As there was some corn, we went and sowed some of it before the frost came, in order to see whether it was desirable to do the same with it as in France; but I have had no news since we left, and I do not know whether it came up well.

Having spoken of the country in the neighborhood of the Fort, it may be as well to describe the position of the Fort itself.

It is a naturally strong place, as it is steep all round, except on one side, where you can get up with some difficulty. The river flows at its foot, and M. de Tonty had had four great pieces of timber placed so that the water could be drawn from the top, in case anyone came to attack the Fort. The fortifications consist only of palisades and some houses, placed around it and inclosing it; the top is not much more than an arpent⁹ and a half in extent. There are several houses built of timber, and other slighter ones of stakes only; one was built for M. de Tonty,

⁸ A measure equivalent to three bushels.

⁹ The arpent is roughly equivalent to an acre.

*Literally, 'with a peg' or 'stake.' It may perhaps mean—to dibble the seeds in. [Translator's note.]

† The word is '*grappins*'—which means 'grapnels.' This can hardly be the meaning and the content is insufficient to show what he does mean. [Translator's note.]

after he came back, which he kept for M. de La Salle on his arrival, not knowing of his disaster and death. Besides these houses for the French people at the place, there were also a number of huts belonging to Indians who had taken refuge there when the Iroquois approached the Fort,—it may be, because they had had information that there were not many men in it, and through certain intrigues of the enemies of the late M. de La Salle; at least, several people at this post convinced me that it was so. On that point I am only stating what I was told. It was certainly difficult to believe that the Iroquois would have attempted to seize upon such a post as that, and with so small a force, without some information that it would not be defended, for everyone knows that Indians are incapable of undertaking such a task; however, as the matter is not within my knowledge, I leave it to be decided by those who know the whole of the circumstances. I do know, however, that at that time there were several families of Indians living in the Fort, besides a number who had gone hunting, and had packed away their Indian corn into holes which they make in the ground, where they keep it, unless water penetrates to it. Those were the only fortifications; the houses extended to the edge of the rock and, where there were no houses, there were palisades.

We were some time without any news, but we had the advantage of hearing mass daily. The Jesuit Father Daloues¹⁰ had the church plate, and M. Cavelier and Father Anastase said mass in turn on feast days, one after the other, as Father Daloues had no wine to spare; so we passed the time as well as we could. The wives of the Indians brought something for us to the Fort every day, sometimes watermelons or pumpkins, sometimes bread which they bake under the ashes, or nuts and things of that sort, and we gave them goods in exchange. They also brought wood, to warm us; for it is the women who have the burden of all the work, and they are, so to speak, the slaves of the men.

On the 27th of the same month M. de Tonty arrived, coming back from the war with a cousin of his and his French followers and he gave us an account of what had taken place in the campaign, of which I have spoken, against the Iroquois. He also told us of the capture of several Englishmen with their boats. They had come on some enterprise, or to form some settlement, in the direction of the Illinois, acting on the report made to them by certain deserters who had taken refuge in their settlements. Their boats were laden with goods of various kinds,

¹⁰ Father Allouez was the successor of Marquette in the Illinois mission, coming to renew it in the spring of 1677. His hostility to La Salle is sufficiently indicated in Joutel's narrative. He died among the Miami, near Niles, Mich., in August, 1689, having labored twenty-five years among the savages of the Northwest.

especially brandy, for they knew that the Indians are very fond of that liquor, which makes them mad when they are drunk, as it does elsewhere. But the worst thing is that they commit barbarous acts of cruelty, even to throwing their children into the fire; and to clear themselves, or excuse themselves, when the intoxication is over, they say that they were mad and had no understanding when they did the deed. Hence the French voyageurs, who go to trade with the Indians, have been prohibited from giving them any brandy, on pain of excommunication, because of the misconduct it might lead to. The *Sieur de Tontis* told us that the Englishmen had been pillaged, and had been made prisoners and taken to Montreal; and, as to the Iroquois, we had contented ourselves with burning and destroying the crops of a village called *Tsonontouan*, and had not thought it advisable to attack the others, and so, after doing this damage, the army had retired. Some of the Frenchmen who had accompanied *M. de Tontis*, had gone to Montreal for goods, and were then to come up here unless they were prevented by fresh orders, or by the Iroquois, who might station themselves in some pass and prepare an ambush for them, to avenge what had just been done to them; for there are some very dangerous places to pass, in returning by the river, on account of the number of portages, which cannot be avoided. *M. de Tonty* told us that, when they pillaged the Englishmen, he had had several casks of brandy broken up, for fear the men might make a bad use of it.

For some time we heard no news of any sort. We related to *M. de Tonty* the adventures which had befallen us on our journey, and how the country lay, through which we had passed; also the district where the Settlement was, and the advantages that might be derived from it; but we did not speak of *M. de La Salle's* death, because we had resolved to say nothing about it until we got to France. The *Sieur de Tonty* seemed satisfied but it was a great grief to us, to see the advantages which might have been gained if *M. de La Salle* had not been dead; all other losses were of no account, as they could easily have been made good; however, as there was no remedy, we had to console ourselves.

We should have been very glad to see the arrival of some boat, to bring us news; but it was not until the 20th of December that some men arrived from Montreal, who came to tell us that three boats had reached *Chicagou*—the place where we had buried our stores. The boats were laden with goods, powder, bullets and other stores suitable for the trade done at that place; but they could not come down as there was no water in the river at the time or, rather, it was frozen. *M. de Tonty* therefore

sent word to the chief of the Chachouannons [Shawnee] to let us have some men to go for these goods. This tribe was employed on account of their trustworthiness; and I noticed that they were often among us, and in the warehouse, but nothing was ever observed to be missing. The Illinois, on the contrary, are born thieves, and it is as necessary to beware of their feet as of their hands. The former even took the trouble to warn us, when they saw the Illinois stealing anything, which caused a sort of unfriendly feeling between them, for these Chahouannons were very familiar with the French. The chief therefore granted us thirty men, to go for the goods; there were always enough men, as they were well paid. So they went and fetched all the things, and they were greatly needed, for they had hardly any powder or bullets at the Fort, either for its defence or for obtaining food.

One of the two Frenchmen who came and gave us information of the arrival of these boats was the *Sieur Juchereau*, who held the command of a post called *Micilimaquinaq* in the absence of the *Sieur de La Durentez*. This post is situated at the junction of the Lake of the Illinois with the Lake of the Hurons; and, as it is a very barren and cold district, where there is scarcely any game, *M. de Tonty*, when he passed the place on his way back, had persuaded the *Sieur Juchereau* to come and pass the winter with him in the Illinois country, on account of the abundance of game there, the hunting being far better than at *Micilimakinak*. The *Sieur Juchereau* told us that certain preparations were being made for returning to the Iroquois country in the winter, and that snowshoes were being made, for traveling over the snow, according to the custom of the country; also that ten or twelve Frenchmen had been killed or captured by the Iroquois, when the men who were in charge of the boats which had just arrived, left Montreal—as they had heard. These Frenchmen had been attacked unexpectedly while coming down the River St. Lawrence from Fort Quataraquouy or Frontenac, and all for want of caution, because they did not keep a proper lookout, which often happens to Frenchmen. Such was the news he told us. So they went for these goods, which came very opportunely, as I said before. We passed the winter without hearing any more news, which caused us great uneasiness; for we were expecting a number of boats, which were to have come up, and we feared that they had been taken unawares by the Iroquois, because of the danger, on the way, at some bad places where they would have to land; and, as we had to go down in the spring, it made us uneasy. However, we passed the time well enough as far as our subsistence was concerned, except that we drank nothing but water; for

we had abundance of meat, roebucks, turkeys, bustards, geese and other meats, and bread made from Indian corn, which the wives of the Indians brought us, and sometimes bread made from the wheat which had been grown. So we did very well for food; but, as we had to think of continuing our journey, we were troubled at not getting any news. There were various people who wished to go down, and it was decided that we should all leave together, so as to serve as an escort for one another; and for this purpose we decided to start when the ice and snow melted, that we might make use of the river, hoping that we might hear some news when we reached Micilimaquinak. M. Cavelier had a note of hand which his late brother M. de La Salle, had given him, I do not know when, to receive furs to a certain value at this Illinois Fort, to be used for things that might be needed; and, as we had always concealed M. de La Salle's death, M. de Tonty, on seeing his bill, made no objection to giving us some furs. M. Cavelier therefore took beaver skins to the value of about four thousand livres, and a boat; and the otter-skins and beaver-skin robes which we had left in the hiding-place were worth about 1000 or 1200 livres. We then made our preparations for leaving.

As I have said before, the Jesuit Father had been alarmed when we told him that, according to what M. de La Salle had said before he left us, he would very likely be coming to the Fort in a short time, and the Father was afraid of the Sieur de La Salle meeting him there, perhaps because something had occurred between the gentlemen, as I think I have stated, which was injurious to the Sieur de La Salle. According to all I could hear of the matter, these Fathers had put forward many things in order to thwart the enterprise, and had tried to alienate several tribes of Indians which had attached themselves to M. de La Salle. They had even gone so far as to try to destroy Fort St. Louis, and had built another fort at Chicagou, to which they had attracted some of the Indians, as they had been unable by any means to get possession of this one. In fine, the good Father was afraid of being found there, and preferred to take precautions by starting first; and he therefore warned those who might wish to go also, that there was only time to get ready before he left. It troubled us to see that these gentlemen were to be left without a priest, but it had been decided to keep the secret, and so there was no remedy. M. Cavelier had told the Father that he could remain; but he had made up his mind, as well as we, and he left seven or eight days before us.

The Sieur Boisrondet having decided to go to France, as indeed he had planned to do before our arrival, took the opportunity of going down

with us. There were not many men to manage the boats, as most of the voyageurs had gone to Montreal on returning from the war, in order to bring back goods; (and I therefore offered him my services) although I was not very expert at such navigation. I had, indeed, made a number of journeys in wooden boats, but the navigation of the St. Lawrence is very different, and moreover it is difficult to keep your course in certain places; but, as there was a number of us, there was no risk. I therefore offered to assist the Sieur de Boisrondet, as I did not think I was likely to have much money when I got to Canada. I had given M. de La Salle what I had, before leaving Rochelle, as did several others, on his promise to give me goods when I got to that country, or interest at cent per cent, which I should not have failed to receive if the disaster had not happened. Besides the money I had given M. de La Salle, I had supplied some goods on the second journey he made, and the remainder of my property was left at the settlement. I had even given my clothing to the Sieur de La Salle, and to his nephew the Sieur de Morenger, and others. Thus I found myself deprived of all I possessed, as well as of the pay which he had in a manner obliged me to accept when he honoured me with the command in his absence, of all that remained at the settlement, both men and goods; however all that had failed, and I had to look to myself. Moreover, although M. Cavelier had told me several times that I had no need to trouble myself, that he would stand by me, and I should want for nothing, yet I had often heard it said, and had also seen, that one must not rely upon men's promises, and experience has taught me the same, on many occasions. I was therefore very glad to get a little money together, so as to be able to get myself some clothes, as I had been deprived of my own, and for certain other necessities; though in reality, and by rights, I ought to have had my share of the furs which M. Cavelier took from the Fort since he had only asked for them in respect of our needs, and money was due to me as well as to him, although not to the same amount. However, it was not the time for raising all these points, and my chief aim was to get back in safety, and take the news of what had happened.

During our stay at the Fort, M. Cavelier had managed to induce a number of Indians to come with us to France, so that, if it should be thought advisable to send reinforcements to the country, they might assist us in hunting and in sending word to M. de Tonty when we got to the lower part of the river. So, upon the promises made to them, four of them undertook to come with us; if, however, they had known of the misfortune which befell the one M. de La Salle had taken, and M. de La Salle himself, they would certainly have had no desire to come; for

he took two to France, one of whom died of an illness in Paris, and the Indians had heard of his death; the other who had died while with us, was the son of one of the chiefs of the Chauhouanons, and if they had known it they would have resented it.

* * * * *

We left on the 21st of March, going up the river, to continue our journey, with God's help. Five leagues above the Fort we came to a rapid, where we were obliged to get into the water, and drag our boats, as there was no way of getting on by punting, the current being too strong to overcome; and I had taken service with the Sieur de Boisrondet, to assist him in managing his boat, at which I was serving my apprenticeship. I may say that I went through more hardship and pain than I had had during the whole of my journey previously; for, to begin with, the bed of the river, at the place where the rapid was, being full of rocks and stones, was very troublesome, especially for me. For I had very tender feet, although I had had to walk barefoot during part of our journey; the water was extremely cold, and I was so unfortunate as to injure both my feet, though I did not find it out until we had got up the rapid, as the cold prevented me from feeling the pain. However we had to get on, and I made a virtue of necessity, which I did not do without considerable suffering, as I had to enter the water very often although my feet were hurt; but I profited to some extent by a few days of bad weather, which prevented us from continuing our journey, and gave me a little respite.

We reached Chicago on the 29th of the month. We had gone on in advance with our boat, in order to see whether the goods we had buried on our previous journey were still there; and, on landing, I saw a cravat of English point, which belonged to me, on the bank of the stream. That made me fear that the things we had buried had been carried off, which would have been awkward for me, as I had some furs and linen of my own there. I therefore went to the place as quickly as possible, to see whether there was anything left; and I found there was a hole over the hiding place, through which some beaver-skin robes and some otter skins had been taken out, and my own special bundle was half out. We set to work to get out the rest, after uncovering it, and nothing was missing except a few beaver-skin robes and some otter skins. I was the one who lost most; for, as my bundle was the mouth of the hole, the furs which I had obtained in exchange for some clothing were spoiled, and so was my linen, including some shirts. Fortunately, it was not long since the opening had been made; otherwise, everything would probably have

¹¹ Joutel here enters upon a detailed account of the manners and customs of the Indians of the Illinois country, which we omit.

been spoiled. This had happened by the fault of a man who had been sent by M. de Tonty, during the winter, to see whether any boats had arrived, and whether there were any Indians at that post. This man, being in need of powder, and knowing that there was a quantity in this hiding place, had taken some of it but, apparently, had not properly closed the hole he had made; and the wolves had scratched at it, and opened it again, and had pulled out the furs mentioned. Fortunately it was not long before; for, if the rain had got in, everything would have been ruined. When the rest of the party arrived, we set to work to get out the other things, and dried them, throwing away what was spoiled. My bundle having been on top, as I have already said, it was accordingly the one that was damaged most; for, besides seven or eight otter skins lost or spoiled, I also lost some cravats and a shirt, of which one sleeve was carried off whole.

The weather remaining rough, made it necessary for us to stay at this place until the 8th of April, which was an advantage to me by enabling me to get my feet well; for we had not much to do. Game was not very abundant, and we had not much meat; but Providence supplied us with a sort of manna, to improve our Indian corn. It was a juice which the trees yield at this time of the year, especially maples, of which there are a large number in this district, growing to a great size. To obtain the juice, we made large cuts in each tree, under which we placed a vessel, and a knife at the bottom of the cut, to guide the liquor, which is really the sap of the tree; when boiled, by dint of boiling down, it becomes sugar. We used this liquid for boiling our Indian corn, or porridge, and it gave it a rather pleasant flavour, that is, a little sweet. It seems as if Providence supplies all needs; for, as there are no sugar canes in these parts, the trees supply it, for this liquor, when boiled down, becomes sugar, which is of very good quality—at least I saw some which was excellent; it was redder than ours, that is, than the sugar used in France, but was almost as good. There is also a sort of garlic, in abundance, which is not quite like French garlic, the leaf being shorter and broader, and it is not so strong; but its flavour is very nearly the same, though not so nearly as the flavour of the little onions is to that of the French onion. There is also a kind of chervil, which is very good; its leaf is larger than that of the French chervil, and rather hairy, and the stem is thicker.

I think I have spoken of the position of this place, Chicagou, and of the river which is formed by the drainage from a prairie, which flows into the lake; also of the drainage from the other side of the same prairie, which runs into the River of the Illinois; and forms part of its waters.

Hence, whether you wish to go up or down, you are obliged to make a portage, sometimes for a quarter of a league, at others half a league or even three-quarters, according to whether the water is high or low; but it would be easy to make a connection between these two rivers, as the ground is very flat and it is soft land. It would, however, require a strong post to bear such an expense.

To return to our journey, we entered the lake on Thursday the 8th of April and went towards the north, where there was less fear of danger from the Iroquois, as their country is in the other direction, and the hunting much better, and so we began to make progress; but when the wind blew from the offing, or against us, we were compelled to stop. For these lakes are fresh water seas, and their waves as great as on the high seas, and you cannot see the land on the further shore. Moreover we had only bark canoes, which were not capable of resisting heavy waves or bad weather. We kept on until the 15th, when we came to a river which is called Quinetonant, where there is a tribe or village of Indians in the summer; but they go away in winter, to hunt beavers or other animals. The hunting, however, is not so good there as in the direction of the Illinois, or the country we traversed on our route; for we found hardly any game except a few roebucks, which were very lean at this season. We had, however, little cause to be discouraged at our not finding much game, as our Indians were not very successful. We had four or five Indians with us, of whom M. Cavelier had charge, as I have stated elsewhere, so that they might see France, and in the expectation that they might be of service in case we should return to the country, as these men have a much better notion than we have, both of hunting and finding their way. They did not, however, get us much meat to eat, and we often thought ourselves fortunate if we got what had been left by the wolves, of which there are a good number in the district. I noticed the skill of these animals in catching roebucks, by pursuing them until they drove them straight into the lakes, where the roebucks were obliged to run into the water, to escape the fury of the wolves, as the latter do not like getting wet; but they were clever enough to keep watch over the roebucks from the shore until they came out of the water, either from weariness, or when the wind blew from the offing, which often drowned them and cast them on to the shore, when the wolves ate them up. We even saw wolves at a distance, on the edge of the water, standing sentinel over some roebucks. We landed lower down, lest the wolves should catch sight of us and take to flight, and the roebuck should escape also. They do the same thing with all the other animals, such as stags, hinds, etc. The further we advanced, the more difference we found in the

country, which fell off very much from what we had passed through. On the 28th we came to a tribe called Poutouatamy, which is about half way to Michilimaquinacq. We found the Indians there, and bought Indian corn from them for the rest of our journey, that is, to reach Misilimaquinacq. These tribes sell their corn very dear, for we paid them at the rate of 20 to 25 livres a sack, which holds little more than a bushel and a half, and it is all paid for in beaver skins, otter-skins and other goods, which are given to them in exchange. We left that place on the last day of the month, and continued our journey straight to Micilimaquinacq, where we arrived on the 10th of May. We were surprised to find they had no news there, no one having arrived from Montreal. We were therefore obliged to stay there for some time, to wait for some opportunity of going down; for no one seemed likely to take the risk, as we were at war with the Iroquois, who were dangerous men, and might lay ambushes at various places where one is obliged to pass, since they cannot be avoided, on account of the falls and rapids in this river. Few people therefore, would take the risk of going down; and moreover we were very anxious to learn how matters stood since the last campaign.

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MOUNT JOLIET.

THE LETTER OF FATHER ST. COSME, 1699

*In the Akanscas Country
this 2nd January 1699.*

Monseigneur,

THE last letter that I had the honor of Writing to you was from Michilimakinac whence we started on the fourteenth of September journeying overland to meet our Canoe which had rounded the pointe aux Iroquois and had Gone to wait for us at the Village of the Outaiwacs which Village contains about three Hundred men. God grant that they may Respond to the Care taken and the labors performed by the Reverend Jesuit Fathers for their Instruction; but they seem less advanced in Christianity than the Illinois who, we are told, have only recently had Missionaries. We left that Village on the 15th September to the number of eight Canoes: four for the River of the Miamis under the Sieur de Vincenne;¹ our three Canoes and that of Monsieur de Tonty who, as I already wrote you in my last, had Resolved to accompany us to the a Canscas. I cannot sufficiently express, Monseigneur, the obligations we owe him. He Conducted us to the Acanscas; he procured us much pleasure during the voyage; he greatly facilitated our passage through many nations, securing us the friendship of some and intimidating the others—I mean the Nations which through jealousy or the desire to pillage us sought to oppose our passage. He not only did his duty as a brave man but he also performed those of a Zealous Missionary, entering into all our views, exhorting the Savages everywhere to pray and to Listen to the Missionaries. He soothed the minds of our servants in their petty whims; he supported by his Example the Devotional exercises that the journey allowed us to perform and frequently approached the Sacraments. It would be useless for me, Monseigneur, to give you a description of Lake Michigan on which we embarked on leaving the fort of the Outawacs. This route is fairly well known. We would have gone by the South [East] Side which is much finer than the North [West] but as it is the

¹ Jean Baptiste Bissot, Sieur de Vincennes, was a Canadian officer who was prominently identified with affairs in the Northwest. He was for several years commandant among the Miami. He died in 1719.



MOUNT JOLIET.

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From Schoolcraft's Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley.

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¹ Jean Baptiste Bissot, Sieur de Vincennes, was a Canadian officer who was prominently identified with affairs in the Northwest. He was for several years commandant among the Miami. He died in 1719.

route usually followed by the Iroquois who, not Long before, had made an Attack on the Soldiers and savages proceeding to the country of the Miamis, this compelled us to take the North Side which is not so agreeable nor so well stocked with game though it is easier I believe in the autumn because one is Sheltered from the North west winds. On the 21st of the Month we reached the place where the bay of the puants [Green Bay] has to be crossed, which is Distant forty Leagues from Michilimakinac. We Camped on an island called l'isle du détour because at that spot the Lake begins to trend to the south. We were wind-bound on that island for six days during which our people occupied themselves in setting nets and caught great quantities of white fish which are excellent eating and a very plentiful manna that fails not along that Lake where there is a dearth of meat almost every day. On the 28th we crossed from island to Island. The bay of the puants is about twenty or thirty Leagues long. One passes on the right hand another small bay called that of the Noquest. The bay of the puants is inhabited by several Savage Tribes: the Noquest, the Folles avoine, the Renards, the Poûtoûatamis and the Sakis. The Jesuit Fathers have a Mission at the bottom of that bay.² We would have liked very much to pass by the bottom of that bay and it would have greatly shortened our journey. A small River has to be ascended wherein there are only three Leagues of Rapids and which is about sixty Leagues Long; then by means of a short portage one reaches the River Wiskonsin which is a very fine one and by going down it one takes only two days to reach the Miçissipi. In truth there is a distance of two hundred Leagues from the Spot where this River falls into the Missiçipi to the place where the River of the Illinois discharges into the same Miçissipi; the Current however is so strong that the distance is soon got over. But the Renards who live on that little River that one ascends on leaving the bay to reach Wiskonsin, will not allow any persons to pass lest they might go to the Sieues with whom they are at war and consequently have already pillaged several Frenchmen who tried to go that way. This compelled us to take the route viâ Chikagou. On the 29th September we arrived at the village of the Pous,³ distant about twenty Leagues from the crossing of the bay. There had formerly been a very large village here but after the Death of the chief a portion of the Savages had gone to live in the bay and the

² The mission at De Pere, whence Marquette had started on his last journey in the autumn of 1674.

³ A contraction of "Poutouatami." Modern Washington Island in Green Bay was often called Potawatomi Island. With unconscious humor the designation "Les Poux" as applied to this island was corrupted by the American settlers into "Louse Island."

remainder were preparing to go there when we passed. We stopped in that Village. On the 30th we purchased some provisions which we needed. We started on the 31st and on the 4th October we came upon another small Village of Poûx on a small river where Reverend Father Marais had spent the winter with some Frenchmen and had planted a Cross. We stayed there for the remainder of the day. We left on the 5th and after being wind-bound for two days we started and after two days of heavy wind we reached Milwakik [Milwaukee] on the 9th. This is a River where there is a Village which has been a large one consisting of Mascoutins, of Renards and also of some Poux. We stayed there two days partly on account of the wind and partly to recruit our people a little because there is an abundance of Duck and teal in the River. On the eleventh of October we started early in the Morning from the fort of Melwatik and at an early hour we reached Kipikawi Distant therefrom about eight Leagues. Here we separated from Monsieur de Vincenne's party which continued on its route to the Miamis. Some savages had led us to Hope that we could ascend this River and after a portage of about two Leagues we should descend by another River called Pipctiwi⁴ which falls into the River of the Illinois about 25 or 30 Leagues from Chikagou and that we should thereby Avoid all the portages that had to be made by the Chikagou road. We Avoided this River which is about ten Leagues in Length to the portage and flows through agreeable prairies but as there was no water in it we judged that there would not be any either in the Peschwi and that instead of shortening our journey we should have been obliged to go over forty Leagues of portage road; this compelled us to take the route viâ Chikagou which is Distant about twenty Leagues. We remained five days at Kipikawi, leaving on the 17th and after being wind-bound on the 18th and 19th we Camped on the 20th at a place 5 Leagues from Chikagou. We should have arrived there early on the 21st but the wind which suddenly arose on the Lake compelled us to land half a league from Etpikagou.⁵ We experienced considerable difficulty in landing and in saving our Canoes; we all had to jump into the water. One must be very careful along the Lakes and especially Lake Mixçigan whose shores are very low, to take to the land as soon as possible when the waves rise on the lake for the rollers become

⁴ The modern city of Racine stands on the site of "Kipikawi," at the mouth of Root River, the stream the travelers hoped to ascend. The "Pipctiwi," which they expected to descend to the Illinois, was modern Fox River (of Illinois). The original name, variously spelled by different writers, means "Buffalo River." According to a recent investigator it still survives in the designation "Pistakee Lake," a popular resort near the head of Fox River.

⁵ Probably this is simply another variant of the name Chicago.

so high in so short a time that one Runs the risk of breaking his Canoe and of losing all it contains. Many Travellers have already been wrecked there. We, Monsieur de Montigny, Davion and myself, went by land to the house of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers while our people remained behind. We found there Reverend Father Pinet and Reverend Father Binneteau who had recently arrived from the Illinois country and Was slightly Ill. I cannot describe to you, Monseigneur, with what cordiality and manifestations of friendship these Reverend Fathers received and embraced us while we had the consolation of residing with them. Their House is built on the bank of a small River with the Lake on one side and a fine and vast prairie on the other. The Village of the savages contains over a Hundred and fifty Cabins and a League up the River is still another Village almost as large. They are all Miamis. Reverend Father Pinet usually resides there Except in winter when the savages are all engaged in hunting and then he goes to the Illinois. We saw no savages there, they had already started for their hunt. If one may judge of the future from the short time that Reverend Father Pinet has passed in this Mission we may Believe that if God will bless the labors and the Zeal of that Holy Missionary, there will be a great number of good and fervent Christians. It is true that but slight results are obtained with reference to the older persons who are hardened in profligacy, but all the Children are baptized and jugglers even who are the most opposed to Christianity, Allow their Children to be Baptized. They are also very glad to let them be instructed. Several girls of a certain age and many Young boys have already been and are also being instructed so that we may Hope that when the Old Trunks die, they will be a new and entirely Christian people.

On the 24th October the wind fell and we sent for our canoes with all our effects and finding that the water Was extraordinarily low, we made a Cache in the ground with some of them and took only what Was absolutely necessary for our journey intending to send for the remainder in the spring. We left brother Alexandre in charge thereof as he agreed to remain there with Father Pinet's man. We started from Chikagou on the 29th and slept about two Leagues from it on the little River that afterward loses itself in the prairies. On the following day we Began the portage which is about three Leagues in length when the waters are low and is only three fourths of a League in the Spring for then one can embark on a small Lake that discharges into a branch of the river of the Illinois and When the waters are low a portage has to be made to that branch. On that day we got over half our portage and would have gone

still further when we perceived that a little boy given us by Monsieur de Muis and who had set out alone although he was told to wait, was Lost. We had not thought of it because all our People Were busy. We were obliged to stop to look for him; everybody went and several gunshots were fired but he could not be found. It was a rather unfortunate accident; we Were pressed for time owing to the lateness of the season and the waters being very low we saw very well that as we were obliged to carry our Baggage and our Canoe, it would take very long to reach the Illinois. This compelled us to separate. Messieurs de Montigny, de Tonty and Davion Continued the portage on the following day while I with four other men went back to look for the little boy. While retracing my steps I met Fathers Pinet and Binneteau who were on the way to the Illinois with two Frenchmen and a savage. We looked for the boy during the whole of that day also without finding him. As it was the day after the feast of all the Saints, I was compelled to go to Chikagou for the night with our people. After they had heard Mass and performed their devotions early in the Morning they spent the whole of that day also looking for the little boy without getting sight of him. It Was very difficult to find him in the long grass for this country consists of nothing but prairies with a few groves of trees. We were afraid to set fire to the long grass lest we might burn the boy. Monsieur de Montigny had told me to remain only one day because the cold weather pressed us and this compelled me to proceed after giving orders to brother Alexandre to seek him and to take some Frenchmen who were at Chikagou. I started in the afternoon of the 2nd November. I crossed the portage and passed the night at the River or branch of the River of the Illinois. We descended the River as far as an island. During the night we were surprised to see a slight fall of snow and on the following day the River was frozen over in several places. We had therefore to Break the ice and haul the Canoe because there was no open water. This compelled us to leave our Canoe and go by land to seek Monsieur de Montigny whom we met on the following day, the 5th of the month, at L'isle aux cerfs. They had already gone over two Leagues of portage. We still had four Leagues to do as far as mont jolliet. This took us three days and we arrived on the 8th of the month. From L'isle a la cache to the said mont jolliet, a distance of several Leagues, everything has to be portaged as there is no water in the River except in the spring. The banks of this River are very agreeable; they consist of prairies bounded by small Hills and very fine thickets; there are numbers of deer in them and along the River are great quantities of Game of all kinds, so that

after crossing the portage one of our men while taking a walk procured enough to provide us with an abundant supper as well as breakfast on the following day. Mont Joliet is a very fine mound of earth in the prairie to the right descending a little. It is about 30 feet High. The savages say that at the time of the great deluge one of their ancestors escaped and that this small mountain is his Canoe which he upset there. On leaving Mont Joliet we proceeded about two Leagues by water. We remained two whole days at our short portage about a Quarter of a league in length. As one of our men named Charbonneau had killed several turkeys and bustards in the morning together with a Deer we were very glad to give our people a good meal and to let them rest for a day. On the tenth we crossed the short portage and found half a League of water after which two men carried the Canoe for about a League, the others walking behind, each carrying his load, and we embarked for a league and a half. We Slept at a short portage Five or six arpents in length. On the eleventh after crossing the short portage we came to the river Teatiki [Kankakee] which is the true river of the Illinois, that which we descended being only a Distant branch. We put all our baggage in the Canoe which two men paddled while Monsieur de Tonty and ourselves with the remainder of our men proceeded by land walking all the time through fine Prairies. We came to the Village of the Peangichias, Miamis who formerly dwelt at the falls of the Miçipi and who have for some Years been Settled at this place. There was no one in the Village for all had Gone hunting. That day we Slept near Massane, a small River which falls into the River of the Illinois. On that day we Began to see oxen and on the morrow two of our men killed four; but As these animals Are in poor condition at this season we Contented ourselves with taking the Tongues only. These oxen seem to me to be larger than ours; they have a hump on their backs; their legs are very Short; the head is very Large and so covered with long hair that it is said a bullet cannot penetrate it. We afterward saw some nearly every day during our journey as far as the Acansças. After experiencing considerable difficulty during three days in carrying and hauling our baggage in the Canoe owing to the river Being rapid, low and full of Rocks, we arrived on the 15th November at the Place called the old fort. This is a rock on the bank of the river about a Hundred feet high whereon Monsieur de la Salle had caused a fort to be built which has been abandoned because the savages Went to reside about twenty five Leagues further down. We slept a League above it where we found two Cabins of savages; we were Consoled on finding a woman who was a thoroughly

good Christian. The distance between Chicagou and the fort is considered to be about thirty Leagues. There we Commenced the Navigation that Continues to be always fair as far as the fort of Permetawi⁶ where the savages now are and which we reached on the 19th November. We found there Reverend Father Binetot and Reverend Father Marais [Pinet] who, owing to their not being laden when they left Chigaou Had arrived 6 or 7 days before us. We also saw Reverend Father Pinet [Marais] there. All the Reverend Jesuit Fathers gave us the best possible reception. Their sole regret Was to see us compelled to leave so soon on Account of the frost. We took there a Frenchman who had lived three years with the Acansças and who knows a little of their Language. This Mission of the Illinois seems to me the finest that the Reverend Jesuit Fathers have up here for without counting all the Children who are Baptized, a number of adults have abandoned all their Superstitions and live as thoroughly good Christians; they frequently approach the Sacraments and are Married in church. We had not the Consolation of seeing all these good Christians often for they Were all scattered down the bank of the River for the purpose of hunting. We saw Only some women Savages Married to Frenchmen who Edified us by their modesty and their assiduity in going to prayer several times a day in the chapel. We chanted high Mass in it with Deacon and sub-deacon on the feast of the presentation of the most Blessed Virgin and after commending our voyage to her and having placed ourselves under her protection we left the Illinois on the 22nd November. We had to break the ice for two or three arpents to get out of Lake Pemstewi [Peoria]. We had four Canoes: that of Monsieur de Tonty, our two and another belonging to Five young voyageurs who were glad to accompany us, partly on Account of Monsieur de Tonty who is universally beloved by all the voyageurs and partly also to see the country. Reverend Fathers Binneteau and Pinet also came with us a part of the way as they wished to go and spend the whole winter with their Savages. On the first day after our departure we came to the Cabin of Rouenssas, the most Notable of the Illinois chiefs and a very good Christian. He received us with the politeness, not of a Savage but of a well-bred Frenchman. He Led us to his Cabin and made us sleep there. He presented us with three Deer one of which he gave to Monsieur another to the Father and the third to us. We learned from him that the Chawanons, the Chikaihas, and the Kakinapols had attacked the Kaoukias, an Illinois Tribe about Five or six Leagues below the discharge of the river of the Illinois Along the Miçissippi

⁶ On Lake Peoria, where La Salle had built Fort Crevecoeur.

and that they had killed ten men and taken nearly one Hundred Slaves both women and children. As this Roüensa is very quick-witted we Thought we should give him some Presents to induce him to facilitate our passage through the Illinois tribes, not so much for this first voyage as for the others when we should not be so strong; For all these nations up here are very suspicious and easily become jealous when we go to other nations. We therefore presented him with a Collar to show him that we formed an alliance with him and with all his Nation and that as he was a Christian he should have no greater pleasure than in seeing the other nations participate in the happiness he enjoyed and for that reason he was obliged to facilitate as much as he could the designs of the Missionaries who were going to instruct them. We afterward gave them a small present of powder. On the 28th, after saying our Masses when Roüensas and his family received Communion at Monsieur de Montigny's, we left and came to a small Village of Savages on disembarking at which the chief, named L'ours, told us that it was not advisable that we should go into the Miçissipi country. But Monsieur won him over or intimidated him by his words, telling him that we Were Sent by the Master of life and the great master of prayer to instruct the savages whither we were going and that he Was Hired by the Governor to accompany us so that if he molested us he attacked the Very person of our Governor. The chief made no answer to these words. We embarked and on the 24th we slept at another Village of several Cabins where we found one Tiret, a chief who was formerly famous in his nation but who has since been Abandoned by nearly all his people. He made several complaints to Monsieur de Tonty who reproached him saying that it was his evil Conduct that earned him the hatred of his people; that he had Long before told him to Give up his jugglery—for he is a famous Sorcerer—and to pray; but that he had not yet done so. He afterwards went to the prayers and the Savage promised him that he would get instructed on the following day. On the 25th of the month we parted from Father Pinet who remains in this Village to spend the winter for there are a good many savages here who pray and on the 26th we came to a Village whose chief was away hunting with all the young men. Some Old men came to meet us, weeping for the Death of their people killed by the Chawanons. We went to their Cabins and they told us that we did wrong to pass through the Chaouchias with the Chawanons to whom, they said, Monsieur de Tonty had given Arms and who had attacked them. Monsieur de Tonty replied that he had left the Illinois country more than three years before and had not been able to see the Chawanons

to give them Arms. But the savages Persisted in saying several things without reason and we saw very well that they were evil-Minded and that we should leave as soon as possible before the arrival of the Young men who were to return the following morning. Therefore we went out abruptly and when Monsieur de Tonty told them he Feared not men, they said that they pitied our Young men who would all be killed. Monsieur de Tonty replied that they had seen him with the Iroquois and knew what he could do and how many men he could kill. It must be confessed that all these savages have a very high Esteem for him. He had only to be in one's Company to prevent any insult being offered. We embarked at once and went to Sleep at a place Five or six Leagues from that Village. On the following day we were detained for some hours Owing to quantities of ice drifting down the River and on the 28th we landed at a Village consisting of about twenty Cabins where we saw the woman-chief. This woman enjoys great repute in her Nation owing to her Wit and her great Liberality and because, as she has many sons and sons-in-law who are good hunters, she often gives feasts which is the way to acquire the esteem of the savages and of all their Nations in a short time. We said mass in this Village in the Cabin of a Soldier named La Viollette who was married to a Savage and whose Child Monsieur de Montigny Baptized. Monsieur de Tonty related to the woman-chief what had been said to us in the last Village. She disapproved of it all and told him that the whole of her tribe were greatly rejoiced at seeing him once more as well as us but that they regretted that they could not be sure of seeing him again and of having him Longer with them. We left this village and traveled about 8 Leagues between the 29th November and the 3rd December. We were detained at the same place by the ice which completely barred the river. During that time we had an abundance of provisions for no one need fast on that River so great is the quantity of game of all kinds: Swans, Bustards, Duck. It is bordered by a belt of very fine timber which is not very Wide so that one soon reaches beautiful prairies containing numbers of Deer. Charbonneau killed several while we Were detained and others killed some also. Navigation is not very easy on this River Opuanes. The water is shallow. We were sometimes obliged to walk with a portion of our people while the others propelled the Canoes, not without trouble for they Were often obliged to get into the water which Was already very cold while we were detained. Reverend Father Binnetost whom we had Left at the Village of the woman-chief, came to see us and after spending a day with us he returned to the Village for the feast of

St. Xevier. On that day a heavy gale Broke up a portion of the ice and we proceeded about a League. On the following day we obtained some wooden Canoes at a place where there were Five Cabins of Savages and after Breaking with them about three or four arpents of ice that barred the River, that was as much as four fingers thick and could bear a man's weight, we afterward had Free navigation to the Miçissippi which we reached on the 5th December after journeying about eighty Leagues from the fort of Pemitewit.⁷

⁷The original letter, which we cease at this point to copy, continues the narration of the experiences of the missionaries in their descent of the Mississippi and their sojourn on its lower course until the close of the year 1699.

Part II

A Military Outpost



HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

PART II



A CENTURY passed after the visit of the Seminary priests and Chicago was still but a geographical point on the map, the surrounding region still basking in barbarism. To all outward seeming the century that had elapsed had brought no change to Chicago. In place of the rude habitation of the missionary stood the hut, equally rude, of the trader. Past the restraining sand bank which sought to bar its course the river still slipped furtively into the Lake, while aside from the lonely hut of the trader only the Indian tepee gave sign of human occupancy of the wilderness which stretched away to meet the horizon.

Nevertheless a new world had come into being, and the changes that had been wrought were about to find visible expression at Chicago. England had extended her dominion over Canada and westward to the Mississippi, and in turn her thirteen colonies had wrested their independence from her, winning therewith the same Mississippi boundary on the west. Next the supremacy of the red men over the Northwest was challenged and shattered, and now, in the opening years of the nineteenth century, Spanish Louisiana, the western half of La Salle's imperial province, passed into the control of the United States. It was now imperative that a more effective control over the region between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, and a line of communication between the existing American outposts on the Lakes and the newly acquired Mississippi settlements, be established. Chicago, lying at the foot of Lake Michigan and at the head of the Illinois River highway to the Mississippi, was obviously the logical place for this new establishment.

So, in the summer of 1803, a youth of twenty-one, commissioned by the government of the United States, led a company of soldiers from Detroit over the old trail, which had been the highway from time im-

memorial of red-skin war parties, to Chicago, and the erection of Fort Dearborn was begun. Thereafter for nine years the stars and stripes floated from the whitewashed walls of the stockade fort at the mouth of the Chicago River. Around it a tiny settlement, composed of the civilian officers of the Indian agency, army contractors, traders and discharged soldiers, and the inevitable accompaniment of half-breeds, slowly developed. It was but an insignificant island of civilization in the midst of a sea of barbarism, where for the most part life moved in humdrum fashion, until another change in the great outside world registered its visible effect at Chicago. Because Napoleon Bonaparte would rule supreme in Europe women and children must be slaughtered and men be burned at the stake at the mouth of the Chicago River. A few minutes of sharp fighting sufficed to register the triumph of the red man, and almost nine years to a day after the coming of the garrison in August, 1803, military post and infant settlement were alike blotted out.

Four more years pass, the Napoleonic drama has run its course and the Man of Destiny is dragging out the useless remnant of his life on the lonely rock of St. Helena. Hardly had the War of 1812 been concluded when the American government laid its plans for a new military establishment at the mouth of the Chicago River. Again a force of soldiers was sent out from Detroit, this time by boat around the lakes, and on the nation's natal day in the year 1816 the stars and stripes floated once more over Chicago. Life here during the next seven years reproduced in all essential respects the Fort Dearborn of 1803 to 1812. The one important difference again had to do with the outside world rather than with Chicago itself. Settlement was pressing ever westward, the red man was receding before it, and the time was close at hand when the forces of civilization were to enter into possession of the surrounding region and give birth to the modern Chicago. With this event, of course, the military outpost ceased to be.

Such, therefore, is the significance of the thirty-year period beginning with the year 1803, which the selections that follow have been chosen to illuminate. The first (Wm. Johnston's "Notes of a Tour from Fort Wayne to Chicago") affords an excellent description of the trail which during the life of the first Fort Dearborn bound Chicago most closely to the outside world. Fort Wayne, it is true, was, like Chicago, a mere wilderness outpost, but such as it was it constituted the center of civilization nearest to the latter place. We take the journal from a hitherto-unpublished manuscript in the Chicago Historical Library, to which it was presented in 1894. Of its antecedents the

donor could only say that he had found it among some old documents received from his father many years earlier. Although yellowed as if from age it is obvious that the manuscript is itself a copy of the original journal. Of its history, as of its author, nothing has been learned.

The next two documents (the narratives of James Grant Wilson and Jacob B. Varnum) present intimate pictures of life at Fort Dearborn extending over a period of years—the first from 1803 to 1812, the second from 1816 to 1822. They possess the further similarity that one was written almost half a century and the other twice as long, after the occurrence of the events described. The other selections, with one exception strictly contemporary, describe each a particular visit to Chicago, dealing chiefly with the surrounding region and the experiences and observations of the travelers on their tours.

General James Grant Wilson, the author of "Chicago from 1803 to 1812," himself relates the circumstances under which he acquired the information contained in it. It is an interesting fact that the mature lives of Wilson and his informant, Doctor Cooper, spanned a period of over a century, and that until the year 1914 there was living in New York City a veteran editor, author, and historian whose mind was steeped with the narrations of a contemporary concerning the Fort Dearborn life of 1808 to 1811. It is inevitable that such an account should contain some errors; yet it would be difficult to find another narrative written down so long a time after the occurrence of the events described and possessed of equal merit. The original manuscript is the property of the Chicago Historical Society to which acknowledgment is due for permission here to give it its first publication.

Jacob Butler Varnum, author of the journal of life at the second Fort Dearborn, came of an old and distinguished New England family. His father, Joseph B. Varnum, enjoyed many honors, both civil and military. The last forty years of his life were spent continuously in the public service in the legislatures of his state and nation. He served in the lower house of Congress sixteen years, being speaker from 1807 to 1811; and in the United States Senate from 1811 to 1817. Through the family influence the son obtained, in 1811, an appointment as factor at Sandusky, Ohio. Bereft of this position the next year, when the Sandusky factory fell into the hands of the British and Indians, Varnum entered the army as a captain in the Fortieth United States Infantry and served until the end of the war. Upon the reduction of the army at the close of the war he was discharged from the service, soon after which he applied for another position in the Indian department. The section of his autobiography which we print takes up the story of his

life at this point and carries it forward until the termination of his service at Fort Dearborn in 1822.

After several years of mercantile business in Washington Varnum removed to Petersburg, Virginia, where he resided until the close of the Civil War. He was present, an aged and helpless noncombatant, during the famous siege, and to this event we owe the writing of his autobiography. For this incidental by-product of our great domestic conflict all who are interested in the annals of Chicago may well feel grateful. "Confined a large portion of my time to my room by indisposition and the infirmities incident to age, and subjected to the calamities of cruel war, to immense armies in our immediate vicinity with all the murderous implements of warfare incessantly contending in deadly strife; our enemies in full view with their siege guns in range and constantly vomiting forth their destructible missiles at our devoted town and most of our population disposed through the neighboring country"—under such circumstances the narrative was drawn up, in part for the edification of his son but chiefly as an aid to beguiling the tedium of his situation. It is, therefore, not a journal of contemporary events; on the other hand it is not merely the narration of an old man's reminiscences, for the author distinctly states that the idea of writing it came to him while engaged in overhauling his papers "of more than fifty years' accumulation" and that he intends it shall be reliable "both as to accuracy and as to dates." It is evident, therefore, that while the narrative itself dates from 1864, its author wrote with the sources of information on which it is based before him. The original manuscript not being available, for the purpose of publication resort has been had to a typewritten copy furnished long since to the Chicago Historical Society by John M. Varnum, compiler of the family genealogy.

Of Samuel A. Storrow, author of a narrative descriptive of a tour of the Northwest made in 1817, nothing has been learned, aside from his brief army record. He entered the service as judge advocate in July, 1816, and was honorably discharged five years later. The narrative we print is taken from a rare pamphlet in the Wisconsin Historical Library. From Detroit Storrow proceeded around the lakes, stopping en route at Fort Gratiot and Mackinac, to Green Bay. From Mackinac to Green Bay the journey was made in an open rowboat propelled by a few soldiers in charge of Lieutenant Pierce, brother of a future president of the United States. The account of the overland trip from Green Bay to Chicago and thence on to Fort Wayne is reprinted in the accompanying selection. From Fort Wayne Storrow made his way down the

Maumee to Detroit. Here he crossed the river and, traversing Upper Canada, concluded his tour at Brownsville, New York.

The journal was originally published under the guise of a report to General Brown, dated December 1, 1817. The pamphlet has no title-page or title. It has been once reprinted entire in volume VI of the *Wisconsin Historical Collections*.

A few weeks before Storrow was received at Fort Dearborn "as one arrived from the moon" there had come to Chicago by sailing vessel from Mackinac a child of seven years who has left us the succeeding narrative of her visit. Mrs. Elizabeth Thérèse Baird was born at Prairie du Chien in 1810, but was taken by her parents to Mackinac upon the outbreak of the War of 1812, and there grew to womanhood. In 1824 she went, a bride of fourteen summers, to Green Bay and there resided until her death in 1890. A few years before her death a number of reminiscent articles were written by her for publication in the *Green Bay State Gazette*. Afterward these were republished, in somewhat different form, in the *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, from volume XIV of which we extract the narrative of her Chicago visit. It is evident that Mrs. Baird has mistaken by one year the date of her trip, since the garrison which built the second Fort Dearborn came to Chicago in July, 1816, and Mary Ann Aiken, wife of Jacob B. Varnum, of whom she speaks, died there a year later.

The increasing desire on the part of the public to know more of the nation's far-western possessions is responsible for the two narratives which conclude this section of the volume. Both are taken from what may properly be regarded as official reports of national exploring expeditions. In the summer of 1820 Lewis Cass, the enterprising governor of Michigan Territory, set out from Detroit with a well-equipped expedition, traveling in open canoes, to seek the source of the Mississippi River. The return journey was made down the Mississippi to Prairie du Chien; thence by the Wisconsin and Fox Rivers to Green Bay and down the western shore of Lake Michigan to Chicago. From Chicago Governor Cass made his way home on horseback along the Chicago-Detroit trail, while Schoolcraft, the historian of the expedition, continued the canoe journey around the eastern side of Lake Michigan to Mackinac and thence to Detroit. We publish the portion of this journal describing the trip from Green Bay to Chicago, and around the southern end of the Lake as far as Galien River.

Three years later Major Stephen H. Long, who had already won fame as an explorer by conducting an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, was sent to explore the St. Peter's River to its source. Coming

from the Atlantic seaboard to Wheeling on the Ohio, Long's party crossed the states of Ohio and Indiana to Chicago; then across northern Illinois to Prairie du Chien and up the Mississippi to Fort Snelling. From this point the explorers ascended the St. Peter's and descended Red River to Lake Winnipeg. The return route led them along the northern boundary of the United States to Lake Superior and thence around the lakes to the East. The report of this extensive tour was prepared by William H. Keating, a professor in the University of Pennsylvania and one of the scientists of the expedition. We extract the portion dealing with the trip from Fort Wayne to Chicago.

The reports of these two important exploring expeditions, undertaken within a few years of each other, shed a flood of light upon a portion of the Northwest which while long familiar to the trader and trapper was an unknown region to everyone else, including even the departments of government at Washington. Interesting light on this point is afforded by the fact that although composed of seasoned explorers, and equipped with all the information and resources at the command of the government, Long's party would not venture to undertake the overland trip from Chicago to Prairie du Chien until, by dint of effort, a guide was found to conduct them. Schoolcraft and Keating picture clearly the state of Chicago and the surrounding region almost at the close of the frontier period of their history. The period of travel by canoe and horseback was about to give place to the era of transportation by steam, and therewith the northwestern wilderness was to be converted into an abode of civilization.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON'S TOUR FROM FORT WAYNE TO CHICAGO, 1809

THE general course of the road is something North of West. For about three miles the land is thin oak land to Spy river, when immediately on crossing Spy river, a fine bottom commencing which continues for some distance. The timber is generally sugar tree hickory & buckeye [horse chestnut] all of very large growth.

Twelve miles further is Eel river, a branch of the Wabash. This little stream is very deep, and at the distance of ten miles on a straight line from its source and about seventeen by the meanders of the Stream, it is not more than five yards wide and is generally three feet deep with a very slow current. The land on this river is very rich, and appears to be well adapted to the culture of wheat or hemp. There are but few mill seats in this country, on account of the land being very level. All the rivers in this country have their sources in Swamps & ponds as there are but few Springs in the upper country—that is, on the high land that divides the waters of the lakes from the waters of the Ohio.

Passing on westward you travel through a fine rich level country; tho' it appears as if it had been under water at some former period.

Fifteen miles from Eel river you come to the little lakes. Here is one of the most enchanting prospects my eyes ever beheld. The traveller, after passing through a country somewhat broken for a few miles is immediately struck with the sight of two beautiful sheets of water, as clear & as pure as any spring water. They are about one fourth of a mile apart. I encamped on the border of the most westerly one all night. The border is so low that a large wave might roll out on the bushes. I perceived a number of fishes playing in the water near the shore where it was not a foot deep. I took my pistols and went in ten or fifteen yards and shot several ringeyed perch. Indeed they were so tame that they came close to me, as if wondering at the new monster that had got amongst them. This lake covers about 100 acres and has an outlet at the east end of it. From thence it runs about half a mile along the side of a small ridge that divides it from the other lake. It then turns

suddenly round to N E and passes through a break in the ridge and empties itself into the other lake. There is a good mill seat here with three or four feet fall, and water sufficient for ten mills abreast.

The soil in the neighbourhood of these lakes is well calculated for wheat or any kind of small grain. The timber is chiefly white oak, spanish Oak and some chestnut oak. The land is a mixture of sand & clay, and in some places a deep black soil, something like river bottom.

Eighteen miles further you come to the Elkshart river, a branch of the S^t Josephs of Michigan. For eight miles before you come to this river you come to a thicket of young hickories and oaks, about as thick as a mans thumb, and growing so close together that it is impossible to penetrate it at any other place than by the road. This land is as rich as any in Kentucky, and there is no doubt but it would be as fruitful if cultivated.

Immediately on crossing the river, which is here about fifty yards wide, a most delightful prospect is presented to view. There is scarcely a tree in an acre of ground for three miles. Here is an Indian village of about twenty houses. One of the principal chiefs resides here—his name is "Five Medals."¹ The village is beautifully situated on the edge of a fine prairie containing about three thousand acres. About a mile west of this prairie the road comes to the bank of the river, at a good spring of water (a thing that is very scarce in this country). Here the timber is tall and thick on the ground principally white oak—the soil is a white clay.

Fourteen miles further is the junction of the Elkshart & the S^t Josephs. Here is a place formed by nature for a town.² One half mile from the forks the rivers come within sixty yards of each other. They then sepearate and form something like an oval piece of ground of about one hundred acres until it comes to low bottom that appears to be made ground. This bottom contains about fifty acres, and I suppose is overflowed at high water. Both these streams are navigable, without any falls or other obstruction, almost to their sources. From the forks down to the lake, about Sixty miles by water, may be navigated by any kind of small craft at any season. The channel is deep & the current gentle.

There is no Situation in this country better calculated for trade than at the forks of S^t Josephs & Elkshart. These two branches flow through the richest and dryest part of this country; and I think it would be an object with our government to make a settlement at this place.

¹This village was burned by an American army under Colonel Wells, following the siege of Fort Wayne in the autumn of 1812. A soldier's diary of this campaign is published in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, I, 272-78.

²The city of Elkhart has since grown up on this site.

Ten miles down this river from the forks is a portage of three miles west to the Theakiki, a branch of the Illinois river. Fifteen miles below the forks is a French trading house.³ There are about twenty persons kept here for the purpose of trading with the Indians. These men in the winter take each a load of goods and ascend one of the branches of the St Josephs; thence across the portages into the other river, and to the Indian villages, where they continue until spring, from whence they return with their peltry. They all collect in May and make up their packs when they proceed down the river into Lake Michigan & round to Michillimakinac. It will scarce be believed that these men perform a voyage of upwards of a thousand miles in a bark canoe heavily laden with packs, the greater part of the voyage in a boisterous lake.

The soil on this river varies, but none but what is equal to our third rate in Kentucky, and has the advantage of being level. There are several fine Springs in this part of the country.

At the factory I was told that there was the remains of a British fort⁴ three miles below, where was a fine orchard of apple trees. Twenty miles from the fort to the mouth of the river.—Here I was informed that a trader had raised several crops of wheat, and that it was as good as could be raised any place. I crossed the St Josephs at the French factory. Twelve miles further is an Indian village called Turcope [Terre Coupe]. The town stands on an eminence, and may be seen about seven miles. There is not a tree to interrupt the view for about nine miles. This prairie I was told *extends to the Mississippi, a distance of four hundred miles!* From this village to Lake Michigan, a distance of about forty miles, the land is about one half timbered, and the other half prairie, but all of a good quality, except about four miles adjoining the lake, where it is very sandy. Here are some of the finest white pine trees I have ever seen. The road strikes the lake at the most southerly end, at the mouth of the river *du Sma* [Du Chemin].

³ This was at Parc Vache (The Cowpens), where the Chicago-Detroit and Chicago-Fort Wayne trails forked. Because of this and of its proximity to the St. Joseph Portage to the Illinois, the spot was early recognized by the French as one of the strategic points in the interior of the continent. In this vicinity the Jesuit missionary, Allouez, died in 1689. From here John Kinzie removed to Chicago in 1804. With the coming of white settlement the town of Bertrand, named for a family of French traders grew up, and for a time had dreams of becoming a metropolis. These were shattered by the too vigorous competition of Niles on one side and South Bend on the other. Bertrand today is a decayed hamlet of perhaps a dozen houses, its two most interesting features, aside from its historical associations, being the old Catholic burying ground and decaying church, where according to local tradition ghosts are wont to revel, and the beautiful St. Joseph close at hand. In the distance may be seen, on a sunny day, the golden dome of Notre Dame University at South Bend, visible descendant of Father Allouez's mission to the Miami.

⁴ Fort St. Joseph, destroyed by the Indians in Pontiac's War of 1763, and captured, having been reestablished, by the Spaniards in 1781.

The country from Fort Wayne to Lake Michigan is I think of the greatest importance to the United States to have it settled. It may be said that about one half of the unceded lands of the Indians lying north of the present boundary in Illinois & Indiana West of the Wabash & Miami of the lake & East of Illinois & Chicago rivers, and including Michigan Territory, is rich and level. The other half may be divided between the Swamps ponds or lakes and prairies, the latter of which are by far the most extensive and would support immense herds of cattle at very little cost; for it is a fact that salt can be got cheaper at Detroit than it can in Lexington in Kentucky.

The East* end of Lake Michigan is bounded by a mountain [ridge] of sand about 100 feet high. This hill has been accumulating since the formation of the lake. The lake is about three hundred miles long from north to south, and about sixty miles wide from East to west. The North west wind prevails here the greater part of the year. This wind blowing over an extensive level country, acquires such force when it arrives at lake Michigan, that in a dry day it will raise as much sand as darkens the air, which in time raised up a bank, and every storm adding more to it till the present. This ridge is covered with Stunted cedars and junipers. I think there could be as much junipers gathered here as would supply the United States with that article. The wind is always changing the position of this ridge. A strong wind will make a breach in the top; the wind will then deepen the breach, and the sand is carried back and deposited in the valley [*plain*] behind the hill which in time becomes the foundation of another mountain. The traveller may see hundreds of these hills behind the mountain. The whole body of the mountain is carried away in some places for several hundred yards, and deposited behind. The wind is constantly in motion, taking more & more until the whole hill will change its place. The lake of course will advance as the bank recedes; and there is not the least doubt that the water has [thus] gained considerably on the land.

This mountain [ridge] is not to be found on the west side of the lake.

Ten miles along the bank of the lake is the mouth of the river Styx so called on account of a large Indian burying ground near it. Some of the corps[es] were in troughs raised up on forks ten feet high; others again are folded up in bark and laid on the ground, with some sticks over them. There were at the head and foot of every grave a post set up on which were a number of marks thus: (XXX), which I was told designated the number of persons they had killed in war. A Single line thus: (I) was the mark of prisoners they had taken.

* Mr. Johnston probably means the South end of the lake. [Copyist's note.]

The road still keeps the shore of the lake. Twelve miles further is the mouth of the Great Calumet. Here the sand mountain ends. Twenty miles further is the mouth of the little Calumet. These two rivers are of the greatest consequence to the traders on the lake. They are both about twenty yards wide at their mouth, but very deep. One of them is considerably longer than the other; & there is a communication between them, which in case of storm on the lake the trader can go up one several miles, then across into the other, and down it into the lake. It is twelve miles from the mouth of the little Calumet to the mouth of Chicago river. Here the United States have erected a garrison [Fort Dearborn] for the protection of the trade in this quarter of the country. This garrison does great honor to Capt. John Whistler who planned & built it. It is the neatest and best wooden garrison in the United States. This place guards the entrance of Chicago river.

Between the Chicago and the Illinois rivers, there is a direct water communication. The river Plein, which is one of the main forks of the Illinois, has its source near the bank of the lake, and nine miles from fort Dearborn it turns West. At this bend there is a long pond communicates with it, which runs Eastwardly towards the lake and terminates in a small creek which runs into the Chicago river. This creek is about two miles long; *and in the Spring of the year any kind of Craft may sail out of the lake to the Mississippi without being unladen.* The U. S. factor at fort Dearborn measured the elevation of land between the lake and the river Plein, and found it to be four feet on the side of the lake and five on the side of the Illinois. Thus by digging a canal of *nine** feet deep, a passage could be got at any season in the year from the Falls of Niagara to the mouth of the Mississippi without a Single foot of land carriage. The Canal would be about six miles long, through a beautiful prairie; and there is a quarry of limestone near this place which would make excellent casing for the Canal.

While at Fort Dearborn I was informed that there were some boats at the portage which would cross the next day. I accordingly went, in company with Mr Varnum & Capt. Whistlers son, to the portage. The water was low, it being about the 28th of June. The boats could not pass loaded; but I saw them sail out of the river Plein into the pond, & through it into the creek before mentioned, and down it into the Chicago river. The loads were brought over the portage in waggons; & they were re-loaded [into the boats] at the head of the Chicago.

*I do not understand this—why an elevation of 4 feet on one side & 5 on the other should be *added together*. Does he not include in this, 4 feet for necessary depth of channel. [Copyist's note.]

There is a custom house kept at Fort Dearborn, where all traders are obliged to make an entry of their goods.

The Public officers are Major Charles Jewet [Jouett], agent for Indian affairs; M^r George [Joseph] B. Varnum, factor & Commissary; Capt. John Whistler commandant; Lieut^s Hamilton & Thompson. There are about sixty soldiers in garrison at Fort Dearborn; and so healthy has the place been that Capt. Whistler informed me he had lost but six men in nearly eight years, and he has the same men now that he had when he built the garrison; and although their term of enlistment expired yet they all enlisted again—a sure sign that he is a good officer.

Fort Dearborn is beautifully situated on the bank of the lake. It is bounded on the land side by an extensive prairie, interspersed with groves of trees, which gives it a beautiful appearance.

Lake Michigan abounds with fish of an excellent quality. The white fish is caught here in great plenty. This is probably the best fresh water fish in the waters of the U. S. The surge of the lake beating always against the Shore, frequently throws out large fish on the Land. I took up several perch & pickeral, that would weigh ten pounds, some of them alive. The shore is frequented by flocks of crows, buzzards, gulls &c which soon destroy the fish that is thrown out on the shore.

LIBRARY
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This collection of the poems of Shenstone,
brought to Chicago in the summer of 1800.
by Capt John Whistler U.S.A., who in that
year Enlisted Fort Dearborn, was on his de-
parture in 1809, presented to his friend
Dr John Cooper, Surgeon of the Post, after
possessing the book for half a century, Cooper
gave the volume to Jackson Wilson of New
York, by whom it is now presented to the
Chicago Historical Society as being perhaps
the oldest existing ^{literary} relic of the metropolis of
the North West.

New York, April, 1880.

3429

THE
Poetical Works
of
W^m SHENSTONE
Esq.
W^m



EDINBURGH,
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CHICAGO
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

CHICAGO FROM 1803 TO 1812

IN early life, the writer¹ was well acquainted with a venerable man who spent several years at Fort Dearborn during the first decade of the nineteenth century, having been appointed surgeon of that frontier post by his friend Gen Henry Dearborn, then Secretary of War, in Thomas Jefferson's Second administration. With him I had many conversations concerning the early days of Chicago and the Northwest. Later when I contemplated preparing a history of the Western Metropolis, I naturally listened with increased interest to the reminiscences of almost the only survivor among those whose memories extended back to Chicago's Earliest decade. Various circumstances conflicted with the carrying out of the historical project after the Civil War, chief among which was the writer's return to the city of New York, where he has ever since resided. Most fortunately some memoranda of my medical friend's later conversations were preserved, and chiefly from those notes, the following pages have been prepared more than two score years after the venerable physician and pioneer passed away at Poughkeepsie on the Hudson, his home for half a century.

Dr John Cooper's grandfather, who was an Englishman, accompanied the British army to Quebec, where he fought under General Wolfe, and was near the hero when he fell in the hour of victory. He did not return to his native land, but left the Service, and settled as a farmer in Ulster County, on the banks of the Hudson. The grandson was born at Fishkill, in the adjoining county of Dutchess, June 6, 1786, studied medicine, and entered the United States army as a surgeon June 13, 1808, almost immediately receiving orders to proceed to Fort Dearborn. From Washington he went by way of New York and Albany early in July to Buffalo, where he boarded the United States brig "Adams", commanded by Commodore Henry Brevoort. The voyage across Lake

¹ James Grant Wilson came to Chicago in 1857 at the age of twenty-five to establish the *Chicago Magazine*, "the first literary paper published in the Northwest." In 1863 he entered the army, attaining, before the close of the war, the rank of brigadier-general. Until his death in 1914 he resided in New York City, engaged in literary activities, being an industrious and well-known editor and author.

This collection of the poems of Shenstone,
 carried to Chicago in the summer of 1800,
 by Capt John Wheeler U.S.A. who in that
 year Capt Port Dickinson was on his de-
 parture in 1800, presented to his friend
 Dr John Cooper, Surgeon of the foot, after
 possessing the ink for half a century Cooper
 gave the volume to Leadrail Wilson of New
 York, by whom it is now presented to the
 Chicago Historical Society as being perhaps
 the oldest existing relic of the multiplicity of
 the North West.

New York April 1800.

5429

THE
 Poetical Works
 of
 W. SHENSTONE
 Esq.



Printed by J. B. Johnson
 1772

CHICAGO
 HISTORICAL
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FACSIMILE OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE'S POEMS
 (By courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society.)

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Erie occupied a week, another week was spent in passing through the river and Lake St Clair including two days delay at Detroit, and arriving at the island of Mackinac. The brig remained there several days, and then proceeded, via Green Bay to Chicago, which voyage occupied an additional three days, the time spent by Cooper in reaching his destination from Washington, being a greater number of days, than would require hours at the present period. The garrison of Fort Dearborn then consisted of ninety-six men of the First United States Infantry, Commanded by Captain John Whistler, with Lieutenant Joseph Hamilton of Maryland and Robert Thompson of New York, who died during Surgeon Cooper's term of service at the post. The Fort consisted of four log houses used as barracks, and two block houses, one containing two guns, the other one cannon with several hundred stand of small arms, the whole surrounded by a palisade some twelve feet high, surmounted by Crow's feet of iron. The officers' gardens, in which large quantities of melons and other small fruit and vegetables were raised, extended south from the Fort. At a short distance to the Southwest, were two log houses, one occupied by Matthew Irwin the United States Factor or Contractor, and the other by the Indian Agent Charles Jewett [Jouett]. A mile or more to the Southwest was the home of a small farmer, who supplied the officers with butter and eggs. At the fork of the Chicago River, there was a house belonging to a man named Clark, who was a cattle dealer, and was occasionally employed about the Fort. On the north side of the river there were four log houses. One nearly opposite to the post was the home and shop of John Kinzie the Indian trader, who came from Canada; another the residence of John Lalime, a French Canadian interpreter to the garrison; a third was occupied by Antoine Ouillmette, also a French Canadian, and a French halfbreed named Pierre le May,² with his Indian wife of the Pottowatamie tribe, occupied the fourth house. There was then no Indian settlement nearer than the Calumet, some sixteen miles south of Fort Dearborn. The officers of the garrison and government, and most of the citizens, owned horses, cows and dogs. Surgeon Cooper possessed two good saddle horses, two cows and a hunting dog. The wife of a soldier milked his cows, and made butter for him, and her husband had charge of his horses. With the exception of the ground around Fort Dearborn and in the vicinity of Kinzie's house on the north side, the neighborhood was mostly low and marshy as described by Dr Cooper.

²For facts concerning the several persons here mentioned, as for the general subject of the selection see M. M. Quaife, *Chicago and the Old Northwest* (Chicago, 1913), 127-77.

During the period of almost three years that Surgeon Cooper served at the Illinois frontier post, the Indians were quiet and peaceable, but he remembered hearing from Captain Whistler that about a month before his arrival, Marpock, a chief of the Pottowatomies,³ with several hundred warriors made threatening demonstrations owing to dissatisfaction with an alleged act of wrong and injustice on the part of the United States Contractor. At that time, there was an abundance of game in the immediate vicinity of the little settlement. Within a week of Dr Cooper's arrival his dog and several others, chased three deer past the post into the river. A young soldier who was in a canoe without any weapon, sprang into the water, as a deer was swimming past, caught her by the neck and held her head under, until she was drowned. The Surgeon's dog seized the other, but the third, a large stag with noble antlers, made his escape on the north bank, and

"Soon free from hounds and hunters ken,
His solitary refuge took."

But a few days later, when Captain Whistler and Cooper were riding out in company, they came upon a large wolf within half a mile of the Fort. The Captain's pair of hounds and the Doctor's dog soon overtook him, when he turned and stood at bay until the riders arrived. Having no pistols, and the dogs not liking the ugly appearance of the big wolf's formidable-looking teeth, the officers were compelled to call off the hounds, and allow him to escape. The howling of wolves at night was a common occurrence at Fort Dearborn during the years that Surgeon Cooper was stationed there. Grouse and other game birds were abundant, as were fish in the adjacent waters, so that in the hunting season much leisure time was spent by the officers of the garrison with gun and rod.

Cooper who succeeded Dr William C Smith, first Surgeon of Fort Dearborn was in 1810, the bearer of a challenge from Lieutenant Hamilton to John Kinzie, the Indian trader, who declined to accept it, but fell to abusing and cursing the First lieutenant, which occasioned a violent quarrel between the bearer of the challenge and Kinzie. From that day Cooper held no further intercourse with the Indian trader. Half a century later after describing Kinzie as a man of ungovernable temper Cooper charged him with the murder of Lalime the interpreter, adding that he fre-

³ Marpock, or Main Poc, was a chief of the Illinois River Potawatomi, residing near the junction of the Des Plaines and Kankakee rivers. He sympathized with Tecumseh and during the War of 1812 sided with the British.

quently had bitter quarrels with people.⁴ Gurdon S Hubbard, who went to Chicago in 1818, gave me a different account of the unfortunate affair, representing that the two men had a bitter altercation, that Lalime who was armed with a pistol attacked Kinzie, who in self-defence, stabbed the interpreter, thereby causing his death. The Indian trader sought safety in flight, but returned a few weeks later. As he was not arrested by the officers of the garrison, as Kinzie anticipated, and as Lalime was a particular favorite with them, it is fair to assume that Hubbard's version of the occurrence is the correct one.

Surgeon Cooper sent in his resignation to the War Department and left Fort Dearborn in April, 1811, in company with seven other persons connected with the post. They proceeded around the south shore of Lake Michigan to St Josephs, and from there followed the same trail to Detroit taken by Captain Whistler and his small party of six in going to Chicago eight years earlier, the time occupied being fourteen days. He then went to Fort Wayne in six days, and then by way of Chillicothe, Pittsburg, Philadelphia and New York, to Poughkeepsie, where he established himself, continuing to practice there as a physician for more than fifty years. Dr. Cooper, whose portrait accompanies this article, died in Poughkeepsie, March 6, 1863. The photograph was taken seven years earlier.

In the course of our many conversations concerning the early days of Chicago, Cooper gave me numerous interesting particulars about Captain Whistler, who had known his grandfather. They had served in the same British regiment, but of course not at the same time. John Whistler fought under Burgoyne in the campaign which was closed by his surrender at Saratoga, and some years later, joined the American Army. He was severely wounded in General St Clair's disastrous campaign in 1792 [1791] against the Indians, and soon afterward commissioned ensign, then lieutenant, and in July, 1797, became captain of the First Infantry. For several years he was stationed with his company at Detroit.

The following letter in his possession contains so far as the writer is aware, the earliest documentary or printed mention of Fort Dearborn. It was written in Detroit, April 30, 1803, by Robert and James Abbott, a mercantile firm of that city, and addressed to Abbott and Maxwell of

⁴ For an account of the garrison feud here discussed see Quaife, *Chicago and the Old Northwest*, 171-77; for a discussion of the killing of La Lime, see *ibid.*, 149-50. Matthew Irwin, government factor at Chicago from 1809 to 1812, charged, in an official letter to General Mason, head of the department of Indian trade, that Kinzie murdered La Lime, expressing also the belief that he was instrumental in bringing on the massacre in order to save his own life by destroying the witnesses of his crime. See *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, 1, 566-70.

Mackinac. It is as follows: "The Cincinnati mail arrived here two days ago and brings accounts of a garrison being immediately erected at Chicago. Captain Whistler is to have command of the garrison, and will leave this in a few days with his company which consists of eighty men to go and erect the garrison. This is a good opening for you, if you wish to extend your trade. Captain Whistler wishes that we would extend a store there.

P. S. Since writing.—Captain Whistler has only taken six men with him to go and examine the ground and report to Major Pike."

During the summer and autumn of 1803, the military post at Chicago was erected by Captain Whistler and his company, aided by Lieutenant James S Swearingen, an officer of artillery, and designated Fort Dearborn, in honor of Gen Henry Dearborn. It was completed and occupied on the first day of December, and commanded by Captain Whistler until Sept 30, 1809 [April, 1810], when he was succeeded by Captain Nathan Heald of the same regiment.

The earliest Fort Dearborn letter that I have ever met with, dated September 10, 1808, was addressed by Whistler to "Samuel Abbott Esq, Macenna [Mackinac], Courtesy Commodore Brevoort." It is as follows:

"Dear Sir.: I had the pleasure of receiving your favor of the 27th Ultimo, also the inclosed account the amount of which you will find inclosed in two noats—there is a ballance of a few cents. I wish you would endeavour to send me a barrel or two of fish by the first vessel that may come this way, and send the account of the fish so as to enable me to make payment. Probably you will take in return corn for payment if so I must send it in the barrels, two for one bushels. Give my compliments to Mr Hoffman, and tell him I shall pay particular attention to sending the Box to Mr Beats, but I fear it will not be this fall. Dear Sir, I remain your friend and very Humble Servant. J Whistler."

Dr Cooper who correctly called Captain Whistler "the founder of Chicago," for, of course, the building of Fort Dearborn was the beginning of the metropolis of the Northwest, informed me that his friend was present at the time of General William Hull's surrender of Detroit. He was officer of the day when Hull sent an aide-de-camp with orders to lower the American colors, and hoist a white flag. The stout old soldier absolutely refused, saying: "I will be damned if any man under my command, shall run up a white flag," adding to the aide-de-camp, that if it was done, it would be necessary for him to do it himself, which he accordingly did. Captain Whistler denounced the surrender as "a

shameful act of cowardice." At the reorganization of the army in 1815, after the close of the second war with Great Britain, Whistler was dropped, having been previously brevetted major, presumably owing to his advanced age or physical disability, but was soon afterward appointed to the position of military storekeeper at Newport, Kentucky, and later, of Jefferson Barracks, St Louis, where he died in September, 1829.

An interesting relic of the first commander of Fort Dearborn is a small flint-lock pistol presented to Surgeon Cooper by Captain Whistler on his surrend[er]ing command and departing for Detroit. The writer acquired possession of it on the occasion of his last interview with Dr Cooper, and it is at present included in the celebrated collection of Charles F Gunther of Chicago. Another relic also given to Cooper at the same time by the Captain, with whom he was a great favorite, was a small English edition of Shenstone's poems, which is doubtless the oldest known literary relic of the Western city, where it was taken by Whistler in 1803. I received it from Dr Cooper in 1860, and on the occasion of delivering an address before the Chicago Historical Society a score of years later on "The Northwest and its Discoverers," presented the ancient volume to the Society, where it is carefully preserved.

Dr Cooper was also an intimate friend of Whistler's eldest son William, who was appointed by General Dearborn during the first year of the past century, second lieutenant in his father's regiment, accompanying the Captain's company to Chicago, and being stationed there at the time of Cooper's service as Surgeon of Fort Dearborn. The younger Whistler rose to the rank of Captain in 1812, and before his father retired in 1815, as Senior Captain of the First Infantry and also in the line of the Army, the son was next in rank to him. William Whistler commanded Fort Dearborn from June 17, 1832, to May 14, 1833, passing through the grades of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, and in 1845, he was promoted to colonel, and assigned to the command of the Fourth Infantry. This is the regiment that General Grant served with through the Mexican War. One of his many reminiscences of Whistler which I heard him relate was as follows: When the Fourth was ordered to march from Corpus Christi, stringent orders were given by General Taylor against overloading the wagons, but a single one being allowed to a regiment, as the Army were to make a forced march to Brownsville, which had been attacked by the Mexicans, and officers were requested to reduce their baggage to the smallest amount possible. Colonel Whistler inspecting the wagon of the Fourth before starting,

discovered a small book case containing a few favorite authors, belonging to a young officer of literary tastes. "That will never do, Mr Graham," said the old veteran, "we can't encumber our train with such rubbish as books," and they were left behind. Colonel Whistler next met Adjutant Hoskins, who had seen the volumes taken out, and who remarked in a deprecatory manner, that not being quite well and requiring a stimulant, he had taken the liberty of putting a small keg of whiskey in the wagon. "Oh," said the Colonel, "that's all right, Mr Hoskins anything in reason, but Graham wanted to carry a case of books!"

Surgeon Cooper described Whistler as being over six feet, and like his father, famous for his personal strength and powers of endurance, which surpassed those of the red men. Cooper recalled a celebrated race at Chicago between the Pottowatamie chief and Whistler. They were both magnificent specimens of vigorous young manhood, and of the same age and size. The Indian was a great runner who had never been beaten: the distance was five miles, and the wager was the lieutenant's horse and accoutrements against those of the chief and his steed. The contest was witnessed by several hundred Indians and the entire garrison, Whistler winning the remarkable race after a superb struggle, by some sixteen yards. So confident were the red men that their chief would defeat the pale face, that many Indian ponies and other property were won by the officers and soldiers of Fort Dearborn who accepted all wagers offered by the Pottowatamies. Several years later, during the war of 1812, the same chief who was serving with the British, sent a challenge *à outrance* to Captain Whistler, or any officer or soldier in his command. It was promptly accepted by his racing rival, and as a result of the hand to hand fight with knives, swords and tomahawk, fire-arms not being allowed, the Captain's adversary departed for the happy hunting grounds.

William Whistler was born in Maryland six years before the birth of his friend Cooper, and outlived him nine months, dying in Cincinnati where the writer met him Dec 4, 1863. He was at the time of his death the oldest officer in the United States army with the single exception of Gen Winfield Scott, who told me that he met Colonel Whistler in Chicago at the time of the Black Hawk war and that he had known his father during the second war with Great Britain. The senior Whistler had two other sons, John Jr, who was appointed Ensign in the Nineteenth Infantry in 1812, was wounded in battle and died as first lieutenant in 1813, and George Washington, born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, in 1800,

was graduated at the U. S. Military Academy and entered the artillery. Resigning from the Army, Whistler became a distinguished engineer, being employed by the Russian government in building railways. He died in St Petersburg in 1849. The gifted, but eccentric artist, James A. McNeill Whistler, who died in London in July, 1903, was his second son.* The father, Major Whistler, as he was called, was, when a lad at Fort Dearborn, a particular favorite with Surgeon Cooper, who watched his future career with great interest, they exchanged occasional letters but, I believe, they never met again after April, 1811.

Another of Cooper's acquaintances was James S. Swearingen, Lieutenant of artillery, who being familiar with the country conducted Captain Whistler's company from Detroit to Chicago during the summer of 1803, also aiding in the construction of Fort Dearborn. From a recently discovered Diary kept at the time by the young artillery officer, which had been *perdu* or buried for above a century, the following extracts are taken:⁶—"Detroit—July 14, 1803. Left this place this morning at half past five o'clock for Chicago, and proceeded about twenty-five miles, encamping at five o'clock in the afternoon on a small branch of bad water. * * * Wednesday Aug. 17. Proceeded on our march at six o'clock A. M., thirty-four miles and encamped on the Chicago River at two o'clock P. M. This stream is about thirty yards wide where the garrison is intended to be built, and from eighteen feet upwards deep, dead water, owing to its being stopped up at the mouth by the washing of sand from the lake [Michigan]. The water is not fit to use. The bank where the fort is to be erected is about eight feet high and half a mile above the mouth. The opposite, or north bank, is not so high, there being a difference of more than two feet by appearances. The banks above are quite low. The distance from Detroit to the mouth of the St Josephs is two hundred and seventy-two miles. From the mouth of the St. Josephs to Chicago ninety miles making a total of three hundred and sixty-two miles." In both instances, Lieutenant Swearingen calls the little Michigan river St Josephus! from which it may be presumed that he had been perusing Whirton's Josephus.

James Strode Swearingen was born in Westmoreland, Virginia, four years before his friend Cooper, and appointed from Ohio, second

* Whistler was intended for the profession of arms, but left the United States Military Academy without being graduated, to become an artist. While at West Point, he presented me with an interesting drawing of the first Fort Dearborn, erected by his ancestor, which to my great regret was, many years later lost, or stolen by some admirer of the gifted painter.

⁶ The Diary is published in full in Quaife, *Chicago and the Old Northwest*, 373-77.

lieutenant of artillery Jan'y 25, 1803, becoming first lieutenant in 1811, and captain the following year.⁶ In March, 1815, he was appointed Deputy Quartermaster-General, and a year later became Quartermaster-General of the Army, with the rank of Colonel. A few months after the close of the war Colonel Swearingen, was honorably discharged from the service at his own request, and died in Chillicothe, Ohio, February 3, 1864, surviving Surgeon Cooper and also, so far as known, all others in any way connected with the first Fort Dearborn, for he assisted for several months, Captain Whistler, who began its construction in August, 1803. There were five other commissioned officers of his name and family in the United States [army] at that time, i. e. before and during the Second war with Great Britain. Colonel Swearingen's granddaughter writes to me: "In answer to your inquiry why Lieut. Swearingen was sent to Chicago in 1803 in command of Captain Whistler's company which marched overland from Detroit, while he with his family went by water, I can only say that his family have always supposed it was because as an artillery officer, he was detailed to superintend the construction of the proposed fort.⁷ In reply to your other question as to how we account for the length of time—thirty-four days, in marching from Detroit to Chicago, when it should not have required more than two weeks, I will state that under date of July 28th my grandfather's Journal contains the following: 'Detained at this place (on Kankakee River) until the 12th of August,' so you see how time was lost on the journey."

The most prominent Indian with whom Surgeon Cooper came in contact while in the West was Shabbona for whom he successfully prescribed without charge, when the young chief was suffering from some sickness. He was a nephew of Tecumseh, by whose side Shabbona fought several years after Cooper met him, when the celebrated Shawnee warrior fell in the battle of the Thames. I saw Shabbona in Illinois about a year before his death in 1859. He was of tan and massive figure, was pleased to hear of the pale face medicine man who had cured him of his illness at Fort Dearborn some four decades earlier, and made me the bearer of a kind message to Cooper. The accompanying portrait conveys

⁶ These dates are given incorrectly. Swearingen became a first lieutenant in 1805 and a captain in 1811.

⁷ This supposition is incorrect. Swearingen's own narrative of his career, preserved in the Chicago Historical Society Library, shows that his connection with the founding of Fort Dearborn was limited to leading Captain Whistler's company of troops from Detroit to Chicago. This he did in order that Whistler, who was physically infirm, might accompany his family around the lakes in the sailboat "Tracy." Swearingen turned over the command to Whistler immediately, and returned to Detroit on the "Tracy."

a good idea of the chief, whose name signifies that his head and shoulders resembled those of a bear.

As a concluding paragraph I may state, that Surgeon Cooper was succeeded at Fort Dearborn by Dr Isaac V. Van Voorhis. They were natives of Fishkill, born in the same year, and had been college classmates. The latter was among those who lost their lives in the Chicago massacre of 1812. In our last interview in August, 1860, Cooper with considerable feeling assured me, that his friend Van Voorhis was misrepresented by Mrs Kinzie and other writers, as he was a brave, Christian gentleman and could not possibly have acted in a dastardly manner described in the many accounts of the massacre in which he was killed. He was neither an unbeliever or a coward, as represented by the Indian trader's step-daughter Mrs Helm in her narrative related in "Waubun", on which the various versions of the tragedy were obviously chiefly based. "I hope that in your proposed History of Chicago," said Cooper, "you will do justice to the memory of the much-maligned Van Voorhis."

A GOVERNMENT FACTOR'S JOURNAL: CHICAGO FROM 1816 TO 1822

[April]

BEING again out of employment, my time during spring and summer was mostly taken up in visiting my friends and assisting my father occasionally in writing. Altho' not much disposed to hard labor, I had been accustomed to active employment, and my present inactivity had become therefore irksome to me. In this state of feeling, I addressed a letter to my old patron Genl. Mason, Superintendent of Indian trade, to enquire whether there would be any opening soon in his Dept. and if so to make my claim for a restoration.

[August] In reply he stated that he proposed to establish a Trading factory at Chicago and to send on a few goods so as to arrive out before cold weather set in and that the service would be required forthwith. If the agency suited me on these terms, it was at my service. I signified my acceptance and on the 22nd August received the appointment with directions to proceed with due diligence to Erie, Penn., where I would meet the goods and a public vessel, prepared to convey me and them to Chicago. Accordingly on the 29th I started for Erie by way of Buffalo where I met Mr. Irwin,¹ from Uniontown, Pa., agent appointed for Green Bay, whose instructions were similar to my own. [Sept. 4] Buffalo was partially destroyed by the British during the war, yet it was now a place of business activity and bore much more the appearance of a city than in 1811, when I passed through it.

[Sept. 6] Took our passage in a miserable apology for a schooner and after a rough passage and losing a man overboard reached Erie the next day. The goods had not arrived and we now learned that the military part of the expedition which was to accompany us both to Chicago and Green Bay, had been postponed to the ensuing spring, which of course

¹Matthew Irwin had been government factor at Fort Dearborn from 1809 to 1812, leaving the place in July of the latter year, only a few weeks in advance of the massacre. He was now returning to the West under appointment to the charge of the factory the government had resolved to establish at Green Bay. Here he remained, like Varnum at Chicago, until the abolition of the factory system in 1822. The remainder of his life, like its earlier portion was spent in Pennsylvania, where he died in 1844.

involved the postponement of the factories. Nevertheless it was determined by the naval commander to take the goods, should they arrive in season, on to Mackinac this fall, there to await the expedition in the spring. The services of both Mr. Irwin and myself were not deemed necessary to carry out this arrangement; so it was finally arranged that I should go on with the goods and Mr. Irwin, who was only 150 miles from his home, should return there.

[Sept. 24] Our goods having arrived and been put on board the national vessels Porcupine and Ghent, we sailed from Erie and reached Detroit Oct 1. Here the Capt. consented to take on board a lady passenger for Mackinac, which subjected me to much inconvenience. I had to give up my comfortable berth for one so near the bottom of the vessel that in a rough sea our shallow little schooner would roll up the bilge water and spurt it into my berth which was therefore kept wet most of the time.

[Oct. 16] Arrived at Mackinac and on the goods being discharged found many of them badly wet, which I had to open and dry. There was no necessity or reason for the damage these goods had sustained. The weather had been favorable and the sea not unusually rough. Had the ordinary pains used in storing merchandise been observed the goods would have arrived perfectly safe. Instead of that, the packages were merely tumbled into the hold, without regard to care or a particle of dunnage to raise them from the dampness of the floor or the swashing of the bilge water. The officers would give no satisfaction and were exceedingly indignant that the Govt. should require of the associates of the immortal Perry so menial a service as the transportation of merchandise even altho' it was govt. property. Lt. Packer the Commander boldly demanded it was a meanness unworthy of an honorable Govt. Packer was a Virginian as well by overbearing hauteur as by birth and withal a perfect tyrant so far as his little command extended.

While with him about 4 weeks I witnessed the infliction of more severe and often undeserved chastisements than during my whole life since. He had a cook, a negro servant of his own, whom he brought with him from Va. and extolled as a first rate servant, and said he would not dispose of him for his weight in gold. At dinner the 2nd day out Packer took it into his head that the meat was not sufficiently cooked. He demanded of Harry why the meat was not better done. He in an humble tone of alarm thought it was well done. "You thought, you scoundrel! What right have you to think?" "Go to the boatswain and tell him to give you a dozen." Harry deliberately walked up the stairs, and I could distinctly hear the dull sounds of the rope each time accompanied with a groan. When it was finished he came down stairs, tears rolling down his

cheeks. The scene pretty effectually destroyed my appetite for that meal. One of his seamen—an old salt—possessing an unfortunate propensity for the ardents was consequently often found unfit for duty. About a week [before] Packer had informed me that he had flogged him unmercifully and told him the next time he was found drunk he would give him a hundred lashes. The threat was of little avail, for he managed at Erie to smuggle a bottle of whisky on board, and indulging too freely, was delinquent at roll call. It was reported to the Capt. and he went on deck in quite a rage. The delinquent was brought out, ordered to be stripped and lashed to the shrouds. Feeling no desire to witness the scene, I went down into the cabin. Shortly Packer came down, still in a rage because the man bore it so stoically. He said he gave the d——d rascal a hundred without producing a groan. He then told him if he did not promise to keep sober he would repeat the dose and “recommend the second score on his raw back now covered with blood, and had got as far as 17 when the poor fellow gave in, begging for mercy and promising all that was required. Another instance and I have done with Mr. Packer. As is well known to Lake travelers, there is at the outlet of Huron, quite a brisk rapid for a $\frac{1}{2}$ mile or more. This is difficult to stem and can only be overcome by sails when the wind is fair and pretty stiff, and even then if the steering is not exact the vessel is inevitably turned to the right or left by the rapid current unduly bearing upon her starboard or larboard bow, sometimes shearing half way across the river before she can be brought to. Whether or not the little Porcupine was more difficult to steer than other vessels, or more liable to veering from the rudder, I do not know, but she certainly made some long slants that day and soon raised the ire of Packer against the helmsman. He ordered a fresh hand to the wheel and the former man to receive a dozen lashes. Scarcely a minute elapsed when away she went to the opposite tack and then he made another change at the wheel and gave another dozen and so on successively until every seaman on board took his turn at the wheel and received his quota of lashes before we got into the lake. I was sitting on the quarter deck, closely watching the motion of the vessel and firmly think that every man ordered to the wheel did his best to keep her right and it was not in his power to do so.

Michilimackinac is an Island some 20 or 30 miles in circumference, lying in the straights of the same name between Huron and Michigan. There is a small settlement on the southern end of Canadian French and half breeds. The houses are all of wood and generally small and illy constructed. In all there are probably from 50 to 75. It has for more than a hundred years been an outfitting post for Indian trade, and has

acquired some celebrity as such and for the immense quantity of very fine fish taken in the neighborhood.

I took up my board with Mr. John Dousman, who with his brother Michael were old residents. The latter was quite wealthy. From my arrival until the latter part of Nov. the weather was remarkably mild and pleasant. After that it was very cold up to the first of May. Ice made in the harbor to the thickness of 4 or 5 feet, yet I suffered less from the cold than I have done since in Va. on many occasions of sudden changes from mild to cold weather. I was at Mackinac about 10 months and passed the time quite pleasantly, especially the latter part of it, when I courted and married my first wife. Most of my time was occupied during the day in reading and in the evening in social amusements with the officers of the garrison and a few merchants wintering with us. On the whole I look back on that cold winter as one among the pleasantest of my life. When the cold set in, I was well prepared, had a tight and comfortable room with an air tight stove and plenty of wood. In pleasant days I would accompany Dousman to his fishing nets and hooks, which was rare sport.

[May 1, 1816] This day the ice in the straights took its disappearance—forced away by a stiff westerly gale—and at night was completely out of sight, taking with it a may pole, erected in the morning by the jovial French inhabitants, who enjoyed their May frolic hugely, keeping it up until late at night.

Judge of my surprise, when I arose the following morning, to find the harbor again full of ice. It set sail in the A. M. of the previous day with every prospect of a prosperous voyage; but like many a ship, it encountered a head wind and was forced to return. It must have come in under a heavy pressure of sail. It was then wasted away to about 2 ft. in thickness and came in with such force as to load the beach with enough to make ice cream for all the world. It piled up so high that it attained to an enormous body of stratified ice, in many places from 10 to 20 feet in thickness, requiring several months of spring and summer sun to dissolve it.

In sketching Mackinac I omitted the military works. Immediately back of the town at an elevation of from 80 to 100 ft. stands Fort Brady, a regular work, of capacity for 200 or 300 men. About $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile further back, on the most elevated point of the island, is Fort Holmes, of smaller capacity. Col. Chambers of the Rifle Corps, was military commandant, having under him two companies—one of rifles commanded by Capt. John O'Fallon—now a millionaire, I am told, in St. Louis:² one

²Capt. John O'Fallon, a nephew of George Rogers Clark, was born at Louisville, in 1791. He served as a volunteer in Harrison's campaign against Tecumseh in 1811, and was badly wounded at the battle of Tippecanoe. He served throughout the War of 1812, and thereafter in the regular army until 1818. Settling at St. Louis, he acquired wealth and

of artillery, commanded by Capt. B. K. Pierce, an excellent officer. He and Lt. John Pierce of the same company are elder brothers of Frank Pierce, late Prest. of the U. S.

Capt. Pierce became enamored of a dashing half breed French and Indian girl and married her. She was quite dark, but had received a polished education in a Montreal convent.³

[May, 1816] Nothing occurred worthy of notice until spring or close of May, when a vessel arrived from below, producing quite a sensation in our small community, as the first spring arrivals always do at frontier posts. It was our first communication with the civilized world since Oct. On board this vessel was a young lady from Detroit, who came to visit a wealthy Aunt residing here. She was a girl of polished manners, tall and graceful in her walk, and of striking symmetry of form and with especially fascinating manners. Her hair was auburn; her eyes dark blue and remarkably transparent skin blended with a due proportion of red. This was no other than Mary Ann Aiken, who subsequently became my wife. Perhaps my partiality has given an undue coloring to the above description. It is however a candid view of my own unexaggerated impressions. I thought her in point of beauty quite equal to any lady I had seen. She was of English descent, born in Canada. Her father was a merchant of England and in affluent circumstances up to the War of 1812, when he became involved in unfortunate contracts and lost all his property. Fortunately, Mary, his eldest daughter, had received a polished education. Her younger sisters were less fortunate, as he was not then able to bestow on them a thorough, tho' they had a good ordinary school, training. One of them was very pretty and was subsequently married to Dr. Crow of the Army; what became of the other I do not know.

[August 21] Bro. Joseph⁴ arrived at Mackinac, in charge of John Jacob Astor's goods for the fur trade. He remained only a few days. prominence. He was president of several banks and of one early railroad company, and was a leader in many other business enterprises. He also acquired a well-deserved reputation, as a philanthropist, founding, among other institutions, the St. Louis Medical College, the O'Fallon Polytechnic, and the Home for the Friendless.

³ Mrs. Baird, author of the succeeding narrative of a visit to Chicago in 1817, writes entertainingly of Josette Laframboise, Captain Pierce's bride, and of the wedding. See *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, XIV, 38-41. She describes the bride as "a highly educated and cultivated woman. Her graceful demeanor was a charm. She was small in person, a clear brunette with black eyes and very black, wavy hair."

⁴ Joseph Bradley Varnum, 1785-1867, had served as factor at Fort Dearborn and later at Mackinac from 1807 to 1812. After the close of the war he again came West, this time as an agent for John Jacob Astor, head of the American Fur Company. The family biographer states that Varnum rejected the proffer by Astor of a partnership in the business. However this may be, he retired from the fur trade in 1817, and engaging in business in New York City, made himself a wealthy man. He had extensive banking and railroad interests, being an important stockholder of the New York Central and Wabash roads among others.

[27] My marriage with Mary Ann Aiken was solemnized this day by Major Puthuff, there being no minister of the gospel in the place.

[Sep. 8] Embarked on the "Tiger" for Chicago, with all the factory goods. Capt. Bradley with the military detachment [consisting of] two companies proceeded me about four weeks.

[13] Arrived in Chicago and commenced boarding with Mr. John Kinzie and his family, an old resident of the place before the war. Mr. K. and his family witnessed the massacre of Capt. Heald and his command in 1812, he being an Indian trader was protected and spared with his family.

The sickening scene occurred about two miles from the fort, while they were attempting to effect their escape by land thro' to Detroit. There was at the time a very large number of Indians encamped around the fort, manifestly with hostile intentions. Capt. Heald was aware of their state of feeling and was urged by the traders not to abandon the fort. He had an abundant supply of provisions and could easily have maintained his position until relief could be had; but he could not be persuaded. Go he would, and go he attempted. He held a council with some of the principal chiefs, and by way of conciliation he proposed to secure their non-interference with his march by surrendering to them the fort and all its supplies. This being precisely what they wanted, they readily signed a paper to that effect, with the full purpose of violating the same. Regarding the way as now clear, Capt. H. made preparation for his march of 300 miles thro' the wilderness. He surrendered the fort with all its supplies, except what was necessary for him on his march and took his departure down the lake beach. He had proceeded two miles—the lake on his left and a succession of sand hills on his right. Behind these the Indians had concealed themselves, and when the troops approached, poured so deadly a fire into them that more than half fell dead on the spot. The remainder immediately charged up the bank when the Indians fled to the open prairie but made such good use of their rifles at long distances that they cut off every man before night, with little or no loss on their part.

When we reached Chicago four years after, we collected the bleached bones of about 70, by estimation, and gave them a respectful burial. Chicago at this time presented a desolate appearance, only the skeletons of two buildings remained. Mr. Kinzie's old house on the north side of the river and a small log one on the south. The latter was assigned for my use to serve as a store and dwelling. It was about 20 feet square and $1\frac{1}{2}$ stones high. I managed to store away a large portion of the goods in the loft, the remainder I placed with Mr. Kinzie for retail

purposes, he acting as interpreter. I then had a floor laid of puncheons—logs split out four or five inches in thickness and roughly hewed on the face. I also had a lean-to erected, which served as a kitchen, and in this establishment we resided, after a few weeks boarding, up to the time of my beloved wife's decease. Accommodating ourselves to our limited quarters, the winter glided away very pleasantly. I frequently indulged my propensity for hunting, for which I became very fond and sometimes returned with a good supply of game.

[April 1817] About this time my wife became indisposed, and fortunately for us, her sister Ann arrived on a visit and was of great service to us, for we were without servants and no possibility of procuring any. My wife's indisposition commenced with slight daily sickness at the stomach, which increased in intensity from day to day until she became so weak as to be compelled to keep her bed up to the period of her parturition which occurred on the 27th of June, 1817. The child, a boy, was of full size, but still born. Its long suffering mother survived but a few minutes. Thus was I bereft of a beloved wife and the anticipated hope of a family. The mother with her child in her arms was buried a few yards from my house, where they rested when I left Chicago, 1822. In the growth of the city in after years, the little cemetery was wanted for other purposes. A kind friend whom I have never seen, removed the remains to the Chicago Cemetery, where they rest, not, I trust, to be again disturbed until the resurrection morning.

[July] In July I accompanied sister Ann back again to Mackinac, and returned Aug. 4th. From this time onward for 2 years, nothing especially worthy of record occurred. My time was generally taken up, first in superintending the erection of a house for a factory in 1817, attending to my traffic with the Indians and to my domestic affairs, farming, gardening, etc., and frequently in hunting. In the latter line, my great ambition was to capture a deer. In that I succeeded but twice; in turkies not once. My greatest success was in ducks and pigeons; of the former I killed 47 in one trip up the river; of the latter, I shot multitudes at different times and caught a great many in a net of my own device.

[June 1819] Some gentlemen of the place having business in Detroit, urged me to accompany them, and having no business at this inactive season of the year requiring my presence here, I felt a strong desire for a change. Our summers were exceedingly dull and solitary here. We have nothing to exercise our bodies or divert our minds. The hunting season is necessarily suspended and even the Indians are too inactive to leave their little plantations. During the hot months we

have little else to do than fight mosquitoes. I had passed two or three summers in such listless idleness that the desire for a change entirely possessed me, altho' fully aware that a ride of between 300 and 400 miles thro' the wilderness in fly time would not be a very pleasant trip, I determined on trying it and made preparations accordingly. About the 10th of June we commenced our journey, going via Ft. Wayne. Our party consisted of Lt. Baker, Mr. John Dean,⁵ a guide and myself. We reached Ft. Wayne on the 6th day, distance something over 200 miles, and tarried a couple of days. My horse the last day became quite lame, and I found it necessary to discharge him. Fortunately a gentleman here had a young horse in bad condition, having just come in from a long journey, which he offered to exchange for mine. As I could not proceed with a lame horse, I accepted his terms, altho' I had not forgotten my bad bargain in Pennsylvania, some years before. In this present instance however, I had no cause to rue my bargain. My horse took me safely thro' and in two or three weeks had so far recruited that I sent him on to Chicago. He eventually proved the best horse I had ever owned.

From Ft. Wayne we proceeded down the Maumee River to Ft. Meigs, about 100 miles, in 30 days. Two days more brought us to Detroit. The whole distance is something like 370 miles. On the last day of our trip I met with a rather ludicrous disaster, which excited the merriment of my companions. We had to cross a swampy place of several hundred yards, into which the horses sank up to the saddle girths in sticky black mud, about like tar. My companions were ahead and after hard struggle and plunging of their horses got safely thro', tho' pretty well spattered with mud. Now came my turn and to avoid one of the worst places I forced my horse out of the lob-lolly track, when one of his fore feet plunged beneath a root and in his efforts to extricate himself, he pitched head over heels into the mud and I under him. There I lay helpless until the horse struggled to his legs again, and I was pulled out by my companions. Neither of us sustained any hurt, but we were too conspicuous objects to enter the city, only a short distance ahead. I was completely coated with mud. Baker, who was something of a wag, enquired for feathers at every house we passed, that he might give me the finishing touch. [June 1819] I washed myself off as well as I could in a running stream and cleaned up my horse and by entering Detroit at dark, escaped the jeers of the rabble.

⁵ Lieut. Daniel Baker, stationed at Fort Dearborn for several years subsequent to its rebuilding in 1816, is the same officer whose family is referred to in Mrs. Baird's narrative (*post*) of her homeward journey from Chicago.

John Dean was army contractor at Fort Dearborn. Apparently he came to Chicago at the time the garrison was restored in 1816, and lived here for several years thereafter.

Detroit, at this period, was a comparatively small place. It had not recovered from the devastating effects of the late war, on account of which it suffered much, both in population and property. Those of the population that still remained, had certainly lost nothing in inquisitiveness. As usual in small towns, they not only knew each other, but when a stranger arrived they very soon learned his name and residence and business. The following incident illustrates this. The morning after my arrival, when walking the streets, I heard thro' the blinds in a suppressed female voice—"Come here! come here! That is Mr. Varnum from Chicago!"

I found I attracted a good deal of attention, simply from the fact that 3 years before I had contracted an alliance with a lady of this vicinity, with whom all were acquainted and for whose untimely loss, all sincerely mourned. This seemed to introduce me to families of the highest respectability and procured me invitations to their houses. Many of them doubtless supposed me a candidate for matrimony, and I must confess the fact of my long and tedious trip thro' the wilderness and without any assignable business, seemed to give color to such a supposition, but I solemnly aver that I had no such object in coming hither, and I hope my testimony will not be impeached from the fact that matrimony did actually ensue. It was at an evening visit as an invited guest that I was first introduced to Catherine Dodeamead [Dodimead]. She was young, of slender form and genteel appearance and her innocent vivacity and sprightliness pleased me more than any other lady of the company. I asked and obtained permission to call on her the next day and our subsequent interviews gradually ripened into mutual sentiments of love and esteem.

[August 8, 1819] We were married August 8th, 1819; she being 19 and I 31.

About two months after our marriage, we embarked on a schooner for Chicago. My wife had with her her sister Maria and a servant and our passengers were a jovial set, both male and female. The weather being propitious we reached our destination in September, after a very pleasant trip. My wife being provided with two yellow servants, a boy and a girl, we at once set up housekeeping. At this time I was comfortably provided for in that respect—the military having built me a decent house nearly two years since. Our society too, had, of late, much improved. Several of the officers had brought on their families, and all seemed disposed to be social and friendly. We had frequent evening parties, with dancing and other amusements, so that our time passed very pleasantly until midwinter, when my wife's sister who had

since October been afflicted with a distressing cough, was pronounced to be in a confirmed consumption and that of the most rapid and alarming character. She was now confined to her bed and rapidly wasting away. Early in the spring she was relieved from her sufferings. She was buried by the side of my first wife, but I do not know as her remains were removed to the new cemetery, as there was no stone to indicate the grave. This was a severe affliction for my wife. Having grown up together the two sisters were strongly devoted to each other.

[1820] Very little worthy of record occurred this year. We had frequent changes among our military commanders. First, Capt. Bradley; then Major Cummings; then Major Baker; then Col. McNeil. James Watson Webb,⁶ afterwards editor of the *New York Courier & Enquirer*, and a man of prominence, was stationed with us many years.

[1821] Since the renewal of the factory here the trading with the Indians had hardly been sufficient to justify its continuance. Many formerly traded at this point who now having bought hunting grounds more remote from the "Chemokomans", as they term the Americans, and their numbers being also greatly reduced by the late war, it has resulted in the business falling off more than one half. Under these circumstances, actuated by the belief that the factory could not sustain itself, I thought it my duty to recommend to the Superintendent its discontinuance or removal to some point more remote from the settlements, and named St. Peters as a suitable point. Several communications passed between us and on the 30th of October, he authorized me to close the establishment and remove to that place early in the coming spring. That change did not go into effect, for reasons that will appear.

[Sept. 25, 1821] Received a letter from brother Joseph announcing the distressing event of the decease of both father and brother James the same day, Sept. 11, 1821. The balance of the year passed off as usual—trading with the Indians and occasional excursions to the hunting grounds. The latter part of the year I was winding up affairs preparatory to removal. I did not work very actively however, for after the meeting of Congress, I noticed that Col. Benton in the senate made a furious

⁶ The last two officers mentioned in this list were noteworthy men. Col. John McNeil entered the army in 1812 and served until 1830. He was twice brevetted in the single month of July, 1814, for "distinguished and gallant conduct" in the battles of Chippewa and Niagara. Physically he shared with General Scott the reputation for being the most gigantic man in the army. He was commander of Fort Dearborn from September, 1821, until June, 1823. His wife was a half-sister of President Pierce.

Varnum overstated the service of James Watson Webb, the famous editor and politician, at Fort Dearborn. He became a member of the garrison in October, 1821, and was transferred to another station in June of the following year.

attack against the whole matter of Indian trading—representing that it benefited no one but those engaged in carrying it on.⁷ He denounced it as a swindling institution and that the agents had all grown rich, while the poor Indian had been swindled out of his hard earned productions. Such a tirade, coming from an old senator, who living near the Indian country, was supposed to know more than any one else in Congress, and denounced with all the energy and earnestness of his character, it was easy to foresee would powerfully influence Congress in coming to a decision on the subject. Mr. Benton had his own way. It was not probable that one in ten in Congress knew much about an obscure system for the benefit of the Indians, inaugurated long before a large portion of the members were elected. He debated it alone and of course carried all measures, one of which was so absurd as to require a new set of agents to relieve the old ones and whose duty it would be to wind up the concerns. The effect of this measure, so far as the Chicago factory was concerned, was a total loss of all the government property. A. B. Lindsay, a hanger-on about the offices for an appointment for years, obtained the situation and arrived out about Oct. 12 and on the 17th a full transfer was made of all the property in my charge. After remaining as long in Chicago as his instructions would permit without making any sale or collecting the debts, he packed all the goods and shipped them to Detroit, where they were again offered for sale; and were finally auctioned off without a guaranty of any kind as to payment. They sold at good prices—the purchasers not intending to pay, were indifferent as to the prices offered, and what was foreseen in Detroit no satisfaction of value was received by the Govt. and Lindsay, a man without a single business qualification, got credit for the prompt and satisfactory manner with which he had closed the business and subsequently received an appointment in the custom service.

[Aug. 1822] Having turned over all the factory property to my successor, and my wife having embarked some weeks since by water around to Detroit, my mission in Chicago was ended, and in company with Lt. Morris and guide, I left for a second journey on horseback to Detroit, intending to take the direct route thro' the woods. [Aug. 17] we encamped about 9 P. M. at the mouth of the Big Calumet, much fatigued. [Aug. 18] Made an early start and after a hard days ride encamped in the prairie at 8 o'clock.

[Aug. 19] Arrived at St. Joseph, Ind. at 11 A. M. The horse of our guide having given out, he did not come up until after noon. So we

⁷For an account of Benton's attack on the government factory system see Quaife, *Chicago and the Old Northwest* (Chicago, 1913), 305-8.

determined to go ahead alone and shape our course toward Ft. Wayne, by which route I had once traveled, I felt that I knew the way.

[Aug. 20] Arrived at Ft. Wayne, much fatigued, having suffered intensely from the heat and want of water.


[Aug. 23] Three days more brought us to Ft. Meigs, near the mouth of the Maumee, one hundred miles beyond Ft. Wayne.

[Aug. 26] Reached the River Raisin, (Michigan.)

[Aug. 27] Arrived at Detroit, and found my wife well, she having come around by water in June and reached here in time to witness the last illness and death of her mother. In about a week she was taken ill with chills and fever. [Sept. 19] She recovered so far as to be convalescent, and feeling an ardent desire to visit my old home after an absence of seven years, I concluded to leave her with her friends until her health should be fully restored and return for her in the spring. Accordingly on the 19th of Sept. I took schooner for Buffalo, which place I reached on the 22nd, and Niagara Falls on the 23rd, where I spent two days viewing the sublime scenery—it having been my first visit.

[Sept. 24] From here I went to Lewiston, there taking stage to Auburn, where I took passage on a canal boat to Utica, which place I reached on the 29th. Here taking stage again, I reached Albany the next day. There I at once took the Stmr. Chancellor Livingston, reaching New York City the next morning.

JUDGE STORROW'S TOUR OF THE NORTHWEST, 1817

FTER a short stay at Green Bay, I made arrangements with a Fals Avoins [Menominee] chief to conduct me as a guide to the Winebago Lake; from whence it was my determination to proceed on foot, through the wilderness, to Chicago. At mid-day of the 22d of September, I took leave of Major Taylor¹ and the officers of the 3d Regiment, who had most kindly entertained me. I likewise took a reluctant leave of my excellent companion, Mr. Pierce.² For the residue of the day my course lay on the left bank of the river, through good lands and a growth of oak. I passed two springs strongly impregnated with sulphur, and at night stopped at a rapid of the river called Kakalin, being the last house and last whites I expected to see for the distance of 250 miles.

On the 23d I entered the wilderness, attended by my Indian guide and a soldier of the 3d Regiment, who led a pack-horse loaded with provisions and presents for the natives. We forded the Fox river, and, losing sight of it, proceeded in a westwardly direction; at first through a small Indian path, and, on that failing us, through a wilderness entirely trackless.

The journey of this day was painful and uninteresting. The thickness of the forest rendered marching difficult, and almost entirely impeded the horse; but for exertions in assisting him over crags, and cutting away branches and saplings with our tomahawks, we should have been obliged to abandon him. The land was broken with hillocks and masses of rock. The growth of timber indicated a cold soil, notwithstanding which we occasionally saw the sugar maple. At night we lay on the ground. On the morning of the 24th, we resumed our march, extremely chilled. The thickness of the forest prevented the rays of the sun from coming to the earth, and during the previous night the guide had obliged

¹ Zachary Taylor, later president of the United States. Almost his entire life was spent in the army, and during a large part of it he was stationed in the Northwest.

² Lieut. John S. Pierce, a brother of President Franklin Pierce, and of Capt. Benjamin K. Pierce, whose marriage is noted in Jacob Varnum's Journal.

us to keep small fires from fear of the Winebagoes, who were about us, and from whom there is always cause for apprehension.

After a toilsome march of eight or nine hours, we arrived abruptly at the shores of a circular lake, which I found to be Lake Winebago. I never experienced a more grateful transition than from the damp and tangled wood to the sunny margin of this beautiful water. It is nearly round, and apparently about sixty miles in circumference. For a short time we walked upon the beach; but finding it too narrow, were again obliged to resort to our uncomfortable way through the thicket. While upon the beach I remarked that the number of primitive rocks was unusual for this region. Granite, micaceous, schistus, quartz pebbles, and trap were mixed with unequal proportions of secondary limestone. On the upland, the formations were exclusively of limestone.

My intention was to reach an Indian village, said to be on the southern shore of the lake. Having journeyed all day, and slept in the same manner as the previous night, we resumed our march on the morning of the 25th. A melioration of the grounds, a few foot-paths and traces of habitation, denoted that we were near the object of our destination, and, shortly afterwards, in passing from a wood, we saw it at a distance. It was a village of Fals Avoins, situated on the edge of a prairie which borders Lake Winebago.³ The lake lay before it on one side, and on the other the prairie, rising with a gentle acclivity from the margin of the water. The spot was well chosen for beauty, warmth, and fertility. There was nothing about it that indicated a recent commencement. The grounds bore marks of long cultivation, and the few trees that were left standing seemed as if distributed for ornament and shade. The village has received the name of Calumet; it consists of about 150 souls, and has rarely been visited by whites, except a few voyageurs on their way to the Ouisconsin.

At our approach the villagers poured from their cabins, and gave a general shout, from the unwonted sight (as I supposed) of a white. Tomah,⁴ the guide, was received with kindness, and his introduction procured what I supposed to be the same for myself. But as their unrelaxing features, coldness and taciturnity, would indicate anything rather than courtesy, it required the fullest conviction both of his and their intentions to enable me to place such civility to its proper account. I seated myself on the grass, and was surrounded by the whole population

³ The village was on the east shore of Lake Winnebago, a few miles north of the city of modern Fond du Lac.

⁴ Tomah was a prominent Menominee chief in the period from about 1775 until his death in 1817 or 1818. He was friendly to the Americans during most of his career but in the War of 1812 he sided with the British, and remained a British Indian until his death.

of Calumet, the men eyeing me with contemptuous indifference, the females and children with a restless and obtrusive curiosity.

The distribution of tobacco among the former, and vermilion, salt, thread, and needles, among the latter, led to a better understanding, and a reciprocity of good offices. Tomay was to leave me at this place after furnishing me with another guide; a business which could not be performed before the accomplishment of all the ceremonies of introduction. I was therefore ushered between the arms of two dingy brethren, to a small lodge, where we formed a circle, smoked out of the same pipe, which went the rounds from mouth to mouth, and eat from a large kettle of wild rice placed in the midst of us. Our repast was made without the utterance of a single word, and I know not how long the silence and uncomfortable posture in which I sat might have continued, had I not made signs to Tomay, that I wished to make a general visit to the lodges, and then depart. In this visit I found nothing more than I had seen among nations from whom I had expected less. Sloth, filth, and indifference to the goods or ills of life, form the same characteristics of the remote Indians, as of those nearer to us. The similarity of traits is radical; disparity of situation makes but accidental shades. Necessity gives to the foresters an energy, which contact with the whites takes from the lower tribes. They present fewer instances of helplessness, petty vices, and premature decay from intemperance; but substitute in their stead the grosser and more unrelenting features of barbarism.

In the different cabins, the right of proprietorship seems well understood, but in none were there more goods than were requisite for immediate use; and such food as did not serve for the day, was generally trampled under foot. They seemed affectionate to their children, who were to a peculiar degree sprightly and handsome. The younger women possess good features, but wither at an early age, from the smoke of the cabins and hard labor in the fields.

While I had been feasting in the lodge, my man had received food in the field, where he sat an object of the wonder of all the children of the village. Tomay had procured me two guides, no one being willing to undertake the task alone, from fear of the Winebagoes. I now prepared to depart, and endured the too affectionate embrace of Tomay and a large portion of his tribe; the black and red testimonials of which were left on my cheek. After this operation, from which the sisterhood were excluded, I departed with my two guides and attendant, amidst the shouts of the village.

My course was now for Chicago. The soldier who was with me had a trifling knowledge of some of the Indian languages, but not sufficient

to procure an explanation of the sort of country we were to find, or the difficulties we had to encounter; we therefore looked to our Indian companions for nothing, relying solely on our own strength and perseverance to carry us through the unknown region. The first direction was southwardly, for about four miles, over a fertile prairie, occasionally shaded by a small growth of oak; passing this, we inclined towards the west, and, after traversing a swamp, entered an extensive prairie, low and without trees, but bearing a luxuriant growth of grass of an average height of five feet. On the north it bordered the Winebago Lake, and on every other side was fringed with forests appearing on the edge of the horizon. At a late hour we reached higher ground, where we slept. Since leaving the village we had passed several cabins, and many Indians of a singular and grotesque appearance, armed with bows and arrows.

On the 26th, having left the low prairie, we traversed a more elevated tract, distributed in gentle undulations; from the summits of which I could see grounds of the same character extending in every direction. There were no forests nor any undergrowth, more than a low shrubbery. The immense park, for it bore that appearance, was beautified by a growth of oak, occasionally single, and sometimes in groups, as if planted by art. I could scarcely imagine that a distribution, so consonant to the laws of taste, could have been made without the agency of man. At about mid-day the face of the country changed to a lower and wet soil, which continued for the distance of four or five miles, when it gave place again to one higher and better; watered, (although inadequately) with small rivulets, and covered with white and red oak, and sometimes hickory. The white oaks were of the largest size. In the afternoon I arrived at the banks of a shallow, sluggish stream, about fifty yards in width, running towards the southeast. The fine tract I had passed in the early part of the day, was badly watered. From four o'clock of the preceding day to one of the present, I met no signs of water, not even the smallest brook.

On the morning of the 27th,* I found a severe frost. At about ten o'clock, after having passed grounds inferior to those of yesterday, came to a small and handsome body of water, about eight miles in circumference; shortly after, to a second, of about three miles; after that, to a third, of about five miles in circumference. I remained for some time to admire the beauty of these sequestered waters. Their stillness

* There was no water where we lay. The ground being swampy, we dug a large hole with our tomahawks and it was soon filled. But although this spot was but one hundred yards distant from the fire, neither of the Indians would go to it alone. They frequently during the night put their ears to the ground, as if to listen for noises.

was disturbed only by the wild fowl, that were too little accustomed to the sight of man to heed my approach. The lands shortly became better, and more abundantly wooded and watered than those of yesterday; the white oak being the largest I had ever seen. The country may be said to be without rocks, the few I had seen during the two last days were detached, and of granite. The march of the present day had been more interesting than that of the day preceding, being relieved from the sameness of the Prairies by occasional forests. In passing from the latter into the former, I realized the effect of what Denon describes on the plains of Egypt under the name of mirage. The thickets do not cease gradually, but change abruptly from forest into glade, so as to present to the traveler the atmosphere above the distant meadow in the certain shape and appearance of water. The illusion was many times so perfect as to convince me, that on leaving the wood that was about me, I should be led to the margin of some great lake of which I had before received no account. The Indians were equally deceived, and finding the error, by seeing the wood skirted by land instead of water, cried out, "Manitou" (Devil)—imputing the optical illusion to the agency of a spirit.

Throughout the day the course had been southeast. I supposed myself to be not far distant from the dividing ridge between the Mississippi and Lake Michigan; knowing that the elevation was not very remote from the lake itself. Some of the Prairies bore the appearance of having become so by art. At night I slept in one, which was a perfectly formed parallelogram of about 900 yards by 500.

We recommenced our march at sunrise of the 28th. The guides, who during part of the preceding day, had been sullen and silent, seemed now in entire ignorance of the way, and were leading toward the northeast. I refused to follow them, and after a fruitless and vexatious attempt to understand each other, or know if they understood the way, I insisted upon their leaving me; which they did after a long and unintelligible altercation. I should not have resorted to this measure, which left me alone in the wilderness, had I not been convinced that a day's march properly directed would bring me to the shores of Lake Michigan, or the River Millewackie where there are large settlements of Pottowotomies; but by following them I might be led, I knew not where. Of their worthlessness I had been already convinced. My attendant and myself, being now left alone, pursued an eastwardly direction by the compass, to endeavor to reach the shores of the lake. In the afternoon we saw a track leading towards the southward. We followed it,

and, finding to our joy that it widened,* continued in it until towards evening, when I caught from an eminence a distant view of a great water which I supposed to be Lake Michigan. On nearer approach, I perceived a river, and Indian village; the coincidence of which convinced me that I had reached the Millewackie, at the confluence with the lake.

On the morning of the 29th, I entered the village which belongs to the tribe of Pottowotomies. It is situated on the right bank of the river, which I crossed to reach it. I had probably been near to the river itself during the course of the preceding day. From its outlet it lies, for about fifteen miles, parallel to the lake, when it makes an angle, and may be traced due westward, about thirty-five miles, to its source, which is within two miles of the *Riviere a la Roche*, a most valuable stream, emptying into the Mississippi. Near to its confluence with the lake, the Millewackie is augmented by a small stream called the Monomoni, notwithstanding which, it does not retain the depth of its channel. The sands of the lake form a bar across the mouth, over which there are not more than two feet of water. The soil is good, and the climate much softer than that of Green Bay.

The Pottowotomy village is small; their chief, whose name in English is Old Flour, brought me an Indian who was on his way to Chicago, and might serve me as a guide thither. At mid-day I proceeded on my route, the first course of which was southwestwardly, and led over grounds which for several miles were low and swampy. I had been given to understand that I should arrive before night at a river called Schipicoten; but after attempting in vain to reach the river, or disentangle ourselves from the swamp, we were obliged to remain in it during the night, and resumed the march on the morning of the 30th. A few miles brought us to the margin of a dark and sluggish stream, which I supposed to be the Schipicoten [Root River]. It proved too deep to be forded, and, finding no materials to construct a raft, we were obliged, cold and comfortless as it was, to cross it by swimming. Shortly after leaving the river we entered a prairie on which we remained throughout the day. It afforded no varieties. There were no rocks, nor more shrubbery than to afford a slender pasturage. A small growth of oak was sometimes grouped in a picturesque manner. The grounds were undulated like those we had passed; but that which was grateful, even delightful, at first glance, became tedious under so long a continuance.

* In the side of the path we saw a small stone idol, which convinced me that we were near to some encampment.

From leaving the Schipicoten in the morning, until sunset, I passed no water, nor anything that indicated it.

On the morning of the 1st of October I found a severe frost. On this day I expected again to see the lake; and, after a distance of eight or ten miles, heard the sound of the waves on the beach. We reached it in the forenoon, and from indications supposed ourselves to be not more than a day's march from Chicago, our course to which for the remaining distance lay on the beach. During this day I observed that none of the streams which water the prairies make a visible entrance into the lake. Being small, and running with scarcely sufficient rapidity to overcome the resistance of their banks, they are unable to penetrate the bed of sand which borders the lake, but sink into the ground and deposit themselves underneath.

* * * * *

On the 2d of October, after walking for three or four hours, I reached the river Chicago, and, after crossing it, entered Fort Dearborn, where I was kindly entertained by Major Baker and the officers of the garrison, who received me as one arrived from the moon. At Chicago I perceived I was in a better country. It had become so by gradual melioration. That which I had left was of a character far above mediocrity, but labors under the permanent defects of coldness of soil and want of moisture. The native strength of it is indicated by the growth of timber, which is almost entirely of white oak and beech, without pine, chestnut, maple, ash, or any kind which denotes warmth. The country suffers at the same time from water and from the want of it. The deficiency of circulation, not of water itself, produces this contradiction. It is not sufficiently uneven to form brooks to lead off its redundant rains and form a deposit for mid-summer. The snows of winter dissolve and remain on the ground until exhaled by the sun at a late period of spring. In prairies that are entirely level this produces a cold which is scarcely dissipated by the heat of summer; in such as are undulated, it renders one-half (that on which the water rests) useless, or of inferior value. It must be remembered, moreover, that this region is not to undergo the changes incident to new countries generally, from the thinning of forests and exposure of the soil. It is already on the footing of the oldest, and has received for the lapse of ages all the heat it is ever to derive from the sun alone. At some remotely future period, when a dense population enables the husbandman to apply artificial warmth to his grounds,

⁵At this point in the narrative the author digresses from the subject of his journey to indulge in a somewhat lengthy discussion of the civil polity and morals of the Indians; this discussion we omit to print.

means of life may be extracted from this soil which are latent at present. It requires industry, and is capable of repaying it.

The river Chicago (or, in English, Wild Onion River) is deep and about forty yards in width. Before it enters the lake, its two branches unite—the one proceeding from the north, the other from the west, where it takes its rise in the very fountain of the Plein, or Illinois, which flows in an opposite direction. The source of these two rivers illustrates the geographical phenomenon of a reservoir on the very summit of a dividing ridge. In the autumn, they are both without any apparent fountain, but are formed within a mile and a half of each other by some imperceptible undulations of the Prairie, which drain it and lead to different directions. But in the spring, the space between the two is a single sheet of water, the common reservoir of both, in the center of which there is no current towards either of the opposite streams. This circumstance creates the singular fact of the insulation of all the United States excepting Louisiana, making the circumnavigation of them practicable, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to that of Mexico, with the single hindrance of the Falls of Niagara.

The Chicago forms a third partition of the great country I had passed. The Ouisconsin and Fox rivers make a water communication between the Mississippi and Michigan, with the exception of four miles. The Millewackie and River a la Roche the same, with half the exception. The Chicago and De Plein make, in the manner I have described, the communication entire. This latter should not escape national attention. The ground between the two is without rocks, and, with little labor, would admit of a permanent connection between the waters of the Illinois and Michigan.

The site and relations of Fort Dearborn I have already explained. It has no advantage of harbor, the river itself being always choked, and frequently barred, from the same causes that I have imputed to the other streams of this country. In the rear of the fort is a prairie of the most complete flatness, no signs of elevation being within the range of the eye. The soil and climate are both excellent. Traces yet remain of the devastation and massacre committed by the savages in 1812. I saw one of the principal perpetrators (Nes-cot-no-meg).

On the 4th of October I left Chicago for Fort Wayne, having provided less uncomfortable means of traveling than for the ten previous days. Our course was to lay for about sixty miles on the beach of Lake Michigan, from thence inclining eastwardly to the St. Joseph's of the Lake, and thence due south to the Miami of Lake Erie. On the night of the 4th, I slept on the beach, after having forded the little

Kennomick. I call it after the Indian pronunciation—Calumet is probably the name. On our right lay an extent of flat prairie, extending, as I supposed, to the Illinois.

On the morning of the 5th, we resumed our way upon a smooth and level beach; at 11 o'clock, supposed ourselves to be at the southern extremity of Lake Michigan; shortly afterwards crossed the greater Kennomick. The guide informed me that the shores on our right were flat and wet. I noticed on the beach many specimens of iron pyrites, and was inclined, although incorrectly, to imagine, from the decrease of limestone, and the appearance in its stead of substances of more remote formation, that the region was not the same with that I had left. Shortly after sunset we reached and crossed the River Du Chemin, at which place we were to leave the lake. We slept on the border of it, and the next day resumed our way. We at first passed a long and intricate swamp, which gave me no favourable impression of the country I was about to enter; on leaving it, however, we were led into lands which were well wooded and watered, and bore every indication of warmth and fertility. The growth of beech had disappeared, and the oaks were intermixed with a proportion of walnut, chestnut, sugar maple, and ash. At noon, after ascending a gradual eminence, we were led into an extensive prairie, scattered over which were several Pottowotomv villages. Leaving these villages we entered another Prairie of a different description, level and without trees, but covered with a luxuriant growth of grass. After this we again entered higher ground, and, at a late hour of the evening, reached (drenched in rain) the banks of the St. Joseph's.

The morning of the seventh presented the river St. Joseph and its beautiful and picturesque borders. Every beauty of scenery, that could satisfy the eye or the imagination, I found in the journey of this day. For eight or ten miles we were on the margin of the river, every winding of which developed some new attraction. The stream itself, and its many rivulets, had furrowed deep beds, which left the adjacent lands high, and moistened by waters that were never stagnant. The grounds were neither prairie nor forest, but a grateful alternation of opening and shade. The trees consisted principally of oak, hickory, chestnut, elm, and walnut; the meadows were covered with deep shrubbery, which, from the season, had just ceased to be verdant; the small streams were bordered with a thick and strong sedge. Throughout the day there appeared little or no waste land; every part giving equal indication of warmth and fertility. I noticed but few rocks, and those of granite. At sunset we reached the Elk's-heart (a tributary river of the St. Joseph), and slept on the bank of it. In the early part of the eighth, the lands

were of nearly the same description as those of the preceding day. After traveling eight or ten miles they changed to a soil of inferior character, low and swampy; towards the afternoon they became better.

If my conjectures were correct, we were during this day on the highest plain in the United States, perhaps in the world; proved to be so by the contiguity of the sources of the following great rivers, which diverge from nearly a common center to every point of the compass: The greater St. Joseph's leading north into Lake Michigan, was behind me; the headwaters of the Wabash, which runs south, lay before me; the Kienkiki (properly called Theakiki) leading west into the Illinois, on the right; and the lesser St. Joseph's, tending to the Miami of the Lake, equi-distant on the left. The altitude is proved by the remoteness of the regions visited by each one of these noble rivers, before it blends itself with the ocean. No one of them performs a journey of less than 2,000 miles, of gradual descent, and often with the augmentation of streams, that proceed from the most remote and unexplored distances. There was nothing that denoted the elevation or afforded a visible conviction, that I was treading a loftier region than any part of the horizon to which I turned my eyes. Thinking involuntarily that so interesting a spot could not be without productions to designate its peculiarity, I looked instinctively for some shrub, stone, or flower that might bear the character of the spot where it lay. There was nothing, but my own reflections, to denote that I was in the heart of the country, its grand arteries pouring in every direction.

On the early part of the 9th passed several small ponds and much stagnant water. There were few prairies, the country thickly and well covered, notwithstanding which we passed several swamps. In the latter part of the day the lands became better; in the afternoon passed several small streams setting towards the southeast, and before evening reached the St. Mary's, which, with the St. Joseph's, forms the Miami of the Lake. At sunset I descried and reached Fort Wayne.

The nature of the country I have just passed, and the facilities of communication afforded by it, enhance the importance which I had already ascribed to Chicago. Its being at the head of a probable connection between the Illinois and [Lake] Michigan, its remoteness from any dangerous neighbor, and its facility of deriving resources from the Miami of the Lake, the Wabash, and the fertile interior of Indiana, mark it as the future place of deposit for the whole region of the Upper Lakes. The war or peace of this immense district has been hitherto dependent for supplies on Detroit, which, without any one natural

advantage, labors under the defects of contiguity to a foreign power, and a tardiness of water communication, which labor can scarcely surmount.

Between the two extremities, Forts Dearborn and Wayne, the facilities of communication yield to those of no other part of the United States. From the latter to a spot on the greater St. Joseph's (forty miles in the interior), there is an easy and expeditious water carriage; from thence there are forty miles where no efforts of art are required, the lands being high, open, and dry throughout the year; for the remaining sixty, the labors of a captain's command might, in a single month, establish permanent means of transportation for every warlike or commercial supply. At the end of this distance, Fort Wayne might collect, as an entrepôt, whatever could be drawn from the interior of the states of Ohio and Indiana, through the waters of the Miami of the Lake or the Wabash.

The country between Lake Michigan and Fort Wayne is intrinsically capable of any product, and of sustaining the most dense population. As it requires only an outlet to call its resources into action, it is for the present dependent on that great undertaking,⁶ the honor of which is about to be taken from the United States by the single energy of the state of New York. The occurrence of this important event will give it impulse, population, and resource, and, what is still more desirable, a blended interest with the other States.

⁶ The construction of the Erie Canal, begun in the year of Storrow's tour, 1817, and completed in 1825.

MRS. BAIRD'S EXCURSION TO CHICAGO, 1817

IN the fall of 1815, Madame Marie Chandonée, *née* Chapoton, with her infant son, left Detroit to join her husband, Jean B. Chandonée,¹ in Chicago. When she reached Mackinac, her child was too ill to travel farther; and when he recovered, it was too late that season to resume the journey. Although it was only October, no vessel would brave the autumnal storms, and there was no alternative for Mme. Chandonée but to make Mackinac her home for the winter with her husband's aunt, Mme. Thérèse Schindler. Spring came and went, and not until the middle or last of June, 1816, did the first vessel present itself for this route. Then Mme. Chandonée, with her little one, accompanied by my mother and me, embarked again for Chicago. The vessel had the then familiar load of pork, flour, and butter. I know not how long she was in going or coming; I only know she was one month making the round trip, which was thought to be doing well.

There were no ports on the west side of Lake Michigan, at which to stop. But when we reached Chicago, there was considerable delay in getting into the river. It was a very narrow stream, with high banks of white sand. Not far up the river, stood Fort Dearborn, only a few rods from the water's edge. Directly opposite the fort was the Kinzie homestead, with all its comforts. The house was a large, one-story building, with an exceptionally high attic. The front door opened into a wide hall, that hospitably led into the kitchen, which was spacious and bright, made so by the large fire-place. Four rooms opened into the hall, two on each side, and the upper story contained four rooms. The fare of that house was all an epicure of the present day could desire,

¹Jean Baptiste Chandonnais, a half-breed, had been at Chicago prior to the War of 1812. He was present at the Fort Dearborn massacre, where his affiliation both with the Indians and with John Kinzie sufficed to preserve him from danger. At its conclusion he exerted his influence in behalf of Mrs. Heald, wife of the defeated commander, for which the Heald family ever after held him in grateful remembrance. He sided with the American cause in the war, and slew his own uncle, a British adherent, in the course of an altercation which grew out of the international conflict. For this and other activities the British put a price upon his head. Chandonnais seems to have made Chicago his headquarters for a number of years after the return of the garrison in 1816, and to have engaged to some extent in the Indian trade.

including game and fish of all sorts; and then the cooking was done by open fire-place, in its best style.

We were entertained by the hospitable inmates of this pleasant home, Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie (father and mother of John H.) being old friends of my mother. Mme. Chandonée was a stranger to the family; but her husband was an inmate of the household, being there in employ of the government. The establishment consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie, two sons and two daughters, and the men and women retainers, who seemed to be many. This home, the garrison, and the home of Jean Baptist Beaubien,² were all there was of Chicago at that time.

The only way of crossing the river was by a wooden canoe or dug-out. My mother, who feared the water very much, forbade me crossing over. The Kinzie children were so accustomed to this mode of crossing, going whenever they wished, that without realizing my mother's fears they took me over with them, and I recall to this day the pleasure the dug-out gave me. The sailors were a little girl about ten years of age, and a boy of eight. With such a crew did I first cross Chicago river in 1816. The other amusements the surroundings offered, were the walks and tumbles about the sand hills.

My mother had an old acquaintance (a beautiful woman, who was married at Mackinac), the invalid wife of an officer at Fort Dearborn.³ She was a Miss Aiken, one of the five daughters of a Mrs. Aiken of Montreal, nearly all of whom married army officers; Mrs. Aiken was a sister of Mrs. Michael Dousman, of Prairie du Chien.

Mrs. Kinzie had a daughter by a former husband, who was married to a man named Helms.⁴ Their home was at some distance, on the fort side of the river, and once my mother went to see this friend. The walk thither was quite long for the children. On our arrival we found a little square house, with no floor, but tarpaulin spread down in lieu of it. Tarpaulin was also hung about the walls. The writer wonders where to-day in all that vast city, is the site of that humble home! In after years, Mrs. Helms, then a widow, went to Fort Winnebago to make her home there with her brother, John H. Kinzie, who was Indian agent at that post. She was, I think, the first white woman who traveled

² Jean Baptiste Beaubien was long engaged in the Indian trade at Chicago. For a period of twenty years or more following the building of the second Fort Dearborn he was a prominent resident of the place. The Beaubien family still has representatives in Chicago, a niece of Jean Baptiste, Mrs. Emily Lebeau (referred to in the preface), being undoubtedly the oldest living resident of the city.

³ Jacob B. Varnum, government factor, whose narrative is included in this chapter.

⁴ Linai T. Helm, a lieutenant of the Fort Dearborn garrison at the time of the massacre in 1812. Mrs. Helm was the heroine of the Black Partridge rescue story, which furnishes the dominant theme of the massacre monument at the foot of Eighteenth Street.

from Fort Winnebago to Green Bay on horseback. She made the journey in the winter of 1833, and wore a mask to protect her face. She afterwards married Dr. Abbott, of the regular army.

We remained in Chicago for some time, the vessel master seeking for a cargo which was not secured. It was too early for furs, so finally the vessel had to take on a ballast of gravel and sand. Beside ourselves, the party who took passage on this vessel, were Major Baker, and his wife and daughter. The Major was then on his way to Green Bay to take command of Camp Smith. The daughter was an invalid, and had what is commonly called "fits." She was seized with one in the cabin while I sat by her; and such an impression did her fright make that I have never forgotten Miss Jerusha Baker.

Pursuing our journey northward, we coasted along the east side of the lake, stopping where we could, to secure if possible a cargo; but failing, arrived at Mackinac with the same ballast with which we started from Chicago. One of the sailors was a colored man, who was uncommonly kind to me. One great amusement for me during the long trip, was hunting for shells in the sand in the hold of the vessel. This sailor would take me down, and while I played, sit by and mend his clothes, talking all the while to me, and I not understanding a word, as he spoke English, and I only French.

The day before the vessel arrived at Mackinac a storm came up, which increased in violence as night approached, and nearly dismantled the craft, she losing much of her rigging, and being thrown upon one of those rocky points, escape from which I have since heard was most providential. We reached home the following night, and this arrival made a lasting impression upon one so young. My grand-parents seemed overwhelmed with joy, after the fears they had endured during the storm, to have restored to them all they held dearest in the world. Their happiness was indeed pathetic. I still have the keenest recollection of it. This trip might, like many other things, have been forgotten if it had not been the marked event of my little life as it was that of my mother's, who had never before been on any water craft save a birch-bark canoe, or a bateau or Mackinac boat.

GOVERNOR CASS'S TOUR OF 1820

XCI. Day.—[August 22d.]

ON reaching Green Bay, the escort of soldiers, which had thus far accompanied us, and the Indians, who were taken along as hunters, were no longer deemed necessary, either to our sustenance or safety; and the former were ordered to join their respective companies, in the garrison, while the latter were furnished with a canoe and provisions, to proceed, at their own convenience, to their homes, on the eastern shores of Lake Michigan. We here, also, embraced the opportunity of shipping to Detroit, our collections, in the different departments of natural history, and a part of our personal baggage, &c. by the schooner Decatur, which sailed from the bay the morning after our arrival. Thus reduced in numbers, and lightened of baggage, the expedition was still further diminished by detaching a canoe with eight men, under the orders of Mr. Trowbridge,¹ accompanied by Mr. Doty,² and Mr. Chase, to proceed around the western shores of Green Bay, to Michilimackinac; while the remainder of the party, still numbering two canoes, and sixteen men, coasted south-erly to Chicago, and thence around the eastern shores of Lake Michigan, to Michilimackinac.

We parted from Mr. Trowbridge, at the mouth of Fox river, at half past two in the afternoon, and proceeding along the eastern shore of Green Bay twenty-five miles encamped on the beach at twilight. The shore is a fertile alluvion, covered with sugar maple, elm, oak, hemlock, and poplar. The bay has a sandy beach, and transparent waters. In a short time we were overtaken by the Indians, who had

¹Charles C. Trowbridge came to Detroit from the East as a young man in 1819, and died there in 1883. He achieved considerable prominence both in business and in politics. He was connected with various banking and railroad enterprises, was mayor of Detroit in 1834, and Whig candidate for the governorship of Michigan in 1837.

²James Duane Doty was the official secretary of the exploring expedition of 1820, and his journal of it is published in volume XIII of the *Wisconsin Historical Collections*. He became a leading citizen of Wisconsin, holding at different times the offices of Federal judge for the portion of Michigan Territory west of Lake Michigan, governor of Wisconsin Territory, superintendent of Indian affairs, and governor of Utah Territory. He owned the site of Madison and was chiefly responsible for its selection as the capital of Wisconsin.

recently constituted a part of the expedition, and they encamped with us. In the course of the evening, they endeavoured to point out to us by moonlight, a rocky island, at three or four miles distance, in which there is a large cavern, which has been employed, by their tribes, from the remotest times, as a repository for the dead. They appeared to regard the spot, as the monument of a long race of heroes, sages, and warriors, whose deeds were deservedly embalmed in the memories of a grateful posterity; and spoke of it in a manner, evincing a high spirit of ancestry; and, as if, like the castle of Fredolfo, it borrowed all its luster from the heroes whom it enshrined.

“It hath a charm the stranger knoweth not—
It is the dwelling of mine ancestry!
There is an inspiration in its shade;
The echoes of its walls are eloquent,
The words they speak, are of the glorious dead;
Its tenants are not human—*they are more!*
The stones have voices, and the walls do live,
It is the house of memories dearly honoured,
By many a long trace of departed glory.”

—*Maturin.*

XCII. Day.—[August 23d.] It is twenty miles from the spot of our encampment, to Sturgeon bay, which is six miles wide and fifteen in length, narrowing gradually towards its head, where it receives a small stream. From this spot, there is a portage of three pauses, across the peninsula, to Lake Michigan, where we arrived at an early hour in the afternoon, but were prevented from embarking, by a strong head wind. The shore of the lake is alluvial, with a sandy beach, strewed with fragments and pebbles of primitive and secondary rocks, among which are found water worn masses of greasy, and translucent quartz, chalcedony, petrified madrepores, &c. The forest trees are maple, beech, hemlock, &c.

XCIII. Day.—[August 24th.] Following around the numerous indentations of the shore, we progressed, in a general direction south, forty-six miles. In the course of the day, we passed the mouth of a small river, flowing from the west, called La Fourche. Among the forest trees, the beech (*fagus ferruginea*) has been conspicuous: oak, pine, poplar, birch, hemlock, and maple, have also been abundant. The banks of the lake are a sandy alluvion, reposing upon transition limestone, which is occasionally seen in ledges, elevated two or three feet above the water, upon the prominent points of the shore. Petri-

factions, continue to be found, lying promiscuously among fragments of granite, hornblende, sienite, quartz, limestone, &c.

XCIV. Day.—[August 25th.] In coasting forty miles along the shore, we came to the mouth of a large stream, called Manitowacky, where there is a village of Menomonie Indians, of six lodges. Five miles beyond, we encamped upon the beach, having progressed fifteen leagues, as indicated by a lunar observation. The country consists of a succession of sand hills, covered with pine. The banks of the lake are elevated from twenty to sixty feet, with a broad sand beach, strewn with granite and calcareous pebbles, &c. In walking along some parts of the shore, I observed a great number of the skeletons and half consumed bodies of the pigeon, which, in crossing the lake, is often overtaken by severe tempests, and compelled to alight upon the water, and thus drowned, in entire flocks, which are soon thrown up along the shores. This causes the shores of Lake Michigan to be visited by vast numbers of buzzards, eagles, and other birds of prey. The Indians also make use of these pigeons, as food, when they are first driven ashore, preserving such in smoke, as they have not immediate occasion for. Vast broods of young gulls, are also destroyed during the violent storms, which frequently agitate this lake.

XCV. Day.—[August 26th.] Progressed forty-three miles, and encamped, some time after dark, at the mouth of Milwacky river. This is a stream of sixty yards wide at its mouth, and is ascended a hundred miles in canoes, being connected by a short portage, with the Rock river of the Mississippi:—a route frequently travelled in canoes, by the Pottowatomies and Menomonies. There are two American families, and a village of Pottowatomies, at its mouth. It is the division line between the lands of the Menomonies and Pottowatomies; the latter claim all south of it.

XCVI. Day.—[August 27th.] A head wind detained us a considerable part of the day, but we advanced thirty-five miles, passing, in that distance, the Sac and Skeboigon rivers. Five miles south of the Milwacky, there is found a bed of white clay upon the shore of the lake; and a short distance back, in a prairie, a vein of red oxide of iron, both of which substances, are much employed by the Indians, as paints. Fifteen miles further south, commences a range of high clay bluffs, covered with sand, on the verge of the lake, which extend, with occasional depressions, fifteen or twenty miles. At the foot of this, at the water's edge, there is a large body of pyrites, of a brass yellow colour—great weight, and crystallized in a variety of regular forms, the most common of which is a cube, truncated at the angles. Some of these crystals

are six or eight pounds in weight, with an imposing metallic luster. They occur in beds in a tenacious blue clay, from which they are washed by the waves, and left in promiscuous piles along the shore, where, being exposed to attrition, their crystalline forms are gradually obliterated, and they assume, at last, the shape of spheroidal and globular pebbles, parting, also, in the course of this process, with their natural external luster. It is only those masses, which are newly exposed, that present, under the deceptive glare of polished brass, those beautiful geometrical solids, which sulphur, in its various associations and combinations, in the mineral kingdom, so frequently assumes. At the spot of our encampment, thirty-five miles south of Milwacky, I found a singular liquid mineral, resembling asphaltum, contained in cavities in a calcareous rock. Where it has suffered a natural exposure to the weather, it had the colour and consistence of dried tar, but on obtaining a fresh fracture, it was so liquid as to flow from the cavities, and presented an olive brown colour, inclining to black.

XCVII. Day.—[August 28th.] Proceeded forty miles. The shore, during this distance, is principally prairie, upon which the oak tree predominates. In some instances, there are hillocks of sand, either wholly destitute of vegetation, or capped with scattering pines. Among the detached rocks of the shore, are found, calcareous spar, crystallized quartz, chacholong, jasper, toadstone, &c.

XCVIII. Day.—[August 29th.] We reached Chicago at five o'clock in the morning, after proceeding ten miles. The village consists of ten or twelve dwelling houses, with an aggregate population, of probably, sixty souls. The garrison stands on the south shore of Chicago creek, four or five hundred yards from its entrance into the lake, and, like the majority of our frontier posts, consists of a square stockade, inclosing barracks, quarters for the officers, a magazine, provision store, &c. and defended by bastions at the northwest, and southeast angles. It is at present occupied by a hundred and sixty men, under the command of Captain Bradley.

The village of Chicago is situated in the state of Illinois, the northern boundary line of which, commences, on the lake shore, about twenty miles north of the fort, and running due west, strikes the Mississippi between Dubuque's lead mines, and Prairie du Chien. It is two hundred and seventy-five miles, from Chicago to Green Bay, by the way of the lakes, and the portage of Sturgeon Bay—and four hundred to the island of Michilimackinac.

Chicago creek is eighty yards wide, at the garrison, and has a bar at its mouth, which prevents shipping from entering, but is deep within.

It is ascended eleven miles in boats, and barges, where there is a portage of seven miles across a prairie, to the river Plein, the main northwestern fork of the Illinois.

The intervening country consists of different strata of marl and clay, presenting great facilities for canal excavation, and the difference in the level of the two streams is so little, that loaded boats of a small class, may pass over the lowest parts of the prairie, during the spring, and autumnal freshets.—But at mid-summer, it is necessary to transport them over land, to mount Juliet, a distance of thirty miles. From thence the navigation is good, at all seasons, to St. Louis, a distance of four hundred miles.

XCIX. Day.—[August 30th.] The country around Chicago is the most fertile and beautiful that can be imagined. It consists of an intermixture of woods and prairies, diversified with gentle slopes, sometimes attaining the elevation of hills, and irrigated with a number of clear streams and rivers, which throw their waters partly into lake Michigan, and partly into the Mississippi river. As a farming country, it unites the fertile soil, of the finest lowland prairies, with an elevation, which exempts it from the influence of stagnant waters, and a summer climate of delightful serenity; while its natural meadows present all the advantages for raising stock, of the most favoured part of the valley of the Mississippi. It is already the seat of several flourishing plantations, and only requires the extinguishment of the Indian title to the lands, to become one of the most attractive fields for the emigrant. To the ordinary advantages of an agricultural market town, it must, hereafter, add that of a depot, for the inland commerce, between the northern and southern sections of the union, and a great thoroughfare for strangers, merchants, and travelers.

There is a valuable and extensive bed of mineral coal, about forty miles southwest of Chicago, on the Fox river of the Illinois, near the point of its embouchure. The stratum of coal, which appears on the banks of the river, is said to have an extensive range towards the northwest, and is only covered by a light deposit of alluvial soil, of a few feet in thickness. There is also, about twenty miles north of Chicago, a bed of red oxide of iron, in a state of great purity, and its preparation as a pigment, may be expected to result from the influx of emigrants. Pyrites, are also very common in this vicinity, yet, it is a singular fact, that the bricks at Chicago, which are manufactured from the earth, taken up on the banks of the creek, *burn white*, like the Stourbridge fire-bricks, indicating, as I am led to conclude, an absence of iron, in any of its numerous forms of combination, at least, in the usual degree. All our common clays burn with some tint, however light, of red, which

has been referred, by chemical writers, with much precision, to the presence of oxid of iron.

There is said to be a petrified hickory tree in the bed of the river Kankakee, near its junction with the Illinois, forty-five miles by land, and sixty by the course of the river, from Chicago. It is entire, and partly imbedded in the calcareous rock, forming the bed of the Kankakee.

The open nature of the country around Chicago, exposes it to piercing winds during the winter months, although the same cause, contributes to render it a delightful residence during the summer season.³

C. Day.—[August 31st.] Governor Cass here determined to proceed on horseback, across the peninsula of Michigan, following the Indian trail, to Detroit; and accompanied by Mr. Kinsey, of Chicago, Major Forsyth,⁴ and Lieutenant Mackay⁵ of the expedition, and one or two attendants, left Chicago at one o'clock in the afternoon, taking the beach road to the river Du Schmeim,⁶ where the path leaves the lake. In the meantime, Captain Douglass⁷ and myself, were left to complete the topographical and geological survey of Lake Michigan, and joining our companions, who were detached from Green Bay on the twenty-second of August, at Michilimackinac, to proceed to Detroit with all practicable despatch.—We were ready to embark at half past two in the afternoon, and bidding adieu to Doctor Wolcott,⁸ who, being a resident of Chicago, here left the expedition; we proceeded, with a fair wind, twenty miles south-southeast, and encamped on the shore of the lake. At the distance of eleven miles from Chicago, we passed the mouth of the river Little Konomick, which is a stream of about forty miles in length, flowing in, by a deep and narrow channel, from the south. The shore of the lake, during this distance, is the sandy margin of a prairie, without hills. In one instance only, do any rock strata appear, and then merely at a point, not elevated more than four or five inches above the water. They are calcareous.

³ The chapter concludes with a meteorological table and data, which we omit to print.

⁴ Robert A. Forsyth, at this time serving as private secretary of Governor Cass. He belonged to a family long prominent in the annals of the Northwest.

⁵ Aeneas Mackay served in the army of the United States from 1814 to 1850. He was brevetted colonel in 1848 for meritorious conduct in the Mexican War.

⁶ The river Du Chemin, known in English as Trail Creek, was the stream at the mouth of which Michigan City, Indiana, now stands.

⁷ Capt. David B. Douglass of the engineer corps. He entered the army in 1813 and resigned in 1831. At the time of the exploring expedition he was a professor in the military academy at West Point.

⁸ Dr. Alexander Wolcott, a graduate of Yale College, was appointed Indian agent at Chicago in 1819, and continued to hold this office until his death in 1830. A few years after coming to Chicago he married a daughter of John Kinzie.

CI. Day.—[September 1st.] Detained by head winds. In passing along the shore of the lake, (yesterday) at the distance of a mile and a half from Chicago, the scene of the massacre of the garrison, stationed at that place, during the late war, was pointed out to us. This took place on the fifteenth of August, 1812, the day after the surrender of General Hull, at Detroit. At this eventful period of the war, gloom hung upon every part of our extensive northwestern frontiers. The town of Michilimackinac had already been carried by surprise; and the retrograde movements of the American army, served to flatter the most sanguine hopes of Indian animosity—while the recollection of their recent defeat at Tippacanoe—their ancient prejudices—and above all, their British allies, were every day adding to their infuriated bands—which, rising from the north, the east, and the south, now hung like a gathering tempest over the land, every moment increasing in its gloom, and threatening rapine and destruction, to our unfortified frontiers. In this exigency of the times, while it appeared yet practicable to escape, Capt. Heald, commanding the garrison at Chicago, received orders from Gov. Hull to evacuate the fort, which it would be impossible to succour, in case of an Indian attack; and to proceed with his command, by land, to Detroit. This order was received on the ninth of August, and had it been promptly obeyed, it is probable that the fate of the garrison would have been averted, as the Indians had not yet appeared in force; but owing to an infatuation, which it is difficult to explain, eight days were allowed to elapse, before the order was executed, during which time, the Indians had collected around the garrison to the number of four or five hundred, and by killing the cattle, and other outrageous acts, shewed a determined hostility, although they had not yet menaced the garrison. On the thirteenth, Captain Wells arrived from Fort Wayne, with thirty friendly Miamies, to escort the garrison to Detroit, by the request of General Hull. Still, two days were suffered to pass, before the garrison was evacuated, owing to a fatal security in which the commandant indulged, in regard to the dispositions of the Indians—but in which his subalterns, and the inhabitants, did not coincide. At length, on the fifteenth, having distributed among the Indians all the goods remaining in the factory store, with a quantity of provisions; and destroyed the arms and ammunition, which could not be taken away, Captain Heald marched out of the garrison, at nine o'clock in the morning, following along the sandy beach of the lake, which is the usual route to fort Wayne and Detroit. The garrison now consisted of fifty-four regulars, and twelve militia, exclusive of the officers, and the friendly Miamies, under Captain Wells. They were accompanied by several

baggage waggons, containing provisions and ammunition, and eighteen women and children; the whole force comprising the entire population, both civil and military of Chicago. The face of the country is such, that it is necessary to travel along the sandy shore of the lake, with sand banks on the right, at the distance of from one to two hundred yards, and elevated to such a height, that the country back of it, is completely hid from the view. They had not proceeded more than a mile and a half, when it was perceived that a large body of Indians were lying in ambush behind these sand hills, and they soon encompassed them,—the broad lake extending on the left. This discovery was scarcely made, when the Indians set up their horrid yell, and poured down a warm fire in all directions. Several men fell at the first shot, but Captain Heald formed his men with deliberation, and after firing one round, ordered a charge, and ascended the bank, after sustaining a severe loss.—The Indians in front, fled to the right and left, joining a deadly fire which was kept up from the flanks, and which it was in vain to resist. In a few moments, out of sixty-six soldiers, only sixteen were alive.—Captain Heald succeeded, however, in drawing off these, to an eminence in the open prairie, out of reach of their shot. They did not follow him out, but gathering upon the bank, began a consultation, and made signs for him to approach. He was met by a Pottowatomie chief, called the Black Bird, to whom he surrendered himself, with his Lieut. (Helm) and sixteen men, under a promise that their lives should be spared; but they were afterwards butchered, from time to time, with the exception of Captain Heald, and three or four men. Among the killed, were Ensign Ronan, Doctor Voorhis, and Captain Wells.⁹ The latter had his heart cut out, and other shocking barbarities committed upon his body, having rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the Indians, by his influence among those savage tribes, who remained friendly to the United States. In the course of the action, a party of Indians, raising their furious yells, rushed upon the baggage waggons, where the women and children had taken shelter, and commenced a scene of plunder and massacre, which it would be impossible to describe. Of eighteen women and children, twelve were killed upon the spot. Several of the women, (soldiers' wives) fought with swords.

During the action, a sergeant of infantry, who had already mani-

⁹ Ensign George Ronan came to Fort Dearborn direct from West Point in the spring of 1811. Dr. Isaac Van Voorhis, a native of Fishkill, New York, joined the Fort Dearborn garrison in the summer of 1811. From this time until their death in the massacre of August, 1812, these young men were the two junior officers of the garrison. Capt. William Wells of Fort Wayne, was a famous scout and border leader. For an account of his career see Quaife, *Chicago and the Old Northwest*, 224-25.

fested the greatest bravery, was opposed in personal combat with an Indian. Both had already discharged their pieces, when the sergeant saw the Indian running up to him with a lifted tomahawk, but before the blow fell, ran his bayonet in the Indian's breast up to the socket, so that he could not pull it out; yet, in this situation, the Indian tomahawked him, and they both fell dead together.¹⁰—The Miamies took no part in this massacre. It was executed by the Pottowatomie tribe. These facts are taken from the description given by an eye-witness, Mr. Kinsey of Chicago, and from Captain Heald's official report.

CII. Day.—[September 2d.] The wind ceased in the course of the night, and we embarked at early day light. On proceeding twelve miles, we passed the grand Konomick, the mouth of which is choaked up with sand, and the appearance of the country, in the vicinity, is very barren, and uninviting. Twenty miles beyond, we passed the mouth of the river du Chemin, (river of the Road.) Here the path from Chicago to Detroit by land, leads out into the prairies. The distance to Detroit, is computed to be three hundred miles. There is a plain horse path, which is considerably traveled by traders, hunters, and others. It is, however, intersected by innumerable cross paths, leading to different Indian villages and settlements, so that it could not be pursued by a stranger, without a guide. The country is said to be handsomely diversified with prairies, woods, hills, and streams, and furnishes every facility for waggon roads, settlements, water-mills, &c.—In the spring and fall, some danger is to be apprehended in crossing several of the streams, but there are none which may not be safely forded at midsummer.

At a point intermediate, between the grand Konomick, and the river du Chemin, we passed the spot, on the beach of the lake, where the schooner *Hercules*, was wrecked in the fall of 1816, and all on board perished. The mast, pump, and some fragments of spars, scattered along the shore, still serve to mark the spot, and to convey some idea of the dreadful storms which at certain seasons agitate this lake. The voyageurs also pointed out to us, the graves of those who perished, who appear to have been buried at different places, along the shore, where they happened to be washed up. Among these, was Lieutenant William S. Evileth, an intelligent and promising young officer of engineers, whose death has been much lamented. He had been employed in the rebuilding of the military works at Chicago, which were burnt down by the Pottowatomies, during the late war, after the massacre of the

¹⁰ The name of the humble soldier who thus at the cost of his life upheld the best tradition of the American army and American manhood was Otto Hays. A footnote at this point in the original journal recites the story of the occurrence of a similar duel during the Revolutionary War.

garrison; and had embarked the day previous to the shipwreck, at Chicago, to return to his friends, after a summer spent in arduous and useful service. It was late in November, when the navigation is attended with so much peril; and the first intelligence of the fatal catastrophe, was communicated by finding the wreck of the vessel, and the bodies of the passengers, strewn along the shore. Several days had however elapsed before this discovery was made, and the bodies were so beat and bruised by the spars of the wreck, that the deceased could not be recognised by their features. The wolves had gnawed the face of Lieutenant Eveleth in so shocking a manner, that he could not have been recognised had it not been for the military buttons of his clothes. His grave is situated beneath a cluster of small pines, on the declivity of a sand bank, and is marked by a blazed sapling. His memory would appear to deserve some tribute of respect, more grateful to the feelings of humanity, from those with whom he was formerly associated; and perhaps this suggestion has not occurred to the officers, stationed at the neighbouring garrison.¹¹

The little river du Galien, enters the lake ten miles beyond the river du Chemin, by a mouth nearly closed with drifting sands. We encamped on the beach twelve miles beyond it, having progressed altogether a distance of fifty-four miles.

¹¹The wreck of the "Hercules" and drowning of Lieutenant Eveleth occurred in October, 1818, instead of in 1816 as stated by Schoolcraft. For a touching tribute to Eveleth see Estwick Evans' *Pedestrian Tour*, reprinted in R. G. Thwaites (ed.), *Early Western Travels*, VIII, 233.

MAJOR LONG'S EXPEDITION OF 1823

THE only person worthy of note, whom the party met at Fort Wayne, besides those already alluded to, was Captain Riley, the same gentleman who has amused the world by an account of his sufferings in Africa. He has formed a settlement on St. Mary river, fourteen miles above Fort Wayne, which he has called Willshire, in honor of the British consul who redeemed him from captivity. The spot which he has selected is said to be the only one that affords a water power within fifty miles of Fort Wayne; from which circumstance it will probably increase in importance. The party made arrangements to cross the wilderness, of upwards of two hundred miles, which separates this place from Chicago; they fortunately met here the express sent from the latter place for letters, and detained him as a guide. His name was Bemis, and we have great pleasure in stating, that of all the United States soldiers who, at various times, accompanied the expedition in the capacity of escort or guide, none behaved himself so much to their satisfaction as this man. On the 29th of May, the party left Fort Wayne, the cavalcade consisted of seven persons, including the soldier, and a black servant, called Andrew Allison; there were in addition two horses loaded with provisions. The first day the party traveled but twenty miles, and encamped on the bank of a small stream known by the name of Blue-grass; this is the last of the tributaries to the Mississippi which are met with in Indiana; all the streams which we crossed during the ensuing five or six days empty their waters into Lake Michigan. The country to the west of Fort Wayne is much more promising than that which lies east of it. Though wet, and in some places swampy, it is much less so than that through which we had previously traveled. The soil is thin, but of good quality; prairies are occasionally met with; the forests consist of white oak, shellbark, aspen, &c. The weather, which was cloudy in the morning and showery in the afternoon, cleared off towards sunset, and our first night's exposure was attended with no evil consequences. The meadow on which we halted, was covered with a fine tame grass, which afforded us a soft

couch, while it secured to our horses plentiful and palatable food. The streams we crossed this day were inconsiderable; the first known by the name of Eel river, is one of the head branches of the Wabash: it was considerably swollen at that time; we forded it with some difficulty, and met on the west bank a party of traders, who had been encamped there some time with a large quantity of furs, which they dared not trust across the stream in its present state of elevation. They were nearly destitute of provisions, and we supplied them with one day's rations. A ride of thirty miles took us the next day to a fine river called the Elkheart, which it had been our intention to have forded before night; upon reaching its banks we found it so much swollen as to preclude the possibility of crossing it, unless a raft could be made; but as this would have detained us too long, we preferred attempting to make our way down the left bank of the stream. We were led to take this course from the circumstance, that the usual path crosses back to the left or southern bank, about twenty miles below the first crossing. The country traveled over this day, consisted of low flat ridges, the summits of which presented extensive levels interspersed with many small lakes and lagoons. These ridges are not more than ten or fifteen feet in height, their sides are so steep as to make them sometimes difficult of ascent for horses. The country is almost destitute of timber until within a few miles of the Elkheart, when we entered the river bottom, in which we found a noble forest of oak, black and white walnut, wild cherry, beech, poplar, ash, bass or linden, white and sugar maple, &c. the soil upon which it grows appearing to be of the very best quality, but somewhat wet. Among the plants observed upon the prairie land, Mr. Say noticed a lupin with blue flowers, in full bloom and in great abundance; a fine cypripedium, and the wild flax, which grew in great plenty. Some of the small lakes or ponds are surrounded exclusively with a thick growth of white cedars, none of which are seen elsewhere, or intermixed with any of the forest trees on the more elevated ground. One of the most curious characters of the prairie, was the number of conical depressions in the earth, resembling the sink holes in the neighborhood of St. Louis; they are from eight to ten or more feet in depth, and from twenty to thirty in diameter. They remind the geologist of the numerous funnel-formed holes which are observable in gypsum formations, and particularly in the muriatiferous gypsum of the vicinity of Bex in Switzerland, Moutiers in Savoy, &c. No rocks appear *in situ* any where along these prairies, but they are covered with granitic boulders, bearing evident marks of attrition. The soil is likewise thickly studded with water-worn pebbles, and is therefore far inferior in quality

to that over which we passed the preceding day. The grass of these prairies is generally short and dry.

One of the greatest inconveniences we encountered at this stage of our journey, and which was felt still more sensibly when traveling on the prairies west of the Mississippi, was the great range of the thermometer. We noticed this day, that at sunrise it stood at 38° , (of Fahrenheit's scale,) while at noon it had risen to 72° . So great a variation of temperature is productive of very heavy dews, to which we were frequently exposed, as we often neglected pitching our tents at night. In rising in the morning we found our clothes as wet as if they had been drenched in water. Whether the usual elevation of these prairies prevents the dew from being attended with the sickliness which generally prevails in the vicinity of rivers, or whether the life, to which men are exposed in crossing the prairies, protects them against the noxious influence of the dew, we know not; but it is remarkable that none of the party suffered from it. In no instance were any of us affected with either cold or rheumatismal pains; and if in one or two cases symptoms of fever prevailed, it was at a time when we had left the prairies.

A few Potawatomi Indians were met this day on their way to Fort Wayne. The trail which we followed was struck by that which leads to one of their villages about fifteen miles distant. The weather was hazy throughout the day; in the evening light clouds were observed. A gentle breeze from the northwest prevailed during the day. Our horses had been fastened, to prevent their rambling in the woods; meeting with but a scanty supply of grass in the neighborhood of the river which was overgrown with bushes, and which offered them no other food but the bark of trees, many of them broke the bark ligaments with which they were secured, and strayed to a considerable distance from the camp; these ligaments are called in the language of the travelers to the west "hobbles." The pursuit after the horses in the morning occasioned a great loss of time, which was however increased on discovering that the black boy (Andrew) had not returned with them; he having unfortunately lost his way in the woods. Our search after him having proved vain, we wrote directions for him to pursue our track, affixed them to a tree, and were on the point of leaving the camp, when fortunately he made his appearance. It is probable, as we afterwards found out, that he would have perished in the woods had he not come in just at that moment; for it would have been impossible for him to have traced the party in the thick forest through which our course led us: neither would it have been prudent for us to have remained any longer there, as our horses gave evident signs of their having been on short allowance since

noon of the preceding day. Andrew's return to the camp enabled us then to attend to what appeared to be the most important object, which was to seek for a place where the horses might pasture to advantage. We therefore resolved upon following as short a course as we could to the prairie land, endeavoring at the same time to keep near enough to the river to reach the second crossing before night. In this attempt we met with great difficulties, from the closeness of the forest and the swampy nature of the ground. The horses labored much to get through, and when we stopped at noon to pasture them on a small patch of grass, we found that our progress during four hours had been but about six miles. We had met with a bold and hitherto undescribed stream, about twenty yards wide, which empties into the Elkheart about three miles below the usual crossing, and which we have designated in our map as the southwest branch of that river. From the rapidity and depth of this branch we anticipated the same difficulties which we had encountered the evening before, but on continuing along the bank, for some time, we observed a large tree that had fallen across, and that afforded a safe and commodious bridge for ourselves and baggage, while our horses swam over. The afternoon of that day was consumed in passing through swamps, in which our horses were frequently in danger of being lost. At one place three of the horses with their riders, were near being severely hurt, by the fruitless efforts of the former to get over a bad hole. We were happy to get through without any more serious injury than that of being smeared with dirt from head to foot, and with the loss merely of a few spurs that stuck to the bottom of the pool. After one of the most trying days that any of us ever recollected having undergone, we encamped, at sunset, in a place so low that we could scarcely get a spot dry enough to spread our blankets; and before we had partaken of our evening meal, the mosquitoes arose in such numbers around us, that we were deprived of all rest for the night. We had likewise the mortification of finding that our horses were almost as badly off for grass this evening as the last; the distance traveled this day did not exceed twenty miles. Our course had been entirely directed by the compass, and was nearly west. An Indian trail which we observed in a direction north 40° west, was followed for a while, with the hope that it would take us to an Indian village, but it only led us back to the Elkheart, which we found as deep and rapid as at our last encampment. We observed here the remains of a frail canoe which, for a moment, we thought might assist us in crossing the river; but the weakness of this little vessel, soon convinced us of the impossibility of trusting to it; it was made of the bark of the linden or elm, procured by cutting through

to the wood transversely, first at the foot of the tree, and then again about twelve feet above this. A longitudinal cut, uniting these two, allowed the bark to be shelled off in a single piece. It had then been reversed, so that the inner surface, while on the tree, formed the outside of the boat; the whole was finished by causing the middle part to bulge out, by means of sticks placed athwart, while each end was pressed in, and rendered water-tight. This path having misled us, we retraced our steps until we ascended a bank, about twenty-five feet high, which runs parallel with the river, and we continued along the edge of this through thick woods of elm, prickly ash, red haw, spice wood, papaw in flower, &c. Our situation during the night was a very uncomfortable one, and little calculated to please those of the party, who were, for the first time, engaged on an exploring expedition. To be placed in the midst of a dense forest, surrounded by bogs, from which our horses had been extricated with great difficulty, uncertain as to the possibility of reaching by this route the spot at which we wished to arrive, tormented by insects, our horses faint for want of food, and all this at the commencement of our journey through the woods, was rather a discouraging situation. Anxious to escape from these difficulties, we resumed our journey on Sunday, the 1st of June, at as early an hour as we could, and were engaged for about five hours, in difficulties still greater than those of the preceding day. The thickness of the forest having obliged us to dismount and lead our horses, we waded knee deep in the mire, and met with a new obstacle in the necessity of making frequent halts, to replace on the horses the baggage which was thrown off, during the many leaps which they had to take over the fallen trees. After a while we reached a high and dry prairie, partly covered with young aspen bushes, rising to the height of from eight to ten feet, and so thick that it was almost impossible to keep the whole of the party in sight; this reminded Major Long of some of the difficulties he had experienced in traveling through the cane brakes of Arkansaw. On halting at noon, we discovered the Elkheart at no great distance, and from the account of our guides, concluded that we had got through our difficulties. To the younger travelers it was a source of much gratification, to find that the fatigues of that morning had exceeded all that their more experienced companions had ever met with, as it was to them a sure warrant that they had not overrated their forces in undertaking the journey. At our noontime's encampment, we found the angelica plant, and the wild pea-vine. We soon struck a trail, and about three miles below, came to the lower crossing of the river; it was still so high that it would have been impossible to pass, but we experienced great pleasure in ascertain-

ing that we had again fallen into the usual track from Wayne to Chicago; We observed here, for the first time, the *equisetum* growing in abundance. In the afternoon we traveled with ease and comfort over a prairie country interspersed with occasional spots of woodland. One of these prairies which was about five miles wide and one and a half long, was as level as possible, and as far as the eye could observe, it resembled a smooth unruffled sheet of water. The scene was enlivened, and the solitude interrupted by the quick flight of the deer which we disturbed while feeding, and which darted across our path with a rapidity that baffles description. About sunset we arrived at a romantic stream called Devil's river, and here we encamped upon as beautiful a spot as the most fastidious could have wished for; we pitched our tent for the first time, and while partaking of a comfortable meal, in the open air, spent a more pleasant evening than perhaps we could ever have expected to enjoy in such a solitude. There was a still sublimity in the scene, which we have in vain looked for on many an occasion. The dreariness of our last encampment contrasted so strongly with the calmness of the present, that it powerfully reminded us of that constant mutability in the situation of man, which perhaps finds its parallel only in the unceasing changes which his ideas and his feelings undergo.

The next day we proceeded along the southern bank of the Elkheart and observed its junction with the St. Joseph. This last mentioned stream is known by the appellation of St. Joseph of *Lake Michigan*, in contradistinction to the river of the same name which empties into Lake Erie, and which we saw at Fort Wayne. The St. Joseph of Michigan is a fine stream, deeply incased; it is about one hundred yards wide, and being at that time very full, was both deep and rapid; it is the finest stream we have met with since we left Muskingum, and perhaps even the Ohio. A beautiful prairie with a fine rich soil, offered to the party an easy mode of traveling, and the occasional glimpses which they caught of the St. Joseph and its adjoining forests, afforded them a series of varied but ever beautiful prospects, which were rendered more picturesque by the ruins of Strawberry, Rum, and St. Joseph's villages, formerly the residence of Indians or of the first French settlers. It was curious to trace the difference in the remains of the habitations of the red and white man in the midst of this distant solitude. While the untenanted cabin of the Indian presented in its neighborhood but the remains of an old cornfield overgrown with weeds, the rude hut of the Frenchman was surrounded with vines, and with the remains of his former gardening exertions. The asparagus, the pea-vine, and the woodbine, still grow about it, as though in defiance of the revolutions

which have dispersed those who planted them here. The very names of the villages mark the difference between their former tenants; those of the Indians were designated by the name of the fruit which grew most abundantly on the spot, or of the object which they coveted most; while the French missionary has placed his village under the patronage of the tutelar saint in whom he reposed his utmost confidence. Near to these we found two traders settled in the vicinity of Indian lands, or as is believed by many, upon the reservation itself; where they probably carry on a lucrative trade, if, as we were informed by one of them, a skin valued at one dollar was obtained for five gunflints, which had cost him a cent a piece. This is, however, the least evil; our objections to this trade would be much lighter, if the Indians were liable only to be defrauded of their dues; but great as is this injustice, it bears no comparison to the evils growing out of the constant temptation of liquor to which they are exposed, and which as is too well known it is impossible for them to resist. It is really shocking to observe the manner in which, notwithstanding the laws of the land, the dictates of sound reason, and morality, and the active efforts of the United States agents, the traders persist in their practice of offering liquor to the Indians, the effect of which is to demoralize and to destroy them.

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Having engaged an Indian to lead us back from Mr. McCoy's to the Chicago trace, we resumed our journey on the 3d of June. Our guide's hoary head would have satisfied even Humboldt himself, that his assertion "that the hair of Indians never becomes gray," was too general. We have met with many instances, and the circumstance is so natural that we should not have mentioned it, but for the importance attached to the slightest observation of a traveler so accurate as Humboldt generally is. After traveling about ten miles through a prairie we parted from our guide, who considered himself amply rewarded with about half a pound of gunpowder. We then entered upon what is termed the fourteen mile prairie, which for the first seven miles presented an extensive plain uninterrupted by the least elevation, and undiversified by the prospect of a single tree. We had occasion to observe, on a former occasion, that the route which we traveled carried us along the height of land that separates the waters tributary to the Mississippi from those which empty into the lakes; and we had an opportunity of seeing this confirmed, in this place, by the fact that a com-

¹At this point in the narrative occurs a long digression, not reprinted here, describing a visit to the Baptist Indian school which had been founded near the site of modern Niles, Michigan, by Rev. Isaac McCoy.

munication between those waters has been effected, during wet seasons, through the fourteen mile prairie. It appears that a very deep swamp, which we avoided by our visit to the mission station, establishes a connection between two streams one of which empties its waters into the Kankakee, while those of the other run to the St. Joseph. This has afforded, and still continues to afford every year an easy communication for canoes and small boats. An intercourse has likewise existed, in wet seasons, across the prairie east of the trader's establishment which we passed on the previous day. At noon we rested our horses in the vicinity of the remains of an Indian village, named the Grand Quoit, and we observed a few Indian lodges scattered along the edge of the forest which encloses this prairie. On discovering our party on the prairie, the tenants of the lodges immediately rode out of the woods, advanced towards us, and opened a conversation with our guides. Their intercourse with white men, and the consequent departure from their original customs, were observable in the circumstance of their commencing the conversation, and in their minute inquiries respecting our object and intentions in visiting the country. They are said to experience a great scarcity of food, which we can readily believe from the total absence of any kind of game which we have observed upon the route. An Indian who rode up near us, while we were partaking of our dinner, stopped and appeared to long after food; but called for none. We offered him some, which he very thankfully accepted, and seemed to eat with great voraciousness.

Our party was this day overtaken by an express from Wayne, who brought letters to Major Long, one of which was from Dr. James,² stating that he had been waiting in Pittsburgh for the party. From the contents of his letter, we concluded that the hopes, which had been hitherto entertained, of his being able to effect a junction with us, were vain. These were the last letters received from our friends, until we found some on our return at Sault de St. Marie.

At about forty-three miles from the Carey station the trail which we followed struck the shores of Lake Michigan; this was a source of great gratification to us; as the last twelve miles of our road had been very dangerous on account of the numerous deep holes formed in it; to these may be added the many superficial roots that projected from the beech trees, in every direction, and that exposed the horses to fre-

²Dr. Edwin James, 1797-1861, geologist and meteorologist of the exploring expedition of Major Long to the Rocky Mountains in 1820. Pike's Peak was originally named in his honor by Major Long. It had been intended that he should serve as physician and botanist of the present expedition, but this plan failed through inability to send him word of his appointment in time for him to join the expedition.

quent stumbling. The forest was almost exclusively composed of the finest growth of beech; on some of the higher grounds we found, in great plenty, the partridge or fox-berry, (*Gaultheria procumbens*), with its aromatic red fruit, in a state of perfect maturity; it was accompanied by the whortleberry in full blossom. We saw this day the first white pine, and in some places this tree was very abundant. We had been following for some time the valley of a small stream, called by the French, *Riviere du Chemin*, (Trail river,) but on approaching near to its mouth, our path winded to the south, and we found ourselves at the base of a sand-hill of about twenty feet in height; the fog which arose behind it, and the coolness of the air warned us of our approach to the lake, and on turning along the base of the hill we discovered ourselves to be on the beach of Lake Michigan. The scenery changes here most suddenly; instead of the low, level and uniformly green prairies, through which we have been traveling for some time past, or of the beech swamp which had offered us such difficulties during the last four hours of our ride, we found ourselves transported, as it were, to the shores of an ocean. We were near to the southern extremity of the lake; the view, towards the north, was boundless; the eye meeting nothing but the vast expanse of water which spread like an ocean, its surface at that time as calm and unruffled as though it were a sheet of ice. Towards the south, the prospect was limited to a few hundred yards, being suddenly cut off by a range of low sand hills, which arose to a height varying from twenty to forty feet, in some instances rising perhaps to upwards of one hundred feet. When we first approached the lake, it was covered with a mist, which soon vanished and the bright sun, reflected upon the sand and water, produced a glare of light quite fatiguing to the eye. Our progress was in a southwestwardly direction, along the beach, which reminded us of that of the Atlantic on the coast of New Jersey. The sand hills are undulating and crowned at their summits with a scrubby growth of white pine and furze; while the brow, which faces the lake, is quite bare. In the rear of the hills, but invisible from the beach, spreads a level country supporting a scattering growth of white pine, oak, beech, hop-hornbeam, (*Ostrya virginica*), etc. East and west of us, continuous narrow beach curved gradually towards the north and, bounded by the lake and the hills, was all that the eye could observe. At our evening's encampment of the 4th of June, we were at the southernmost extremity of the lake, and could distinctly observe that its southeastern corner is the arc of a greater circle than the southwestern. The beach is strewn with fragments of rocks, evidently primitive, and probably derived from the decomposition of the same masses which, by their destruction, have

given rise to the immense deposit of sand and pebbles that forms the bottom of the lake. These fragments, which are all rolled, vary much in size; the largest we observed weighed perhaps twenty or thirty tons. They consist of granite, mica and clay-slates, hornblende, &c. The hills appear to have been produced by the constant accumulation of sand, blown from the beach, by the strong northwesterly winds which prevail during the winter season; the sand is loose and uncemented. In a few places traces of lignite and peat are to be met with; doubtless resulting from the decomposition of the partial vegetation which grew upon these hills, and which was successively destroyed and buried under the sand; perhaps also from some of the driftwood which is often carried ashore by the waves.

The lake appears to abound in fish, judging from the quantity that we saw gliding along the surface of the water; upon the beach there were many that lay dead, and that in some places rendered the air quite fetid. These belonged chiefly to the pike, the salmon-trout, &c. We cannot learn that there is any great variety in the fish found in this lake. The streams passed this day, during our ride along the beach, were inconsiderable; the first is termed the *Riviere des Bois*, probably from the quantity of driftwood observed near it; the English appellation for it is Stick river; the second, which we met, was the Big Calamick, (Ke-no-mo-konk of the Indians,) where the party dispersed, during the evening, each to attend to his own avocations. Major Long and Mr. Colhoun commenced observations for latitude, which they found difficult to complete on account of the fog which spread over the lake. Hunting and fishing parties were sent out, but which returned without having met with any success.

The color of the streams which we passed indicates their origin in a swamp; and the great excess of water in this fen during some seasons, together with the loose nature of the sandy bar which divides it from the lake, causes it frequently to force the dam, and open to itself a new passage into the lake; there are near to this place two streams, one of which, named Pine river was opened last year; the other, named New river, was formed a short time before. We crossed both these streams as well as the little Calamick, and finding that the traveling on the beach had become very uncomfortable, owing to a heavy fog, and a strong lake wind which announced an approaching storm, we crossed the sand hills, and traveled on the prairie; in this manner we were well sheltered from the wind. Our path led us over the scene of the bloody massacre perpetrated in 1812, when the garrison of Chicago was entirely destroyed by the Indians, (principally Potawatomis,) after they had

abandoned the fort and in violation of the pledge given to them by the Indians. No traces are now to be seen of the massacre; the bones, which are said to have remained for a long while bleaching upon the prairie, were at last gathered up and buried by order of Captain Bradley, who had the command of the new fort built on the ruins of the old one; but no one could point out to us the spot where they had been deposited. While resting at noon, on the bank of the New river, we observed how difficult it is to judge correctly of objects on the prairie and, at the same time, how great is the similarity between the prairie wolf and the dogs owned by the Indians. While seated at dinner, we were told that one of the soldiers had discovered a wolf and was about to fire upon it. The whole party saw the animal and remained convinced that it was a wolf, until one of the men observed an Indian hut in the distance, and suggested that it might be a dog belonging to the tenant of the hut, which information induced the soldier to desist from shooting; a few moments afterwards an Indian made his appearance on the prairie and called the animal to him. This Indian was remarkable for the length of his beard, which, contrary to their usual custom, he had allowed to grow to the length of one inch and a half; his dress was indicative of the same slovenly disposition. We were obliged to commit to his charge one of the horses; this was the only one that had traveled the whole distance from Philadelphia; but he had become unable to proceed, having been affected for some time past with the distemper; and, notwithstanding all the care that was taken of him, he had become so faint that, even without any load, we found it impossible to make him keep up with the rest of the horses. The Indian undertook to take care of him for a few days, and then lead him to the fort, which promise he faithfully discharged.

In the afternoon of the fifth of June, we reached Fort Dearborn, (Chicago,) having been engaged eight days in traveling a distance of two hundred and sixteen miles, making an average of twenty-seven miles per day. Our estimate of the distance exceeds the usual allowance by sixteen miles, on account of the circuitous route which we took to avoid crossing the Elkheart. At Fort Dearborn we stopped for a few days, with a view to examine the country and make further preparations for the journey to the Mississippi.

In taking a retrospective view of the nature of the country traveled over, we find that from Fort Wayne to twenty miles west of Devil river, it presents as it were two distinct surfaces. The first, or lower one, is a level moist prairie covered with luxuriant herbage; the second, or upper one, is abruptly elevated twenty-five or thirty feet above the prairie land, and consists of a succession of flat ridges, uniform in height, but

of unequal breadth, that are frequently disconnected by narrow straits of prairie land; from this circumstance the lower level presents a continuous surface, while the upper one is broken into distinct ridges insulated in the midst of the prairie. The soil of the ridges is poor and gravelly, covered with a thin growth of scrubby oaks; it appears to have been occasioned by what has been termed an ancient alluvial formation, (probably similar to those extensive deposits which are said to constitute the plains that are observed in South America;) this formation having been afterwards divided by the valleys of a still later origin, has produced a lower level that is filled with a newer alluvion probably resulting from the action of causes which still continue to operate to this day; as we had an opportunity of remarking in the prairie east of the trading house which we visited previously to our arrival at the Carey station. To these ridges succeeds a broken country consisting of insulated hills of a soil still inferior, but having more trees; among the oaks, that grow here, we observed for the first time the hickory interspersed.

Fort Dearborn is situated in the State of Illinois, on the south bank, and near to the mouth of Chicago river; the boundary line between this state and that of Indiana strikes the western shore of Lake Michigan ten miles north of its southernmost extremity, and then continues along the shore of the lake until it reaches the forty-second and a half degree of north latitude, along which it extends to the Mississippi. The post at Chicago was abandoned a few months after the party visited it. Its establishment had been found necessary to intimidate the hostile and still very powerful tribes of Indians that inhabit this part of the country; but the rapid extension of the white population to the west, the establishment along the Mississippi of a chain of military posts which encloses them, and at the same time convinces them of the vigilance of the government, and of the inevitable destruction which they would bring upon themselves by the most trifling act of hostility on their part, have, it is thought, rendered the continuance of a military force at this place unnecessary. An Indian agent remains there, in order to keep up amicable relations with them, and to attend to their wants, which are daily becoming greater, owing to the increasing scarcity of game in the country.

We were much disappointed at the appearance of Chicago and its vicinity. We found in it nothing to justify the great eulogium lavished upon this place by a late traveler, who observes that "it is the most fertile and beautiful that can be imagined." "As a farming country," says he, "it unites the fertile soil of the finest lowland prairies with an elevation which exempts it from the influence of stagnant waters, and

a summer climate of delightful serenity." The best comment upon this description of the climate and soil is the fact that, with the most active vigilance on the part of the officers, it was impossible for the garrison, consisting of from seventy to ninety men, to subsist themselves upon the grain raised in the country, although much of their time was devoted to agricultural pursuits. The difficulties which the agriculturist meets with here are numerous; they arise from the shallowness of the soil, from its humidity, and from its exposure to the cold and damp winds which blow from the lake with great force during most part of the year; the grain is frequently destroyed by swarms of insects; there are also a number of destructive birds of which it was impossible for the garrison to avoid the baneful influence, except by keeping, as was practised at Fort Dearborn, a party of soldiers constantly engaged at shooting at the crows and blackbirds that depredated upon the corn planted by them. But, even with all these exertions, the maize seldom has time to ripen, owing to the shortness and coldness of the season. The provisions for the garrison were for the most part conveyed from Mackinaw in a schooner, and sometimes they were brought from St. Louis, a distance of three hundred and eighty-six miles up the Illinois and Des Plaines rivers.

The appearance of the country near Chicago offers but few features upon which the eye of the traveler can dwell with pleasure. There is too much uniformity in the scenery; the extensive water prospect is a waste unchecked by islands, unenlivened by the spreading canvass, and the fatiguing monotony of which is increased by the equally undiversified prospect of the land scenery, which affords no relief to the sight, as it consists merely of a plain in which but few patches of thin and scrubby woods are observed scattered here and there.

The village presents no cheering prospect, as, notwithstanding its antiquity, it consists of but few huts, inhabited by a miserable race of men, scarcely equal to the Indians from whom they are descended. Their log or bark houses are low, filthy and disgusting, displaying not the least trace of comfort. Chicago is perhaps one of the oldest settlements in the Indian country; its name, derived from the Potawatomi language, signifies either a skunk, or a wild onion; and either of these significations has been occasionally given for it. A fort is said to have formerly existed there. Mention is made of the place as having been visited in 1671 by Perot, who found "Chicagou" to be the residence of a powerful chief of the Miamis. The number of trails centering all at this spot, and their apparent antiquity, indicate that this was probably for a long while the site of a large Indian village. As a place of business,

it offers no inducement to the settler; for the whole annual amount of the trade on the lake did not exceed the cargo of five or six schooners even at the time when the garrison received its supplies from Mackinaw. It is not impossible that at some distant day, when the banks of the Illinois shall have been covered with a dense population, and when the low prairies which extend between that river and Fort Wayne, shall have acquired a population proportionate to the produce which they can yield, that Chicago may become one of the points in the direct line of communication between the northern lakes and the Mississippi; but even the intercourse which will be carried on through this communication, will we think at all times be a limited one; the dangers attending the navigation of the lake, and the scarcity of harbors along the shore, must ever prove a serious obstacle to the increase of the commercial importance of Chicago. The extent of the sand banks which are formed on the eastern and southern shore, by the prevailing north and north-westerly winds, will likewise prevent any important works from being undertaken to improve the post of Chicago.

The south fork of Chicago river takes its rise, about six miles from the fort, in a swamp which communicates also with the Des Plaines, one of the head branches of the Illinois. Having been informed that this route was frequently traveled by traders, and that it had been used by one of the officers of the garrison, who returned with provisions from St. Louis a few days before our arrival at the fort, we determined to ascend the Chicago river in order to observe this interesting division of waters. We accordingly left the fort on the 7th of June, in a boat which, after having ascended the river about four miles, we exchanged for a narrow pirogue that drew less water; the stream we were ascending was very narrow, rapid, and crooked, presenting a great fall; it continued so for about three miles, when we reached a sort of swamp designated by the Canadian voyagers under the name of *le petit lac*. Our course through this swamp, which extended for three miles, was very much impeded by the high grass, weeds, &c. through which our pirogue passed with difficulty. Observing that our progress through the fen was very slow, and the day being considerably advanced, we landed on the north bank, and continued our course along the edge of the swamp for about three miles, until we reached the place where the old portage road meets the current, which was here very distinct towards the south. We were delighted at beholding for the first time, a feature so interesting in itself, but which we had afterwards an opportunity of observing frequently on the route; viz. the division of waters starting from the same source, and running in two different directions, so as to become the feeders of

streams that discharge themselves into the ocean at immense distances apart. Although at the time we visited it, there was scarcely water enough to permit our pirogue to pass, we could not doubt, that in the spring of the year the route must be a very eligible one. Lieut. Hopson, who accompanied us to the Des Plaines, told us that he had traveled it with ease, in a boat loaded with lead and flour. The distance from the fort to the intersection of the Portage road and Des Plaines, is supposed to be about twelve or thirteen miles; the elevation of the feeding lake above Chicago river was estimated at five or six feet; and, it is probable that the descent to the Des Plaines is less considerable. The Portage road is about eleven miles long; the usual distance traveled by land seldom however exceeds from four to nine miles; in very dry seasons it has been said to amount to thirty miles, as the portage then extends to Mount Juliet, near the confluence of the Kankakee. When we consider the facts above stated, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion, that an elevation of the lakes of a few feet, (not exceeding ten or twelve,) above their present level, would cause them to discharge their waters, partly at least, into the Gulf of Mexico; that such a discharge has at one time existed, every one conversant with the nature of the country must admit; and it is equally apparent that an expenditure, trifling in comparison to the importance of the object, would again render Lake Michigan a tributary of the Mexican gulf. Impressed with the importance of this object, the legislature of Illinois has already caused some observations to be made upon the possibility of establishing the communication; the commissioners appointed to that effect, visited Chicago after we left it, and we know not what results they obtained, as their report has not reached us; but we have been informed that they had considered the elevation of the *petit lac* above Chicago to be somewhat greater than we had estimated it. It is the opinion of those best acquainted with the nature of the country, that the easiest communication would be between the Little Calamick and some point of the Des Plaines, probably below the Portage road; between these two points there is in wet seasons, we understand, a water communication of ten or twelve miles. Of the practicability of the work, and of the sufficiency of a supply of water no doubt can exist. The only difficulty will, we apprehend, be in keeping the communication open after it is once made, as the soil is swampy, and probably will require particular care to oppose the return of the soft mud into the excavations.

In the immediate vicinity of Chicago, a secondary limestone is found, disposed in horizontal strata; it contains many organic remains. This limestone appears to us to be very similar in its geological as well

as mineralogical aspect, to that observed above the coal formation on the Miami; but no superposition being visible, it is impossible for us to determine at present its relative age; we however incline to the opinion, that it is one of the late secondary limestones. We have to regret that the specimens which were obtained of the same have been lost, and that we are deprived of the opportunity of comparing them with those collected in other parts of our route. This limestone, which lies exposed to view in some places, is for the most part covered with an alluvial deposit consisting of the detritus of primitive rocks. Upon the shore of Lake Michigan, specimens of native copper have likewise been occasionally picked up. We have in our possession, owing to the liberality of Dr. Hall, a specimen which is part of a mass, weighing two pounds, found by the express from Chicago to Greenbay; it was picked up, on the lake shore, about five miles south of Milwaukee, a stream which empties into the lake about eighty-five miles north of Chicago; the spot at which it was found is known by the name of the Soapbanks, and is stated by Mr. Schoolcraft to consist of a bed of white clay; Dr. Hall was led to visit the spot in hopes of finding more copper, but met with none. We have dwelt upon this fact merely from the great importance which has been attached to every locality of native copper, by those who are induced to believe that, where a specimen exists, a mine ought to be looked for. In reading the relations of travelers on the subject we become satisfied of the incorrectness of this conclusion; wherever the copper has been found, it has always been in detached masses, generally of a small weight, and appearing evidently out of place. We must not therefore expect to find veins in their vicinity; if the existence of copper in the west deserves all that importance which it has received, a circumstance which we very much question in the present state of the country, it is not upon the study of the localities of these fragments of native copper that we are to waste our time and means. The main object must be to ascertain whence they came; and this can only be determined by an examination of the nature of the valleys, of the extent and abundance of the alluvial deposit in which they are found, and of the original primitive formations, from the partial destruction of which these extensive deposits of alluvion, and the large boulders which accompany them, have received their origin. But, these are considerations which we shall not broach at present, as they will find their place, more naturally, at a later period of this work.

Although the quantity of game in this part of the country is diminishing very rapidly, and although it is barely sufficient for the support of the Indians, still there is enough, and particularly of the smaller

kind, to offer occupation to the amateur sportsman. There are many different kinds of aquatic birds, which feed upon the wild rice, (*Zizania aquatica*,) and other plants that thrive in the swamps which cover the country. Mr. Say observed, among others, the mallard, (*Anas boschas*,) shoveller-duck, (*A. clypeata*,) blue-winged teal, (*A. discors*,) common merganser, (*Mergus serrator*,) common coot, (*Fulica americana*,) stellate heron or Indian hen, (*Ardea minor*,) &c. &c. In the lake there is also a great quantity of fish, but none appears to be of a very superior quality; the white fish, (*Coregonus albus*, *Lesueur*,) which is the greatest delicacy found in the lakes, is not caught at Chicago, but sometimes twenty or thirty miles north of it.

Observations, for latitude and longitude, were made here, by Mr. Colhoun, from which the situation of this place was found to be latitude $41^{\circ} 59' 53''$ N.—longitude $86^{\circ} 47' 15''$ W.—Magnetic variation $6^{\circ} 12'$ East.

During our short residence at Chicago, we were, by the favor of Dr. Wolcott, the Indian agent, furnished with much information concerning the Indians of this vicinity, through his interpreter, Alexander Robinson, a half-breed Chippewa,³ who informed us that the Indians who frequent this part of the country are very much intermixed, belonging principally to the Potawatomis, Ottawas, and Chippewas, (o-che-pe-wag,) from which circumstance a great admixture of the three languages prevails here. The vicinity of the Miamis has also, in his opinion, tended to adulterate the language of the Potawatomis in the neighborhood of Fort Wayne; and it is believed that this language is spoken in the greatest purity, only along the banks of the St. Joseph of Lake Michigan. Robinson did not suppose the Potawatomis to exceed two thousand five hundred souls; but it is probable that their number must be greater; especially as they are united with the Kickapoos, whose population amounts to six hundred in the State of Illinois. According to his observations, the Potawatomis believe that they came from the vicinity of the Sault de St. Marie, where they presume that they were created. A singular belief, which they entertain, is, that the souls of the departed have, on their way to the great prairie, to cross a large stream, over which a log is placed as a bridge; but that this is in such constant agitation, that none but the spirits of good men can pass over

³ More probably Robinson was a half-breed Potawatomi. At the time of the Fort Dearborn massacre in 1812 Robinson belonged to the group of Indians friendly to the American cause. He piloted Captain and Mrs. Heald from the St. Joseph River to Mackinac in a canoe, thus making possible their escape from Indian captivity. After the war he became an influential leader of his tribe, and by the provisions of various treaties ceding land to the whites, acquired a relative degree of wealth. He is buried near Chicago and an aged daughter still resides in the vicinity.

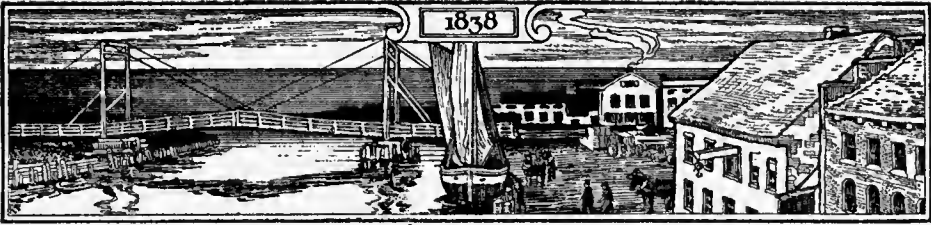
it in safety, while those of the bad slip from the log into the water and are never after heard of. This information they pretend to have had revealed to them by one of their ancestors who, being dead, traveled to the edge of the stream, but not liking to venture on the log, determined to return to the land of the living, which purpose he effected, having been seen once more among his friends, two days after his reputed death. He informed them of what he had observed, and further told them that while on the verge of the stream, he had heard the sounds of the drum, at the beat of which the blessed were dancing on the opposite prairie. This story they firmly believe.

With a view to collect as much information as possible on the subject of Indian antiquities, we inquired of Robinson whether any traditions, on this subject, were current among the Indians. He observed, that their ancient fortifications were a frequent subject of conversation; and especially those in the nature of excavations made in the ground. He had heard of one, made by the Kickapoos and Fox Indians, on the Sangamo river, a stream running into the Illinois. This fortification is distinguished by the name of Etnataek. It is known to have served as an intrenchment to the Kickapoos and Foxes, who were met there and defeated by the Potawatomis, the Ottowas, and the Chippewas. No date was assigned to this transaction. We understood that the Etnataek was near the Kickapoo village on the Sangamo.

The hunting grounds of the Potawatomis appear to be bounded on the north by the St. Joseph, (which on the east side of Lake Michigan separates them from the Ottowas,) and the Milwacke, which, on the west side of the lake, divides them from the Menomones. They spread to the south along the Illinois river about two hundred miles; to the west their grounds extend as far as Rock river, and the Mequin or Spoon river of the Illinois; to the east they probably seldom pass beyond the Wabash.

Part III

The Birth of Modern Chicago



HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

PART III



THE decade succeeding Major Long's visit to Chicago witnessed two events the results of which served signally to discredit his dolorous observations concerning the future of Chicago and the adjoining region, and to realize to the full the roseate picture which Schoolcraft had drawn. These were the opening of the Erie Canal, and the Black Hawk War of 1832.

From the viewpoint of their real importance the second of these events is unworthy of mention in the same paragraph with the first. The completion of the Erie Canal was of basic importance to the future, not only of Chicago, but no less of New York City and the entire nation. Even yet it may well be doubted whether the far-reaching character of the influence of this event upon our national development is commonly realized. By giving her the easiest and cheapest highway into the interior of the continent it confirmed to New York the commercial supremacy of the Atlantic seaboard and therewith of the nation. In like manner by flooding the upper Great Lakes and Mississippi Valley region with immigrants from the free states it insured the preservation of the Union in the struggle of 1861 to 1865. By putting her in easy communication with the Atlantic seaboard the Canal completed the work which nature had begun of making Chicago the commercial center of the upper Mississippi Valley, a region whose vastness was scarcely more notable than its wealth of natural resources.

Nevertheless, for seven years longer Chicago continued to slumber. At length came the Black Hawk War of 1832. Insignificant from the military viewpoint, it was still of much importance to Chicago. As a result of it the Indian title to northern Illinois and much of Wisconsin was yielded, and this rich region thrown open to settlement. Further than this, for the first time its attractiveness was made known to the

East. With adequate advertisement of its resources, with the Indian obstacle eliminated, and with an expeditious highway already provided, there naturally followed a rush of immigration. Almost overnight Chicago, which for 160 years had basked in insignificance, attracted the attention of the nation. The process of its growth, so well set forth in the narratives which follow, need not be dwelt upon here. With the panic of 1837 ensued a depression whose severity was naturally in proportion to the vigor of the boom of the last few years. But while panics might come and go Chicago had an abiding basis of prosperity which insured her quick recovery from temporary ills. The panic of 1837 was probably the severest the nation has ever experienced; it struck Chicago harder, because there the madness of speculation in land had gone farther, than almost any other place; yet even in its baleful shadow the people of Chicago remained, as the concluding narrative of this chapter shows, serenely confident of its future.

It is a fact not without significance from our present viewpoint, that there is a greater wealth of source material for our volume belonging to the first half-dozen years of modern Chicago's existence than for any other period in her history. The fact that so many notable visitors came during these years to the little frontier town, and, coming, thought it worth while to publish accounts of their impressions, affords some indication, at least, of the measure of interest the outside world was now taking in the place and in the tributary region.

Stephen R. Beggs, author of a series of sketches published with the title *Pages from the Early History of the West and Northwest*, from which the narrative of experiences in the Black Hawk War is taken, was one of the earliest preachers of Methodism in northern Illinois. Reared on the frontier, converted in an old-time camp meeting, educated for the ministry in "Brush College," he belonged to a type of Methodism that has long since disappeared. Like Peter Cartwright he was a man of powerful physique, in his early years being reputed the strongest man in his county.

Following the war came the great Indian gathering at Chicago in 1833 when the allied tribes of Potawatomi, Ottawa, and Chippewa surrendered to the government their title to their remaining lands around Lake Michigan, supposed to amount to five million acres, and agreed to remove west of the Mississippi. To this gathering came a talented young Englishman who had already traveled over much of the globe. Charles J. Latrobe, born in England in 1801, had been educated for the Moravian ministry but had abandoned this career for one of travel. His *Rambler in North America*, from which we extract the account of

his journey from Detroit overland to Chicago and his observations at the latter place, describes a two-year tour of the United States, several months of which were spent in company with Washington Irving. Whoever reads the *Rambler* will easily appreciate the qualities in its author which attracted the charming and kindly creator of Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane. After further extensive travels Latrobe spent fifteen years in Australia in an official capacity, the last three as governor of New South Wales. It was the season of the gold rush, the population increasing from fifteen to eighty thousand in a six-month. The chief executive under such conditions must possess both tact and firmness, if he is to succeed. That Latrobe possessed these qualities is clear from his record as governor. It does not seem fanciful to suggest that his experience in such communities as the Chicago of 1833 stood him in good stead in ruling the gold camps of New South Wales twenty years later.

A few months after Latrobe's visit to Chicago came an equally talented American, Charles Fenno Hoffman, of New York. The reader of his spirited narrative will not be surprised to learn that though but twenty-eight years of age he had already been the editor of one New York magazine, and the founder and editor of a second. With more of surprise, probably, will he learn that the youthful editor with the soul of a sportsman, who writes so spiritedly of the equestrian wolf hunt at Chicago had lost a leg in boyhood. The future held a far sadder tragedy in store for him, however. In 1850 he was stricken with a mental disorder, and the remainder of his life—thirty-four years—was spent in the insane asylum at Harrisburg. From his narrative of *A Winter in the West* we extract the portion dealing with his journey from White Pigeon, Michigan, to Chicago, and his sojourn at the latter place.

Two years now passed by, when another talented English writer found her way to infant Chicago. It would be difficult to conceive, however, two individuals whose personalities contrasted more sharply than did those of Latrobe and Harriet Martineau. Few children ever endured a more unhappy childhood than she, and her physical equipment for the battle of life could hardly have been more meager. Morbidly nervous and fearful, practically deaf, never possessed of the sense of smell and to but slight degree that of taste, he would have been a bold prophet who had ventured in advance to predict for her the career of a literary lion. Yet such she became, and for long years continued; and the reader of her Chicago narrative will gain no hint of her physical impediments. Her visit came toward the close of a two-year tour of the United States which afforded the material for two three-volume

works entitled, respectively, *Society in America*, and *Retrospect of Western Travel*. The extract we reprint is taken from the former work. Miss Martineau was intensely interested in economic and social matters, and for a time seriously considered removing to America to enlist in the anti-slavery fight, which, at the time of her visit, had but fairly begun. From this project she was deterred by family and personal considerations.

Of Joseph Jefferson the famous actor, whose vivacious account of his boyhood experiences in Chicago and Illinois we take from his *Autobiography*, but little need be said. He is too well known to the reading public to require any introduction here, nor does his simple reminiscent narrative call for any particular comment.

Miss Martineau visited Chicago while the land boom of the early thirties was at its height. The young lawyer who sacrificed \$500 a day in order to join her party on an excursion into the country was Joseph N. Balestier, author of the narrative with which we conclude the present chapter. Coming to Chicago from the East in early manhood, Balestier was invited, in the winter of 1840, to deliver a lecture before the Chicago Lyceum, on "The Annals of Chicago." Already, apparently, the town which had sprung up like a mushroom only seven years ago, and which had been incorporated less than half as long, was becoming conscious of its antiquity. It may be conceded that the young orator made good use of the material available for such a theme. One can only admire, too, the fine air of detachment with which he holds up to ridicule the follies of the musty past of three or four years gone; and this, too, to an audience most of the members of which had themselves been leading participants in the follies thus ridiculed. Nevertheless a gratified committee from the Lyceum waited upon the orator, after the dignified fashion of the time, with the request that he permit the publication of his epoch-making address for the enlightenment of posterity; which speaks well for the Chicago spirit, especially if one can divest himself of the haunting suspicion that after all it was Balestier's roseate picture of the city's future prospects rather than his castigation of its past follies which interested the members of the Lyceum.

So it came about that Balestier's address was issued in pamphlet form from the press of Edward H. Rudd. I know of but one or two earlier Chicago imprints, nor do I know of more than one existing copy of this one. It is in the Wisconsin Historical Library at Madison, and from it the portion of the lecture here reprinted is taken. From this copy, too, the lecture in full was reprinted in 1876, as number one of the *Fergus Historical Series*. At that time Balestier, who was living in New York, wrote a sprightly letter by way of introduction to the

reprint. Contrasting the Chicago of 1876 with the city of 1840, he ventured a prophecy which shows that his faith in Chicago's future was still as lusty as it had been at the earlier date. In the light of our present knowledge it will perhaps be of interest to note that he predicted for the city of 1911 a population of two million souls with airship expresses plying between the place and Sitka, Alaska.

CHICAGO IN THE BLACK HAWK WAR

JESSE WALKER¹ was superintendent of the mission work from Peoria to Chicago, and also had a nominal appointment at Chicago. His labors, however, were so extensive that he preached here but a few times during the year. Brother Walker was not able to attend Conference, held in Indianapolis, in 1831. After consulting me, to know if I was willing to take charge of the mission at Chicago, to which I consented if Conference should so decide, he wrote to Bishop Roberts to appoint me to that work. So this was my home for the coming year, and I hastened to take charge of the little class I had formed a few months previous. I found them all standing fast in the liberty of the Gospel.

Our meetings were generally held in the fort, and they increased in interest till our first quarterly meeting, which was held in January, 1832. I had been helping Brother Walker hold some meetings at Plainfield, and we left there on one of the coldest days of that winter for my quarterly meeting at Chicago. It was thirty miles to the first house. Brother T. B. Clark started with us with an ox team, for the purpose of carrying provisions to help sustain the people in Chicago during the meeting. Provisions were very scarce here at that time. Late in the evening we became alarmed lest he had perished in the cold, and went out on a fruitless hunt after him. He arrived, at eleven o'clock that night, at our stopping place. The next day saw us all safely in Chicago, where we met with a warm reception from Brother Lee² and family.

Here, today [1857], amid the presence of this great and prosperous city, let us reconsider our humble beginnings. Thirty-six years ago a load of provisions was brought by ox team from the village of Plainfield to sustain the friends that met here for a quarterly meeting! The

¹ Jesse Walker, pioneer Methodist missionary and minister, was born in North Carolina about the year 1760, and died in Cook County, Illinois, in 1835. After preaching for a time in Tennessee and Kentucky he was sent into Illinois as a missionary, in 1806. The remainder of his life was spent in Illinois and Missouri, doing pioneer work for Methodism in both states. He organized the first Methodist church in St. Louis, in 1820, and a few years later assisted in establishing his denomination at Chicago.

² William Lee, a blacksmith by trade and an exhorter in the Methodist church. He came to Chicago about the year 1830, removing to southern Wisconsin in 1835.

meeting commenced with power, and increased in interest till Sunday morning. My first sermon was preached on Sabbath morning at ten o'clock, after which Brother Walker invited the people around the sacramental board. It was a season long to be remembered. Every one seemed to be baptized and consecrated anew to the great work to be accomplished in the village that was destined to become a mighty city.

Jesse Walker was my successor in 1832. He moved his family up to Chicago as soon as possible, and set to work. I attended his first quarterly meeting; it was held in an old log schoolhouse which served for a parsonage, parlor, kitchen, and audience-room. The furniture consisted of an old box stove, with one griddle, upon which we cooked. We boiled our teakettle, cooked what few vegetables we could get, and fried our meat, each in its turn. Our table was an old wooden chest; and when dinner was served up we surrounded the board and ate with good appetites, asking no questions for conscience' sake. Dyspepsia, that more modern refinement, had not found its way to our settlements. We were too earnest and active to indulge in such a luxury. Indeed, our long rides and arduous labors were no friends to such a visitant. This palatial residence, which served as the Chicago parsonage, was then situated between Randolph and Washington streets, the first block west of the river.

The winter previous I had purchased a claim, the only title to be had. Then I paid three hundred dollars for a claim upon two hundred and forty acres, eighty of which was covered with timber land, portions of which today sell for one hundred dollars per acre. My aim then was to secure a home, when the time should come that I could no longer travel on the itinerant work, which I had laid out as the business of my life while health and strength remained. The Lord prospered me in my purchase. I was well paid for my land, for which blessing I am yet thankful, and trust that I shall ever be found a good steward of the manifold mercies of the Lord.

This year there were no returns of members. At this time a little incident occurred in the life of Jesse Walker worthy of note, as showing the intolerance we had sometimes to meet with, even in a new country. At an early day he was in the habit of holding meetings for the handful of Americans then in St. Louis. Finding that there was need for regular appointments, he made them for once in four weeks. The Catholics hearing of this great outrage—that a Methodist was to preach regularly among them—went to their priest with a complaint against such a presumption. "Never mind," said the priest, "they can't do much;

if nothing else will do, we will starve them out." "Starve them out," said the complainant, "why, they will live where a dog would starve to death!" And it was through the untiring efforts of Walker that the foundations of Methodism were so deeply and broadly laid, that neither Catholicism nor the "Prince of the power of the air" has been able to withstand its growth. The handful of seed which he then planted has now become like the "Cedars of Lebanon." May we ever manifest his zeal in all good works which the Lord may appoint unto us!

Amid our other trials and hardships we suffered some from fear of the Indians. I had laid in my store of provisions for the coming summer. It was during my absence that Mrs. Beggs was greatly annoyed by the Potawatomie Indians, who frequently brought rumors that the Black Hawks would kill us all that Spring. It was not long before the inhabitants came flying from Fox River, through great fear of their much-dreaded enemy. They came with their cattle and horses, some bareheaded and others barefooted, crying "The Indians! the Indians!" Those that were able hurried on with all speed for Danville. All the inhabitants on Hickory Creek and in Jackson Grove took fright also, and fled.

A few of the men only staid behind to arrange their temporal matters as best they could under the circumstances. In the meantime some friendly Indians who knew of their fright were coming to inform them that their dangers were not so great as they supposed. The men, seeing these, and supposing that they were hostile, mounted their horses and fled for life, before they could be informed of the friendly intentions of their visitors. The latter then tried to head them in, in order to correct their mistake. This, of course, only made matters worse; and the men hastened on with greater speed till they reached their families, who had by this time come to a halting place for the night. Their cattle and horses were turned out to feed and scattered over the surrounding country. They were making arrangements for supper—some of them having their meals prepared, others just commencing to prepare them—when here came those men, flying in hot haste, one of whom had lost a hat, and their horses jaded and worn, with a ten-mile race. When they told of their narrow escape, and how the Indians had tried to head them, there was confusion and dismay in the little camp.

It was urged that all should remain quiet till they could get their cattle and horses together; but there was too much "demoralization" for that. One team could not be found, and it was thought better to sacrifice one than that the whole should suffer. So it was decided that they should move off as silently as possible; yet there was one ungovernable person among them, who made noise enough in driving his oxen to

have been heard a mile distant. Of course this was very annoying to the others, who felt the necessity of being quiet. The hatless man and one or two others found their way to Danville in advance of the rest, and told their fearful stories—how the Indians were killing and burning all before them, while at this time it is presumed that there was not a hostile Indian south of Desplains River. At Plainfield, however, the alarm was so great that it was thought best to make all possible efforts for a defense in case of an attack.

My house was considered the most secure place. I had two log pens built up, one of which served for a barn and the other a shed. These were torn down, and the logs used to build up a breastwork around the house. All of the people living on Fox River who could not get farther away made my house a place of shelter. There were one hundred and twenty-five, old and young. We had four guns, some useless for shooting purposes. Ammunition was scarce. All of our pewter spoons, basins, and platters were soon molded by the women into bullets. As a next best means of defense, we got a good supply of axes, hoes, forks, sharp sticks, and clubs. Here we intended to stay till some relief could be obtained. This was on Thursday; and we remained here till the next Sabbath, when the people of Chicago, hearing of our distress, raised a company of twenty-five white men, and as many Indians, who came to our aid. They remained with us till the next morning, (Monday,) and then concluded to reconnoiter along the Fox River.

The Indians, with Mr. Lorton at their head, were to go to Big Woods, (now Aurora,) and Gen. Brown, with Col. Hamilton and their men, were to visit Halderman's Grove, and then fix upon a place to meet in the evening, where they might spend the night together in safety. In the afternoon Mr. Lorton came back, with two or three of his Indians, and brought us fearful stories of how they had all been taken prisoners, and kept two or three hours; the Indians, however, being on good terms with Black Hawk, he had allowed him, with an escort, to have his liberty, in order to go up to Chicago, where he intended to take his family for safety. He must go that night, and had but a moment to warn us of our danger. He told us our fort would be attacked that night, or the next at the longest, and that if they could not storm the fort at first, they would continue the siege till they did. He advised us to fly to Ottawa or Chicago as soon as possible.

Such a scene as then took place at Fort Beggs was seldom witnessed, even in those perilous times. The stoutest hearts failed them, and strong men turned pale, while women and children wept and fainted, till it seemed hardly possible to restore them to life, and almost cruel

for them to return from their quiet unconsciousness to a sense of their danger. It was no time to hesitate or deliberate. Immediate departure was the word; but they were divided as to the best means to be taken in finding a place of security; some wished to go to Chicago, others to Ottawa, while some proposed to separate and scatter for the woods. After several short and pithy speeches were made, James Walker was elected Captain, and formed us into a company. We were advised that Indians would never attack a fort, unless driven to it, and that it was safer to remain where we were, at least till we heard from the remaining men.

All possible preparations were then made for our defense, and we determined to sell our lives as dearly as we could. A long piece of fence was torn down and strewed about the fort. We set fire to these rails, so that we might see the Indians when they came for attack. We had several alarms; yet we remained here safe till Wednesday evening, and then every man was ordered to his post to prepare for an onset from the enemy. To our great joy the white men returned that evening; but they brought us news of the massacre of fifteen white inhabitants on Indian Creek;³ also that they were burning houses and killing cattle. They advised us to leave the fort at once, and go either to Ottawa, or Chicago. We chose the latter course. One circumstance I had forgotten to mention. When the inhabitants fled from Fox River, there was one infirm old man who was confined to his bed with the rheumatism. He advised them to leave him, as he had not many days to live at all events. They left him, and it was several days before they ventured back to see what had become of him. They found him, and learned that the Indians had been there and brought him food. He was brought to our fort, and there was as much rejoicing as if one had been raised from the dead. It was decided that we should take him with us to Chicago. We spent the night in busy preparations for our departure the next day. In getting our oxen and horses together, it was found that we had only teams enough to carry the people. Nearly all of our effects had to be left behind; some of my ironware and bedclothes I hid in hollow trees, in hopes of finding them again, should I ever return. I did return a long time after that. I had been detained by sickness, and found that my bedclothes were nearly spoiled, and a great destruction of property besides, although no houses were burned.

We left our fort at seven o'clock on Thursday morning with our

³The Indian Creek massacre took place May 22, on the Davis Farm, twelve miles north of Ottawa. Two daughters of William Hall, aged seventeen and fifteen, were spared. All the other whites, men, women, and children, were indiscriminately massacred.

company and the twenty-five Chicago men as guard; we made quite an imposing appearance. We arranged ourselves so as to cover near a mile in length on the road. It was afterward said that the Indians were watching us, and would have made an attack but for our formidable appearance and numbers. We traveled forty miles that day, and reached Chicago by sunset.

There was no extra room for us when we arrived in Chicago. Two or three families of our number were put into a room fifteen feet square with as many more families, and here we staid, crowding and jamming each other, for several days. One afternoon, as if to increase our misery, a thunderstorm came up, and the end of our room was broken in by a stroke of lightning while we were taking a lunch. None of us were hurt, but the lightning passed down the wall to the room below us, leaving a charred seam within a few inches of a keg of powder. But our room, which was in the second story, was filled with a distressing odor of sulphurous smoke, and the report was the loudest I ever heard. The next morning our first babe was born, and during our stay fifteen tender infants were added to our number. One may imagine the confusion of the scene—children were crying and women were complaining within doors, while without the tramp of soldiery, the rolling of drums, and the roar of cannon added to the din; and yet out of this confusion we tried to arrange order. The soldiery were drawn up in solid column near one of the houses, whose friendly steps were my only pulpit. Here I stood and pointed out to them the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

In a few days the inhabitants of Walker's Grove, now Plainfield, returned to the fort with fifty men for a guard and Captain Buckmaster in command. They were able to raise, that year, some buckwheat and a few potatoes. Mrs. Beggs was yet too delicate in health for me to think of leaving. She was still confined to her room, yet our stay here was of short duration. Major Whistler came on with his troops,⁴ and at the first roar of his cannon on the lake shore there was great rejoicing. But our joy was soon turned to heaviness. Instead of receiving protection, we were turned out of our shelter in order to give place to his men, who had been exposed to the rough winds on the lake. The order came for

⁴In the spring of 1831 Fort Dearborn had been abandoned and the garrison ordered to Green Bay. Maj. William Whistler now came from Fort Niagara with two companies of the Second Infantry to regarrison and command Fort Dearborn. Until his coming the only military force at Chicago had been the hastily enrolled levies of citizens of the place and adjoining region, and an equally hastily enrolled force of Michigan militia.

us to leave the garrison. We should have rebelled could it have been of any use, but there was no help for us but to obey. The Major and his family came into our room, and we were turned out into the pitiless rainstorm that afternoon. We found shelter in an open house, where, from the dampness and exposure, Mrs. Beggs and the child took a severe cold. Colonel Richard Hamilton then gave us the use of one of his small rooms. We made up our bed on the floor, where the cold and dampness caused both mother and child to take additional cold. I also became sick from the exposure, and matters indeed wore a gloomy look to us. I trust, however, that on the day of reckoning it will be said unto Colonel Hamilton for his great kindness unto us, "I was a stranger and ye took me in; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

I then proposed to Mrs. Beggs to go to Plainfield. She consented, saying it would be no better to die here than to be killed by the Indians on the road. Forty miles through the wilderness! Some had been killed but a few days before, although, happily for us, we did not know of it at that time. We started on our journey, our only defense being one loaded pistol, a strong faith in the living God, and the promise, "No harm shall befall thee." We reached the fort late in the day, quite safe, but much fatigued. I then decided to secure a guard to Ottawa, and to get Mrs. Beggs on to Washington to her mother's. There had been a company of men detached to go either to Ottawa or Chicago to draw rations for the soldiers. They decided to go to Chicago. They were to start the next morning. That afternoon, however, Colonel Owens, Indian agent, came down with the news that General Scott had come to Chicago with his men, and also brought the cholera, a worse-dreaded foe than the Indians.⁵ This decided the men to go to Ottawa for rations, and by that means we obtained a guard.

The drive to Ottawa through the hot sun and over the rough road came very near exhausting my wife and child, yet we ventured on to Washington alone. The Indian difficulties being by this time pretty much over, I concluded to return alone to the fort. In the meantime the inhabitants had fled from the cholera, leaving Chicago almost deserted. Some of them had come to our fort, while others went to Danville. Numbers died of the cholera, and General Scott's men had

⁵ General Scott had been sent west with a considerable force of soldiers gathered from various posts on the seaboard, to take charge of the war against Black Hawk's followers. The Asiatic cholera which ravaged the country this year, came west about the same time. It struck Scott's army en route, with such force that for the time being it was completely disrupted, and the war was ended before it could be brought into action. For an account of the cholera visitation see Quaife, *Chicago and the Old Northwest*, 329-37.

to remain till the epidemic had subsided. It was not long after this that General Scott gave chase to Black Hawk, and effectually drove the Indians away. We now had peace in all our borders. There was no hope now of my doing any thing in my station, so I concluded to go on a visit to my father's, in Clark county, Indiana. From this place I started again for Washington, a journey of three hundred miles, which cost me an outlay of six cents. I found my wife and child very much improved in health, which gave me renewed courage, and I thanked God for his great blessings.

THE TREATY OF 1833

AT this time our whole schemes of autumnal travel had to undergo revision. We found on our arrival at Detroit, that no steamboats were likely to ascend the Great Lakes at this season of the year; and though we might have got passage to the head of Lake Huron, or to Green Bay, on board one of the sloops which navigate Lakes Huron and Michigan, the delay consequent upon awaiting a fitting opportunity, and the long and uncertain voyage, were both reasons why we should prefer pursuing another.

Hearing therefore that a treaty with the Indian tribes of the Pottawattomies was expected to take place at Chicago, towards the lower extremity of Lake Michigan, and that means might be found to cross the state of Illinois to the valley of the Mississippi, we resolved upon proceeding to Chicago.

A public vehicle conveyed us across the peninsula of Michigan, over a tract of country, which five or six years ago, had been traversed by nothing but Indian trails, but which was now rapidly filling with a settled population from the eastward, and all the concomitants of ploughed land, girdled trees, log huts,—towns, villages, and farms.

As far as the town of Niles, the route was good. But here we had to change the regular stage for an open vehicle of a stronger build, furnished with three or four rows of rude spring seats.

Before I proceed to mention the incidents of the latter part of our journey, I may observe that the surface of the peninsula is very varied, and part of it, in Hillsdale County for instance, abounds in the most beautiful natural park scenery you can conceive. A more lovely undulating country, covered with rich grass, interspersed with forest or groups of trees, and varied by limpid lakes, we never beheld. As we advanced, the prairies increased in number and size; and among them the traveler notices as a remarkable feature of the country, the wide meadows containing a perfectly level and unbroken area of several square miles, surrounded by dense forests. They have all the appearance of being the beds of lakes long dried up, raised by the accumulation of vegetable matter and rubbish washed down from the bluffs, and are generally found to consist of the very richest soil. The most extensive

over which we passed, was the White Pigeon Prairie, a tract, upon which, four years before, there was not a single white inhabitant, but which was now completely occupied by one hundred and sixty flourishing farms.

As far as Niles on St. Joseph's River, our journey had been conducted without adventure. From thence it was calculated that two days' journey would bring us to Chicago. By this time a steamboat communication has been probably established between St. Joseph's River and Chicago; but as it was, we had to follow the old Indian trail for a hundred miles, round the lower southern shores of the lake. Twelve hours' rough jolting, brought us to a farm about twenty miles from the extremity of Lake Michigan, and about sixty-five from Chicago, if I recollect right; and here we took up our night quarters, preparatory to a day's journey, which was called the most difficult of the whole, and so in truth we found it.

The middle of September was passed, and hitherto the season had favored us. Yet the steady warm weather which distinguishes the North American summer, had been for some time on the decline, and during our passage of Upper Canada earlier in the month, we began already to note the first indications of the gradual approach of the fall of the year.

The maize fields appeared utterly deprived of their luxuriant verdure, and were turned to a pale yellow, while the dry and crisp leaves rustled incessantly in the morning wind; bright shocks of wheat studded the cultivated lands, and the buckwheat fields were now of a deep brown, and without perfume.

The leaves of the maple began to turn orange, and those of the sumac bright red. The air was filled with thistledown, floating hither and thither, guided by the hand of God to the place of its future home. The frog and the catydid were silent;—the prairies swarmed with winged grasshoppers, green, red, and yellow. The gay flowers of the summer had shed their petals and had fallen to seed, while above them rose the tall and gaudy sunflower tribe, clothing the prairie with gold. The asters and gentiana were all seen in full flower, and in the damp forest the fungus sprung into existence from the fibers of the decaying tree.

Ten days later, on the morning of our early departure in the open and uneasy vehicle from the farm last mentioned, as we plunged into a tract of a deep forest, called the Ten Mile Wood, many further tokens of the advancing fall were added. The air was full of the boding sounds of autumn. Heavy clouds hung low upon the earth, and deepened the shades of the labyrinth of tall towering trees, oak, beech, and black walnut,—beneath whose covert we were seemingly buried. As we toiled

along the deep, narrow trail in the dim, green twilight below, occasional blasts might be heard agitating the upper branches, and sending down a pattering shower of heavy drops into the depths of the forest. About us everything betokened decay; mouldering stumps; prostrate trees falling to powder, half-shrouded in fungi and moss; dying grass and leaves. Ever and anon a growl of distant thunder echoed through the solitude, and occasionally a bright mournful gleam would be cast down upon us from the bright changing foliage clothing the upper branches of some giant tree.

Every bird seemed snug in its covert; the catbird and the whip-poorwill were silent, and even the gay blue jay had ended his shrill bickerings with his mates.

For four hours were we toiling through this unbroken belt of forest, and then emerged upon a little opening, with its scattered oaks, lake, log houses, and clearing; where a short halt was absolutely necessary for the four horses which formed our team. Much precious time was, however, wasted here from the loss of a package of bedding from the tail of our wagon, in search of which a man had to ride back many miles into the forest.

We now got on five miles further to the Calemeck Creek, where we had another halt, and a feud, arising from one of the party wishing to remain here all night, rather than commence at that period of the day, the passage of a tract which we were told would be upwards of thirty miles of most dreary road along the southern margin of Lake Michigan, without the possibility of shelter.

But it is time to introduce you to the *dramatis personae*.

Our long and narrow vehicle was furnished with four seats, one behind the other. The first was occupied by the driver, a good-natured young man, whose capacity in the guidance of his four steeds over stump and logs was no way inferior to those of his craft, characterized in former letters. By his side sat a heavy Pennsylvanian farmer, on a land-hunting expedition; a man of few words and apparently few ideas, for the only speech of his which is on record, was uttered about noon on the second day's journey, when he suddenly asked, "Does cattle in this country die o' the morran, sir?" and he was instantly set a musing for the rest of the journey by the answer, "No!" which was promptly returned by his neighbor.¹

¹It is an interesting fact that this single stagecoach contained, in addition to Latrobe, another British traveler intent on writing a book about America. This was Patrick Shirreff, author of *A Tour through North America; together with a Comprehensive View of the Canadas and United States*, published at Edinburgh in 1835. Comparison of his narrative with that of Latrobe indicates that the latter's "heavy Pennsylvanian farmer" was his fellow countryman and author. His book shows that Shirreff, while a farmer, was a shrewd and intelligent man.

On the second bench sat, with a fine noble greyhound at their feet, an original couple, man and wife; of whom I knew nothing till the morning of this day, which you will find is likely to be a long one.

We had noticed that the husband was a hale, upright old man, probably upwards of seventy, and the wife like most American wives of her class, very retiring and silent. Now and then, as we rolled swiftly and noiselessly along, over a level piece of prairie, I had distinguished the voice of the man, uttering divers shrewd, and even original sentences; interlarded by an abundance of profane oaths. But, as before observed, we had not as yet come sufficiently in contact to know much about him, the more so, as in Major W. an officer of the staff of the United States army, who sat on the third bench, (while that in the rear was occupied by Pourtales and myself,) we had the society of a most accomplished and gentlemanly man, with regard to whom we had only one regret, that our intercourse was so brief. His neighbor was an original in his way also; a back settler, as good-natured as it is possible for a man to be, but a bore in every sense of the word. His name I cannot record, but he went among us by the sobriquet of "Snipe", from the peculiar form of his nose and the manner in which he would push it forward into every conversation. He was on his way to Chicago, to be present at the impending treaty, with a view to prefer certain claims to the government commissioner for the loss of hogs, which, doubtless, the wolves had eaten; but which, no matter, the Indians might be made to pay for.

Captain John Cook, (such we found was the "given-name" and patronymic of the male occupant of the second bench,) a New Yorker, and moreover a Revolutionary hero, became an object of attention at the termination of the Ten Mile Wood, when he came prominently forward as the proprietor of the lost bedding; and we were sorry to find that he was principally distinguished for the extreme intemperance, bitterness, and profanity, with which his language, otherwise both shrewd and witty, was spiced. Though the loss of time was a serious matter to us under the circumstances, yet it may be conceived that we yielded with a good grace to the necessity, and waited patiently till his baggage had been recovered. Little thanks, however we got for it. At the Calmeck, it was determined by the majority in opposition to his opinion, that we ought to proceed, as the weather, though threatening, was not bad, and might be worse.—And forward we went.

The approach to the shore of the great Lake was first notified by the rising sandy hillocks covered with white oak and pine. By degrees

these were surmounted, and we arrived at the back of the huge white, bare, sand hills, which, rising abruptly to the height of two hundred feet with a breadth of a mile and upwards, hem in the wide-sweeping waste of waters, and form the line of division between the strand and the fertile country further inland: they present a striking spectacle. One by one, as our strength gave us advantage, our party descended from them to the beach, and it was long before the wagon followed with the aged couple. Two or three other pedestrians had come forward with us from the Calemeck.

The aspect of the broad expanse of the lake swelling to the horizon, and for hundreds of miles beyond, was sublime, but it was hardly beautiful. A narrow band of sand, with a few trees, stretching away from us to the east and west, and a shore strewn with huge trunks of trees and the wrecks of boats and vessels bleached with wind and wave, formed the landscape. All vegetation appeared choked by the fine white sand, swept up from the deeps, and gradually driving back the water, by its rise and accumulation.

The total absence of harbors round this southern extremity of the lake, has caused the wreck of many a vessel, as the action of a storm from the northward upon such a wide expanse of fresh waters is tremendous; and from the great height and violence of the surf which then thunders in upon the base of the sand hills, and the utter solitude of this coast, lives are seldom, if ever saved.

From the nature of the soil no regular road can ever be constructed. After a storm, when the waves have beat the strand, and made it compact and firm, a light carriage may travel with ease, but as we found it, nothing could have been more fatiguing both for the horses and ourselves; and it was soon seen that long before we could reach a human habitation we should be benighted.

Hour succeeded hour, and we seemed to be making no progress, as we crawled along in the shallow edge of the waters where the sand was hardest. The evening was calm, and the clear waters of the lake rippled to our feet in short waves. A band of splendidly illuminated clouds appeared rising from the water line to the northward, growing brighter and brighter till sunset, when, as the twilight thickened, and they grew faint, a bright stream of lightning flickered along the horizon to the N. and N.E. The deep blue shade of the rising thunder clouds settled down deeper and deeper upon the surface of the lake below them, as night drew on. Then came a spectacle such as we shall probably never see again. About eight o'clock, as we crawled along the yielding sand high towering masses of cloud, piled one upon another far into the

heavens, were seen reared over the lake, while the level horizon of the latter was indicated in the thickening gloom by the blood-red lightning which shot momentarily at the base. On the other hand, the crescent of a sickly moon was struggling with broken layers of dark clouds. Suddenly a broad luminous arch appeared rising like magic from the northward towards the zenith, spanning the thunder clouds, and drawing after it a number of quivering and shifting perpendicular rays, through which the great northern constellations gleamed now faint, then bright. It was the aurora borealis, and there it continued to hang, alternately shifting its streamers from east to west, and from west to east, while the reflections of its flickering light moved duskily in accordance with it from one side of the liquid mirror to another.

But there was one element of this mingled scene of beauty and sublimity, which soon got the ascendancy; and after half an hour's pause, during which we owned we had never seen a spectacle of such peculiar character, both light and shade were confounded in the quick broad glare of the nearer tempest, as bursting over the water, it sailed slowly with its veil of mist across the heavens to the eastward. A second echoing storm which almost instantly followed, moved further to the south; and involving us for an hour in its insufferable glare, deluged us with rain. Three others followed, with half an hour's interval between each, and when at eleven o'clock the last went off reverberating among the sand hills to the eastward, leaving the sky comparatively clear, twinkling with stars and still traversed by a few fading rays of the aurora borealis,—our coachman, whose good-humor nothing had broken, told us that further advance was utterly impossible. We had of course walked the greater part of the time since we passed the Calemeck, and it was said we were still fifteen miles from the nearest human habitation. However, we might as well walk on, as lie on the wet sand; and Pourtales, Snipe, a Canadian, and myself started forward.

I have had, as you know, my share of walking, rough and smooth;² but such a march I am by no means desirous of repeating. The even beach, which we had hitherto taken advantage of, by walking within the water line, was now at an end, and as we proceeded we had to choose between a band of deep soft sand on the higher part of the shore or a steep bank of minute pebbles heaped up many feet in thickness close to the water; advance upon either of which in the darkness, was accompanied by an expenditure of strength quite out of proportion with the progress which our most desperate efforts could effect.

However, to move forward was the only alternative. Towards the

² Latrobe was noted for his Alpine exploits.

close of the first hour after midnight our little band had become scattered, from the difference of strength and perseverance; when, plunging doggedly forward wrapt up in my own thoughts, and only bent on reaching a human habitation, whence aid might be sent to the party;—a slight noise made me halt, lift up my eyes, and it was with a degree of surprise which you may imagine, that I found myself standing close to a blanketed figure of a painted Pottawattomie Indian leading a horse. His surprise seemed equal to mine. We stared at each other for an instant, uttered one monosyllabic salutation, and passed;—half a mile back he stumbled upon Pourtales and the Canadian, who, in spite of his being as deaf as a post, struck a bargain with him for his nag; and they shortly after passed me, both mounted on the back of the hardy little animal. Many long and fatiguing miles still remained, but I scrambled on in silence, and in about two hours after, gained the cluster of log cabins where my comrade had some time preceded me, and was laudably engaged in attempting to prevail upon the inmates to give us some food. Bread and whiskey, with a few potatoes, were all that could be obtained, and that not without a world of persuasion and trouble; and thus refreshed, we laid down on the floor, and tried to get a little rest; not however before we had despatched the Indian back to our laggards with some corn for the horses, and bread and whiskey for our fellow passengers. Every square foot of flooring in both huts was crowded with occupants.

It was some time after daybreak, when, though awake, having shut my ears pertinaciously for a while to the continued talking around, and been trampled on by divers passengers from one corner of the hut to another, I was reminded by a hearty kick, that it was advisable to rise, and see how matters were going on.

The wagon had just arrived, having got forward no one could tell how.

Captain John Cook was holding forth to a crowd of about a dozen stragglers apparently convened together, to discuss some subject of importance, but which we had not the leisure, at first, to pay attention to. He had consoled himself for the mischances of the night by repeated drams, and now was just in that state when the strings of both the tongue and of reason seem to be endued with uncommon elasticity. His earnestness rose higher and higher, and his gesticulations became more and more violent;—and about the time that the horses were put to the wagon, and we were preparing to proceed, our curiosity was sufficiently excited to make us attentive to what was going on. Imagine our astonishment, when we found that we ourselves were the subject of his declamation.

A dislike, which he seems to have conceived to us as Europeans, from the very first moment we had taken quiet possession of the rearward seat of the vehicle, had been gathering strength day by day. It had been incited from the circumstance, of our not having been aware of the fall of his bedding from the tail of the wagon; and this hidden combustion had been fanned by his discovery at the Calemeck, that though foreigners, and, as he judged, Britishers,—we had gained the good-will and respect of the driver and the other passengers. To us he ascribed his defeat in attempting to detain the party at that place, and consequently the disaster and fatigue of the ensuing night,—though we surely had suffered more than himself and his good helpmate, who had all along kept their seats in the wagon, and had been as well protected as circumstances admitted of. The rain had acted, like water upon quick-lime, upon his mixture of old prejudices, self-love, offended dignity, and dislike; and after the morning draughts of whiskey the smoldering flame burst into the air. We found him engaged addressing the people around with inconceivable gravity, with a rigmarole of matter; partly descriptive, so far as it related to the Revolutionary War—his own achievements therein—the bloody battles he had seen in his youth, especially that of Long Island; partly didactic, insomuch as it embodied dissertations upon the superexcellence of the free government of America, over that of all other countries; and partly pathetic, in so far as he made many appeals to the good sense and patriotism of those around, that they would not suffer themselves to be cheated of their privileges, by two strangers who were come to establish foreign despotism among them. This, mixed up with all kinds of digressions such as democratic politicians are wont to indulge in, when combined with the real wit, angry feeling, and tipsy volubility of the tall, lank, old man, his immoveable earnestness and the mysterious tone of his feeble voice, as he enforced his discourse upon the attention of all, ourselves included, flourishing a dram-glass in his hand,—was ludicrous enough. Finding that he was pulling out more stops, to wit, the trumpet, cornet, and sesquialtra,—efforts were made by the bystanders to get him to mount the wagon, but for some time without success. We not only took it in good part, and without reply, as every one appeared inclined to do, but I may truly say it would have been with the best inclination to enjoy the exhibition, had it not been for his poor wife, who showed by her continual mute endeavors to bring him to order, how much ashamed she was of the conduct of her mate, and for our kind acquaintance Major W. whose vexation, at the same time that it was unnecessary, was that which every gentleman would have felt in like circumstances.

The man was old, drunk, and angry; what better excuse could have been made for him. His surprise at meeting with no sympathy from the bystanders seemed without bounds; and with the conviction that we must have thrown a spell over them also, he took his seat in the carriage. The Major, Mrs. Cook, Snipe, and many of the bystanders all tried to persuade him to be quiet; but silence could not be imposed on him. When we set off, in spite of the jolting, he would continue declaiming, and as all he said was repeated at least twenty times during the ensuing hour, my memory has preserved a specimen. You will remember our relative positions. "Is it to be borne," said Captain Cook, striving to rise and stand up in the wagon, and gesticulating violently. "Is it to be borne that they should rule all things—that they should come here to nullify our glorious Revolution—to change our sentimental ideas of revolutionary principles? Is it?"—Here a jolt, combined with his wife's incessant pulling at his coat-skirts, brought him rudely down on his seat. "Is it thus," continued he, after bending down, and throwing a fierce look into the recesses of the funnel-shaped bonnet which shaded the lineaments of his better half—"that they think to come and teach us ideas of liberty? They talk of their pompous kings and princes, and lords and governments—but we are the true *libertines*. They think to rule and govern us—we'll fight them, from a cannon to a darning-needle—we'll teach them to know the difference between the Pope and Tom Bell—we'll curtail their pomposity!" After this close, which was the ordinary manner in which he concluded a long sentence, he commonly slurred around on his seat, and glancing between Snipe and the Major, cast upon us a look of indescribably ludicrous menace, much to our entertainment. To his wife, whose attempts to quiet him were unceasing, he returned most bitter language—accusing her of being "an old Tory from her youth, and born in New Brunswick, where they eat nothing but stewed buckskin inexpressibles and Irish potatoes!" On Snipe, who good-naturedly interfered, he bestowed a torrent of abuse. The Major and the driver had in vain tried to bring him to reason. At length, the patience of the latter was worn out; he suddenly drew up, and turning round, addressed the pugnacious old soldier as follows:—

"Mister Cook,—you may be Captain, and Revolutionary hero, or what you will, but I'll have done with this. What have those gentlemen done to you or your's—when have they given you a wrong word that they should have this abuse? If they are Englishmen, they have been civil and obliging, and kept good-humored all the road, and done

as others, and shown no airs; and as long as they do that, they deserve to travel in peace and quiet, and not have such a wicked foul-mouthed old fellow let loose upon them; and that they shall do. And so if you cannot hold your tongue, you'll get down and walk; and I'd have seen you out in no time long ago, were it not for your good wife there."

This decided speech and demeanor in our conductor, backed by a strong and indignant remonstrance from the Major, and the twitchings of his wife, had some effect. Still for a few miles he continued in an undertone to maunder and declaim, and then stoop down and peep into his wife's bonnet; while now and then a few words of pathetic import about "the sentimental ideas of revolutionary principles" would be borne aft, and a chuckle about "curtailing our pomposity!" followed by a sudden turn and a comic glance of wrath and indignation upon us. With this single exception, and that only remembered for its ludicrous character—far and long as we traveled in the United States, no word of insult or bravado was ever addressed to me as an Englishman. It is only recorded for your amusement, and in consideration of the picture being unique.

* * * * *

When within five miles of Chicago, we came to the first Indian encampment. Five thousand Indians were said to be collected round this little upstart village, for the prosecution of the Treaty by which they were to cede their lands in Michigan and Illinois, and of this you shall hear more in my next.

I have been in many odd assemblages of my species, but in few, if any, of an equally singular character as with that in the midst of which we spent a week at Chicago.

This little mushroom town is situated upon the verge of a perfectly level tract of country, for the greater part consisting of open prairie lands, at a point where a small river whose sources interlock in the wet season with those of the Illinois, enters Lake Michigan. It however forms no harbor, and vessels must anchor in the open lake, which spreads to the horizon to the north and east, in a sheet of unbroken extent.

The river, after approaching nearly at right angles, to within a few hundred yards of the lake, makes a short turn, and runs to the southward parallel to the beach. Fort Dearborn and the lighthouse, are placed at the angle thus formed. The former is a small stockaded enclosure

²At this point in the narrative the author digresses for a considerable discussion of the American alliance with France and its consequences, which we omit to print.

with two block-houses, and is garrisoned by two companies of infantry. It had been nearly abandoned till the late Indian war on the frontier made its occupation necessary. The upstart village lies chiefly on the right bank of the river above the fort. When the proposed steamboat communication between Chicago and the St. Joseph's river, which lies forty miles distant across the lake, is put into execution, the journey to Detroit may be effected in three days, whereas we had been upwards of six on the road.

We found the village on our arrival crowded to excess, and we procured with great difficulty a small apartment; comfortless, and noisy from its close proximity to others, but quite as good as we could have hoped for.

The Pottawattomies were encamped on all sides,—on the wide level prairie beyond the scattered village, beneath the shelter of the low woods which chequered them, on the side of the small river, or to the leeward of the sand hills near the beach of the lake. They consisted of three principal tribes with certain adjuncts from smaller tribes. The main divisions are, the Pottawattomies of the Prairie and those of the Forest, and these are subdivided into distinct villages under their several chiefs.

The general government of the United States, in pursuance of the scheme of removing the whole Indian population westward of the Mississippi, had empowered certain gentlemen to frame a treaty with these tribes, to settle the terms upon which the cession of their reservations in these states should be made.

A preliminary council had been held with the chiefs some days before our arrival. The principal commissioner had opened it, as we learnt, by stating, that, "as their Great Father in Washington had heard that they wished to sell their land, he had sent commissioners to treat with them." The Indians promptly answered by their organ, "that their Great Father in Washington must have seen a bad bird which had told him a lie, for far from wishing to sell their land, they wished to keep it." The commissioner, nothing daunted, replied: "that nevertheless, as they had come together for a council, they must take the matter into consideration." He then explained to them promptly the wishes and intentions of their Great Father, and asked their opinion thereon. Thus pressed, they looked at the sky, saw a few wandering clouds, and straightway adjourned *sine die*, as the weather is not clear enough for so solemn a council.

However, as the treaty had been opened, provision was supplied to

them by regular rations; and the same night they had great rejoicings,—danced the war-dance, and kept the eyes and ears of all open by running howling about the village.

Such was the state of affairs on our arrival. Companies of old warriors might be seen sitting smoking under every bush; arguing, palavering, or “powwowing,” with great earnestness; but there seemed no possibility of bringing them to another council in a hurry.

Meanwhile the village and its occupants presented a most motley scene.

The fort contained within its palisades by far the most enlightened residents, in the little knot of officers attached to the slender garrison. The quarters here consequently were too confined to afford place of residence for the government commissioners, for whom and a crowd of dependants, a temporary set of plank huts were erected on the north side of the river. To the latter gentlemen we, as the only idle lookers on, were indebted for much friendly attention; and in the frank and hospitable treatment we received from the inhabitants of Fort Dearborn, we had a foretaste of that which we subsequently met with everywhere under like circumstances, during our autumnal wanderings over the frontier. The officers of the United States army have perhaps less opportunities of becoming refined than those of the navy. They are often, from the moment of their receiving commissions, after the termination of their cadetship at West Point, and at an age when good society is of the utmost consequence to the young and ardent, exiled for long years to the posts on the northern or western frontier, far removed from cultivated female society, and in daily contact with the refuse of the human race. And this is their misfortune—not their fault;—but wherever we have met with them, and been thrown as strangers upon their good offices, we have found them the same good friends and good company.

But I was going to give you an inventory of the contents of Chicago, when the recollection of the warm-hearted intercourse we had enjoyed with many fine fellows whom probably we shall neither see nor hear of again, drew me aside.

Next in rank to the officers and commissioners, may be noticed certain storekeepers and merchants resident here; looking either to the influx of new settlers establishing themselves in the neighborhood, or those passing yet farther to the westward, for custom and profit; not to forget the chance of extraordinary occasions like the present. Add to these a doctor or two, two or three lawyers, a land agent, and five or six

hotel keepers. These may be considered as stationary, and the proprietors of the half a hundred clapboard houses around you.

Then for the birds of passage, exclusive of the Pottawattomies, of whom more anon—and emigrants and land-speculators as numerous as the sand. You will find horse-dealers, and horse-stealers,—rogues of every description, white, black, brown, and red—half-breeds, quarter-breeds, and men of no breed at all;—dealers in pigs, poultry, and potatoes;—men pursuing Indian claims, some for tracts of land, others, like our friend Snipe, for pigs which the wolves had eaten;—creditors of the tribes, or of particular Indians, who know that they have no chance of getting their money, if they do not get it from the government agents;—sharpers of every degree; pedlars, grog-sellers; Indian agents and Indian traders of every description, and contractors to supply the Pottawattomies with food. The little village was in an uproar from morning to night, and from night to morning; for, during the hours of darkness, when the housed portion of the population of Chicago strove to obtain repose in the crowded plank edifices of the village, the Indians howled, sang, wept, yelled, and whooped in their various encampments. With all this, the whites seemed to me to be more pagan than the red men.

You will have understood, that the large body of Indians, collected in the vicinity, consisted not merely of chiefs and warriors, but that in fact the greater part of the whole tribe were present. For where the warrior was invited to feast at the expense of the government, the squaw took care to accompany him;—and where the squaw went, the children or papposes, the ponies, and the innumerable dogs followed;—and here they all were living merrily at the cost of the government.

The features of the Pottawattomies are generally broad and coarse: their heads large, and their limbs fuller than the Osages. Among their warriors you rarely see one with the head shaved, retaining nothing but the scalp lock. On the contrary, they wear it bushy and long, frequently plaited into long tails, sometimes hanging back in the nape of the neck, and at others over the face in front. Their skulls are remarkably flat behind.

Of their dress, made up as it is of a thousand varieties of apparel, but little general idea can be given. There is nothing among them that can be called a national costume. That has apparently long been done away with, or at least so far cloaked under their European ornaments, blankets, and finery, as to be scarcely distinguishable. Each seemed to clothe him or herself as best suited their individual means or taste. Those who possessed the means, were generally attired in the most fan-

tastic manner, and the most gaudy colors. A blanket and breechcloth was possessed with a very few exceptions by the poorest among the males. Most added leggings, more or less ornamented, made of blue, scarlet, green, or brown broadcloth; and surcoats of every color, and every material; together with rich sashes, and gaudy shawl or handkerchief-turbans.

All these diverse articles of clothing, with the embroidered petticoats and shawls of the richer squaws and the complicated headdress, were covered with innumerable trinkets of all descriptions, thin plates of silver, beads, mirrors, and embroidery. On their faces, the black and vermilion paint was disposed a thousand ways, more or less fanciful and horrible. Comparatively speaking, the women were seldom seen gaily drest, and dandyism seemed to be more particularly the prerogative of the males, many of whom spent hours at the morning toilet. I remember seeing one old fool, who, lacking other means of adornment and distinction, had chalked the whole of his face and bare limbs white.

All, with a very few exceptions, seemed sunk into the lowest state of degradation, though some missionary efforts have been made among them also, by the American societies. The Pottawattomie language is emphatic; but we had no means of becoming acquainted with its distinctive character, or learning to what class of Indian tongues it belonged.

All was bustle and tumult, especially at the hour set apart for the distribution of the rations.

Many were the scenes which here presented themselves, portraying the habits of both the red men and the demi-civilized beings around them. The interior of the village was one chaos of mud, rubbish, and confusion. Frame and clapboard houses were springing up daily under the active axes and hammers of the speculators, and piles of lumber announced the preparation for yet other edifices of an equally light character. Races occurred frequently on a piece of level sward without the village, on which temporary booths afforded the motley multitude the means of "stimulating"; and betting and gambling were the order of the day. Within the vile two-storied barrack, which, dignified as usual by the title of hotel, afforded us quarters, all was in a state of most appalling confusion, filth, and racket. The public table was such a scene of confusion, that we avoided it from necessity. The French landlord was a sporting character, and everything was left to chance, who, in the shape of a fat housekeeper, fumed and toiled round the premises from morning to night.

Within, there was neither peace nor comfort, and we spent much

of our time in the open air. A visit to the gentlemen at the fort, a morning's grouse-shooting, or a gallop on the broad surface of the prairie, filled up the intervals in our perturbed attempts at reading or writing in doors, while awaiting the progress of the treaty.

I loved to stroll out toward sunset across the river, and gaze upon the level horizon, stretching to the northwest over the surface of the prairie, dotted with innumerable objects far and near. Not far from the river lay many groups of tents constructed of coarse canvas, blankets, and mats, and surmounted by poles, supporting meat, mocassins, and rags. Their vicinity was always enlivened by various painted Indian figures, dressed in the most gaudy attire. The interior of the hovels generally displayed a confined area, perhaps covered with a few half-rotten mats or shavings, upon which men, women, children, and baggage, were heaped pell-mell.

Far and wide the grassy prairie teemed with figures; warriors mounted or on foot, squaws, and horses. Here a race between three or four Indian ponies, each carrying a double rider, whooping and yelling like fiends. There a solitary horseman with a long spear, turbaned like an Arab, scouring along at full speed;—groups of hobbled horses; Indian dogs and children; or a grave conclave of grey chiefs seated on the grass in consultation.

It was amusing to wind silently from group to group—here noting the raised knife, the sudden drunken brawl, quashed by the good-natured and even playful interference of the neighbors; there a party breaking up their encampment, and falling with their little train of loaded ponies and wolfish dogs, into the deep black narrow trail running to the north. You peep into a wigwam, and see a domestic feud; the chief sitting in dogged silence on the mat, while the women, of which there were commonly two or three in every dwelling, and who appeared every evening even more elevated with the fumes of whiskey than the males, read him a lecture. From another tent a constant voice of wrangling and weeping would proceed, when suddenly an offended fair one would draw the mat aside, and taking a youth standing without by the hand, lead him apart, and sitting down on the grass, set up the most indescribable whine as she told her grief. Then forward comes an Indian, staggering with his chum from a debauch; he is met by his squaw, with her child dangling in a fold of her blanket behind, and the sobbing and weeping which accompanies her whining appeal to him, as she hangs to his hand, would melt your heart, if you did not see that she was quite as tipsy as himself.

Here sitting apart and solitary, an Indian expends the exuberance

of his intoxicated spirits in the most ludicrous singing and gesticulation; and there squat a circle of unruly toppers indulging themselves in the most unphilosophic and excessive peals of laughter.

It is a grievous thing that government is not stronghanded enough to put a stop to the shameful and scandalous sale of whiskey to these poor miserable wretches. But here lie casks of it for sale under the very eye of the commissioners, met together for purposes, which demand that sobriety should be maintained, were it only that no one should be able to lay at their door an accusation of unfair dealing, and of having taken advantage of the helpless Indian in a bargain, whereby the people of the United States were to be so greatly the gainers. And such was the state of things day by day. However anxious I and others might be to exculpate the United States government from the charge of cold and selfish policy towards the remnant of the Indian tribes, and from that of resorting to unworthy and diabolical means in attaining possession of their lands,—as long as it can be said with truth, that drunkenness was not guarded against, and that the means were furnished at the very time of the treaty, and under the very nose of the commissioners,—how can it be expected but a stigma will attend every transaction of this kind. The sin may lie at the door of the individuals more immediately in contact with them; but for the character of the people as a nation, it should be guarded against, beyond a possibility of transgression. Who will believe that any act, however formally executed by the chiefs, is valid, as long as it is known that whiskey was one of the parties to the treaty.

“But how sped the Treaty?” you will ask.

Day after day passed. It was in vain that the signal-gun from the fort gave notice of an assemblage of chiefs at the council fire. Reasons were always found for its delay. One day an influential chief was not in the way; another, the sky looked cloudy, and the Indian never performs any important business except the sky be clear. At length, on the 21st of September, the Pottawattomies resolved to meet the commissioners. We were politely invited to be present.

The council fire was lighted under the spacious open shed on the green meadow, on the opposite side of the river from that on which the fort stood. From the difficulty of getting all together, it was late in the afternoon when they assembled. There might be twenty or thirty chiefs present, seated at the lower end of the enclosure; while the commissioners, interpreters, &c. were at the upper. The palaver was opened by the principal commissioner. He requested to know why he and his

colleagues were called to the council? An old warrior arose, and in short sentences, generally of five syllables, delivered with a monotonous intonation, and rapid utterance, gave answer. His gesticulation was appropriate, but rather violent. Rice, the half-breed interpreter, explained the signification from time to time to the audience; and it was seen that the old chief, who had got his lesson, answered one question by proposing another, the sum and substance of his oration being—"that the assembled chiefs wished to know what was the object of their Great Father at Washington in calling his Red Children together at Chicago!"

This was amusing enough after the full explanation given a week before at the opening session; and, particularly when it was recollected that they had feasted sumptuously during the interval at the expense of their Great Father, was not making very encouraging progress. A young chief rose and spoke vehemently to the same purpose. Hereupon the commissioner made them a forcible Jacksonian discourse, wherein a good deal which was akin to threat, was mingled with exhortations not to play with their Great Father, but to come to an early determination, whether they would or would not sell and exchange their territory: and this done, the council was dissolved. One or two tipsy old chiefs raised an occasional disturbance, else matters were conducted with due gravity.

The relative positions of the commissioner and the whites before the council fire, and that of the red children of the forest and prairie, were to me strikingly impressive. The glorious light of the setting sun streaming in under the low roof of the council house, fell full on the countenances of the former as they faced the west—while the pale light of the east, hardly lighted up the dark and painted lineaments of the poor Indians, whose souls evidently claved to their birthright in that quarter. Even though convinced of the necessity of their removal, my heart bled for them in their desolation and decline. Ignorant and degraded as they may have been in their original state, their degradation is now tenfold, after years of intercourse with the whites; and their speedy disappearance from the earth appears as certain as though it were already sealed and accomplished.

Your own reflection will lead you to form the conclusion, and it will be a just one,—that even if he had the will, the power would be wanting, for the Indian to keep his territory; and that the business of arranging the terms of an Indian treaty, whatever it might have been two hundred years ago, while the Indian tribes had not, as now, thrown aside the rude but vigorous intellectual character which distinguished many among them, now lies chiefly between the various traders, agents, creditors,

and half-breeds of the tribes, on whom custom and necessity have made the degraded chiefs dependant, and the government agents. When the former have seen matters so far arranged that their self-interest, and various schemes and claims are likely to be fulfilled and allowed to their hearts' content,—the silent acquiescence of the Indian follows of course; and till this is the case, the treaty can never be amicably effected. In fine, before we quitted Chicago on the 25th, three or four days later, the treaty with the Pottawattomies was concluded,—the commissioners putting their hands, and the assembled chiefs their paws to the same.

By it, an apparently advantageous "swop" was made for both parties;—the main conditions of which, if the information we received was correct, were,—that the Indians should remove from the territory they now occupied, within three years time—being conveyed at government expense across the Mississippi, and over the state of Missouri, to the western boundary of the latter, where five millions of acres of rich and fine land were to be set apart for them;—and that they were to be supported for one year after their arrival in their new possession. Moreover, the government bound itself to pay them over and above, a million of dollars; part of this sum being set aside for the payment of the debts of the tribe—part for a permanent school fund—and part for agricultural purposes, presents, and so forth.

A WINTER VISIT, 1834

Door Prairie, Indiana, Dec. 29, 1833.

BEING now on the mail route between Detroit and Chicago, I am traveling very comfortably in a four-horse wagon, with the gentlemen mentioned in my last. I found my horse's back so chafed at White Pigeon, that it was unpleasant to use him longer under the saddle; and having met with my trunk at Niles, which was forwarded from Monroe by a friend, I am in a measure compelled to adopt what is certainly the most agreeable mode of traveling at this season through a bleak prairie country.

The cold winter moon was still riding high in the heavens as we ferried over the St. Joseph's at Niles this morning. A low sided scow was the means of conveyance; and, after breaking the solid ice near the shore to loose from our moorings, it required some pains to shun the detached cakes which came driving down the center of the dark rolling river; while, near the opposite shore, they had become so wedged and frozen together, that it required considerable exertion to break a way with our long poles, and make good our landing. At length, ascending the bank, a beautiful plain, with a clump of trees here and there upon its surface, opened to our view. The establishment of the Carey Mission,¹ a long, low, white building, could be distinguished afar off faintly in the moonlight; while several winter lodges of the Pottawattamies, three or four hundred of which tribe inhabit this fine district, were plainly perceptible over the plain. The moon, indeed, shone with an effulgence such as I have never witnessed, except beneath the pearly skies of the West. Morning came at last; still, but excessively cold; our horses' manes and our own clothes being covered with hoar-frost, while each blade of grass that shot its wilted spear above the snow glistened like a diamond's point beneath the uprising sun.

About ten o'clock we reached a shantee on Terre Coupé prairie, and

¹Carey's Mission, near Niles, Michigan, the school already referred to as visited by Major Long, was established by Rev. Isaac McCoy. It was conducted for several years as a school and social settlement, in the effort to civilize and Christianize the Indians. With their removal westward the mission was abandoned. While it lasted it constituted a notable center of civilization in the valley of the St. Joseph. For an account of Rev. McCoy's self-sacrificing labors see his *History of Baptist Indian Missions* (Washington, 1840).

finding no one at home, we rummaged the establishment to find the materials for a breakfast, which we cooked ourselves, and left payment upon the table. Our next stage carried us over a rolling prairie to Laporte. The undulating surface resembled the ground swell of the sea; and nothing could be more dreary at this season, when the bright sky of the morning became overcast, than moving mile after mile over this frozen lake—for such it appeared—with nothing but its monotonous swell to catch the eye wherever its glances roamed. It was afternoon when we reached the little settlement of Laporte, which is situated on a pretty lake, in a prairie of the same name, the skirts of which are beautifully timbered. There was just light enough remaining when we reached our present stopping place, a comfortable log cabin, to see the opening ahead through the timber, from which this prairie takes its name. It forms a door opening upon an arm of the Grand Prairie, which runs through the states of Indiana and Illinois, and extends afterward, if I mistake not, to the base of the Rocky Mountains. I am now in the land of the “Hooshiers,” and find that long-haired race much more civilized than some of their western neighbors are willing to represent them. The term “Hooshier,” like that of Yankee, or Buckeye, first applied contemptuously, has now become a soubriquet, that bears nothing invidious with it to the ear of an Indianian. This part of the state is as yet but thinly settled; but the land is rapidly coming into market, and it is calculated to support a dense population. A new town and harbor, called “Michigan City,” about thirty miles off, on the shore of the lake, is fast coming into notice, and giving a spur to the settlements in these parts. The country is, however, still wild enough, and I have a wilder yet to pass before reaching Chicago.

Chicago, Jan. 1, 1834.

We left the prairie in the east, after passing through “the door,” and entered a forest, where the enormous black walnut and sycamore trees cumbered the soil with trunks from which a comfortable dwelling might be excavated. The road was about as bad as could be imagined; and after riding so long over prairies as smooth as a turnpike, the stumps and fallen trees over which we were compelled to drive, with the deep mudholes into which our horses continually plunged, were anything but agreeable. Still the stupendous vegetation of the forest interested me sufficiently to make the time, otherwise enlivened by good company, pass with sufficient fleetness, though we made hardly more than two miles an hour throughout the stage. At last, after passing several untenanted sugar camps of the Indians, we reached a cabin, prettily situated

on the banks of a lively brook winding through the forest. A little Frenchman waited at the door to receive our horses, while a couple of half-intoxicated Indians followed us into the house, in the hope of getting *a'netos* (vulgarly, "a treat") from the new comers. The usual settlers' dinner of fried bacon, venison cutlets, hot cakes, and wild honey, with some tolerable tea and Indian sugar—as that made from the maple tree is called at the West—was soon placed before us; while our new driver, the frizzy little Frenchman already mentioned, harnessed a fresh team, and hurried us into the wagon as soon as possible. The poor little fellow had thirty miles to drive before dark, on the most difficult part of the route of the line between Detroit and Chicago. It was easy to see that he knew nothing of driving, the moment he took his reins in hand; but when one of my fellow travelers mentioned that little Victor had been preferred to his present situation of trust from the indefatigable manner in which, before the stage route was established last season, he had for years carried the mail through this lonely country—swimming rivers and sleeping in the woods at all seasons—it was impossible to dash the mixture of boyish glee and official pomposity with which he entered upon his duties, by suggesting any improvement as to the mode of performing them. Away then we went, helter-skelter, through the woods—scrambled through a brook, and galloping over an arm of the prairie, struck again into the forest. A fine stream, called the Calaminc, made our progress here more gentle for a moment. But immediately on the other side of the river was an Indian trading post, and our little French Phaëton—who, to tell the truth, had been repressing his fire for the last half-hour, while winding among the decayed trees and broken branches of the forest—could contain himself no longer. He shook the reins on his wheel-horses, and cracked up his leaders, with an air that would have distinguished him on the Third Avenue, and been envied at Cato's. He rises in his seat as he passes the trading house; he sweeps by like a whirlwind: but a female peeps from the portal, and it is all over with poor Victor.

"Ah, wherefore did he turn to look?
That pause, that fatal gaze he took,
Hath doomed——"

his discomfiture. The infuriate car strikes a stump, and the unlucky youth shoots off at a tangent, as if he were discharged from a mortar. The whole operation was completed with such velocity, that the first intimation I had of what was going forward, was on finding myself two or three yards from the shattered wagon, with a tall Indian in a wolfskin

cap standing over me. My two fellow passengers were dislodged from their seats with the same want of ceremony; but though the *dissecta membra* of our company were thus prodigally scattered about, none of us, providentially, received injury. Poor Victor was terribly crestfallen; and had he not unpacked his soul by calling upon all the saints in the calendar, in a manner more familiar than respectful, I verily believe that his tight little person would have exploded like a torpedo. A very respectable looking Indian female, the wife, probably, of the French gentleman who owned the post, came out, and civilly furnished us with basins and towels to clean our hands and faces, which were sorely bespattered with mud; while the gray old Indian before mentioned assisted in collecting our scattered baggage.

The spot where our disaster occurred was a sequestered, wild looking place. The trading establishment consisted of six or eight log cabins, of a most primitive construction, all of them gray with age, and so grouped on the bank of the river as to present an appearance quite picturesque. There was not much time, however, to be spent in observing its beauties. The sun was low, and we had twenty-five miles yet to travel that night, before reaching the only shanty on the lake shore. My companions were compelled to mount two of the stage horses, while I once more put the saddle on mine; and leaving our trunks to follow a week hence, we slung our saddle-bags across the cruppers, and pushed directly ahead.

A few miles' easy riding through the woods brought us to a dangerous morass, where we were compelled to dismount and drive our horses across, one of the party going in advance to catch them on the other side. A mile or two of pine barrens now lay between us and the shore, and winding rapidly among the short hills, covered with this stunted growth, we came suddenly upon a mound of white sand at least fifty feet high. Another of these desolate looking eminences, still higher, lay beyond. We topped it; and there, far away before us, lay the broad bosom of Lake Michigan,—the red disk of the sun just sinking beneath it, and the freshening night breeze beginning to curl its limpid waters on the shore; and now, having gained their verge, whichever way we turned, there was nothing discernible but the blackening lake on one side and these conical hills of shifting white sand on the other. Some of them, as the night advanced, and objects were only discernible by the bright starlight, assumed a most fantastic appearance, and made me regret that I could not visit the "Sleeping Bear," and other singularly formed mounds, which many miles farther to the north, swell from two to three hundred feet above the level of the lake. The deep sand, into which our horses

sunk to the fetlocks, was at first most wearisome to the poor beasts; and having twenty miles yet to travel entirely on the lake shore, we were compelled, in spite of the danger of quicksands, to move as near the water as possible. But though the day had been mild, the night rapidly became so cold that, before we had proceeded thus many miles, the beach twenty yards from the surf was nearly as hard as stone, and the finest macadamized road in the world could not compare with the one over which we now galloped. Nor did we want lamps to guide us on our way. Above, the stars stood out like points of light; while the resplendent fires of the aurora borealis, shooting along the heavens on our right, were mocked by the livid glare of the Kankakee marshes, burning behind the sand hills on our left. The lake alone looked dark and lowering; though even its gathering waves would smile when touched with light as they broke upon the shore. The intense cold seemed to invigorate our horses; and dashing the fire from the occasional pebbles, they clattered along the frozen beach at a rate that brought us rapidly to our destination for the night.

It was a rude cabin, built of stems of the scrub pine, standing behind a sandy swell about two hundred yards from the shore. My fingers were numb with cold; and seeing a rough-looking fellow moving from the door towards the horses of my companions, I requested him to take mine also; but, upon his politely rejoining that "he was nobody's servant but his own," I could only wish him "a more civil master," and proceeded to take care of the animal myself. A brake of stunted evergreens near by supplied the place of a stable; and passing a wisp of dry grass over the reeking limbs of my four-footed friend, I flung my cloak over his back, and tethered him for the night. The keeper of the rustic hostelry came up just as I had got through with this necessary task, and explaining to me that the insolent loungeur was a discharged mail carrier, returned with me to the house for a measure of corn; while I, guided by the light flickering through the crevices of his frail dwelling, rejoined my companions, nestled with two other half-frozen travelers around the grateful fire within. The strangers were both western men; one, I believe, a farmer, for some time settled in Illinois, and the other an Indian trader of long standing in Chicago. Warlike incidents in border story, and the pacific dealings between the whites and Indians, formed the chief subjects of conversation, which soon became general, and was prolonged to a late hour; finally the late treaty held at Chicago—at which, as you have probably seen in the newspapers, several thousand Indians were present—was discussed, and the anecdotes that were told of meanness, rapacity, and highway robbery (in cheating, stealing, and

forcibly taking away) from the Indians, exasperated me so that I expressed my indignation and disgust in unmeasured terms. The worthy trader, who was a middle-aged man, of affable, quiet, good manners, seemed to sympathize with me throughout; but the whole current of my feelings was totally changed, when, upon my observing shortly afterward to another gentleman, that "I should have liked to have been at Chicago a year ago," my warm coadjutor ejaculated from under the bed-clothes, where he had in the mean time bestowed himself, "Ah, sir, if you had, the way in which you'd have hook'd an Indian blanket by this time, would be curious." The chivalric knight of La Mancha himself could not have sustained heroics under such a home thrust, but must have burst into the hearty laugh in which I was joined by all present. The hour of sleep for all at last arrived, and a couple of wooden bunks, swung from the roof, falling to the lot of those who had come in first, I wrapped myself in a buffalo skin, and placing my saddle under my head for a pillow, soon "slept like a king"; a term which, if

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"

be true doctrine, is, probably, *quasi lucus*, &c.

Our transient acquaintances parted from us in a most friendly manner in the morning; and after waiting in vain till near noon, to see if by any chance little Victor might not be able to forward our trunks to this point, we mounted once more, and pushed ahead with all speed, to accomplish the remaining twenty or thirty miles between the shanty and Chicago. Our route was still along the shore; and after passing round the end of the lake and taking a northwardly direction, the way in which the icy blast would come down the bleak shore of the lake "was a caution." We galloped at full speed, every man choosing his own route along the beach, our horses' hoofs ringing the while as if it were a pavement of flint beneath them. The rough ice piled up on the coast prevented us from watering our beasts; and we did not draw a rein till the rushing current of the Calaminc, which debouches into Lake Michigan some ten miles from Chicago, stayed our course. A cabin on the bank gave us a moment's opportunity to warm, and then, being ferried over the wintry stream, we started with fresh vigor, and crossing about a mile of prairie in the neighborhood of Chicago, reached here in time for an early dinner. Our horses this morning seem none the worse for this furious riding; their escape from ill consequences being readily attributable to the excellence of the road, and the extreme coldness of the weather while traveling it. For my own part, I never felt better than after this violent burst of exercise.

We had not been here an hour before an invitation to a public ball was courteously sent to us by the managers; and though my soiled and travel worn riding-dress was not exactly the thing to present one's self in before ladies of an evening, yet, in my earnestness to see life on the frontier, I easily allowed all objections to be overruled by my companions, and we accordingly drove to the house in which the ball was given. It was a frame building, one of the few as yet to be found in Chicago; which, although one of the most ancient French trading posts on the Lakes, can only date its growth as a village since the Indian war, eighteen months since. When I add that the population has quintupled last summer, and that but few mechanics have come in with the prodigious increase of residents, you can readily imagine that the influx of strangers far exceeds the means of accommodation; while scarcely a house in the place, however comfortable looking outside, contains more than two or three finished rooms. In the present instance, we were ushered into a tolerably sized dancing room, occupying the second story of the house, and having its unfinished walls so ingeniously covered with pine branches and flags borrowed from the garrison, that, with the whitewash ceiling above, it presented a very complete and quite pretty appearance. It was not so warm, however, that the fires of cheerful hickory, which roared at either end, could have been readily dispensed with. An orchestra of unplanned boards was raised against the wall in the center of the room; the band consisting of a dandy negro with his violin, a fine military looking bass drummer from the fort, and a volunteer citizen, who alternately played an accompaniment upon the flute and triangle. Blackee, who flourished about with a great many airs and graces, was decidedly the king of the company; and it was amusing, while his head followed the direction of his fiddle-bow with pertinacious fidelity, to see the Captain Manuel-like precision with which the soldier dressed to the front on one side, and the nonchalant air of importance which the cit attempted to preserve on the other.

As for the company, it was such a complete medley of all ranks, ages, professions, trades, and occupations, brought together from all parts of the world, and now for the first time brought together, that it was amazing to witness the decorum with which they commingled on this festive occasion. The managers (among whom were some officers of the garrison) must certainly be *au fait* at dressing a lobster and mixing regent's punch, in order to have produced a harmonious compound from such a collection of contrarieties. The gayest figure that was ever called by quadrille-playing Benoit never afforded me half the amusement that did these Chicago cotillons. Here you might see a veteran officer

in full uniform balancing to a tradesman's daughter still in her short frock and trowsers, while there the golden aiguillette of a handsome surgeon flapped in unison with the glass beads upon a scrawny neck of fifty. In one quarter, the high-placed buttons of a linsey-woolsey coat would be *dos à dos* to the elegantly turned shoulders of a delicate looking southern girl; and in another, a pair of Cinderella-like slippers would *chassez* cross with a brace of thick-soled broghans, in making which, one of the lost feet of the Colossus of Rhodes may have served for a last. Those raven locks, dressed *à la Maddonne*, over eyes of jet, and touching a cheek where blood of a deeper hue mingles with the less glowing current from European veins, tell of a lineage drawn from the original owners of the soil; while these golden tresses, floating away from eyes of heaven's own color over a neck of alabaster, recall the Gothic ancestry of some of "England's born." How piquantly do these trim and beaded *leggings* peep from under that simple dress of black, as its tall nutbrown wearer moves, as if unconsciously, through the graceful mazes of the dance. How divertingly do those inflated gigots, rising like windsails from that little Dutch-built hull, jar against those tall plumes which impend over them like a commodore's pennant on the same vessel.

But what boots all these incongruities, when a spirit of festive good humor animates every one present? "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," (as I hear it judiciously observed this side of the mountains,) and why should not all these kinds of people be represented as well in a ballroom as in a legislature? At all events, if I wished to give an intelligent foreigner a favorable opinion of the manners and deportment of my countrymen in the aggregate, I should not wish a better opportunity, after explaining to him the materials of which it was composed, and the mode in which they were brought together from every section of the Union, than was afforded by this very ball. "This is a scene of enchantment to me, sir," observed an officer to me, recently exchanged to this post, and formerly stationed here. "There were but a few traders around the fort when I last visited Chicago; and now I can't contrive where the devil all these well dressed people have come from!" I referred him to an old resident of three months' standing, to whom I had just been introduced, but he could throw no light upon the subject; and we left the matter of peopling Chicago in the same place where philosophers have put the question of the original peopling of the continent. I made several new acquaintances at this New Year's ball, and particularly with the officers of the garrison, from whose society I promise myself much pleasure during my stay.

The geographical position of Chicago is so important, that I must give you a more minute description of the place in my next. Would that in folding this I could enclose you half the warm wishes for your welfare which the season awakens in my bosom!

Chicago, Illinois, Jan. 10, 1834.

I have been here more than ten days, without fulfilling the promise given in my last. It has been so cold, indeed, as almost to render writing impracticable in a place so comfortless. The houses were built with such rapidity, during the summer, as to be mere shells; and the thermometer having ranged as low as 28 below zero during several days, it has been almost impossible, notwithstanding the large fires kept up by an attentive landlord, to prevent the ink from freezing while using it, and one's fingers become so numb in a very few moments when thus exercised, that, after vainly trying to write in gloves, I have thrown by my pen, and joined the group, composed of all the household, around the bar-room fire. This room, which is an old log cabin aside of the main house, is one of the most comfortable places in town, and is, of course, much frequented; business being, so far as one can judge from the concourse that throng it, nearly at a standstill. Several persons have been severely frost bitten in passing from door to door; and not to mention the quantity of poultry and pigs that have been frozen, an ox, I am told, has perished from cold in the streets at noonday. An occasional Indian, wrapped in his blanket, and dodging about from store to store after a dram of whiskey; or a muffled-up Frenchman, driving furiously in his cariole on the river, are almost the only human beings abroad; while the wolves, driven in by the deep snows which preceded this severe weather, troop through the town after nightfall, and may be heard howling continually in the midst of it.

The situation of Chicago, on the edge of the Grand Prairie, with the whole expanse of Lake Michigan before it, gives the freezing winds from the Rocky Mountains prodigious effect, and renders a degree of temperature, which in sheltered situations is but little felt, almost painful here.

"The bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many a mile about,

There's scarce a bush."

The town lies upon a dead level, along the banks of a narrow forked river, and is spread over a wide extent of surface to the shores of the lake, while vessels of considerable draught of water can, by means of the

river, unload in the center of the place. I believe I have already mentioned that four-fifths of the population have come in since last spring; the erection of new buildings during the summer has been in the same proportion; and although a place of such mushroom growth can, of course, boast of but little solid improvement in the way of building, yet contracts have been made for the ensuing season which must soon give Chicago much of that metropolitan appearance it is destined so promptly to assume. As a place of business, its situation at the central head of the Mississippi Valley will make it the New Orleans of the north; and its easy and close intercourse with the most flourishing eastern cities will give it the advantage, as its capital increases, of all their improvements in the mode of living.

There is one improvement to be made, however, in this section of the country, which will greatly influence the permanent value of property in Chicago. I allude to a canal from the head of Lake Michigan to the head of the steam navigation on the Illinois, the route of which has been long since surveyed. The distance to be overcome is something like ninety miles; and when you remember that the head waters of the Illinois rise within eleven miles of Chicago River, and that a level plain of not more than eight feet elevation above the latter is the only intervening obstacle, you can conceive how easy it would be to drain Lake Michigan into the Mississippi by this route; boats of eighteen tons having actually passed over the intervening prairie at high water. Lake Michigan, which is several feet above Lake Erie, would afford such a never-failing body of water, that it would keep steamboats afloat on the route in the driest season. St. Louis would then be brought comparatively near to New York: while two-thirds of the Mississippi Valley would be supplied by this route immediately from the markets of the latter. This canal is the only remaining link wanting to complete the most stupendous chain of inland communication in the world. I had a long conversation this morning on the subject with Major H., the United States engineer, who is engaged in superintending the construction of a pier at this place. He was polite enough to sketch the main features of the route with his pencil, in such a manner as to make its feasibility very apparent. The canal would pass for the whole distance through a prairie country, where every production of the field and the garden can be raised with scarcely any toil, and where the most prolific soil in the world requires no other preparation for planting than passing the plough over its bosom. The most effectual mode of making this canal would be to give the lands along its banks to an incorporated

company, who should construct the work within a certain time. The matter is now merely agitated at elections as a political handle.

January 13.

I had got thus far in a letter to you, when several officers of the garrison, to whom I am indebted for much hospitable attention and many agreeable hours, stopped opposite the door with a train of carioles, in one of which I was offered a seat to witness a pacing match on the ice. There were several ladies with gentlemen in attendance already on the river, all muffled up, after the Canadian fashion, in fur robes, whose gay trimmings presented a rich as well as most comfortable appearance. The horses from which the most sport was expected, were a black pony bred in the country, and a tall roan nag from the lower Mississippi. They paced at the rate of a mile in something less than three minutes. I rode behind the winning horse one heat, and the velocity with which he made our cariole fly over the smooth ice was almost startling. The southern horse won the race; but I was told that, in nine cases out of ten, the nags from his part of the country, could not stand against a French pony.

In the middle of the chase, a wolf, probably roused by the sleigh bells from his lair on the river's bank, trotted along the prairie above, within gunshot, calmly surveying the sport. The uninvited presence of this long-haired amateur at once suggested a hunt for the morrow: and arrangements were accordingly made by several gentlemen present for that most exciting of sports, a wolf-chase on horseback.

It was a fine bracing morning, with the sun shining cheerily through the still cold atmosphere far over the snow-covered prairie, when the party assembled in front of my lodgings to the number of ten horsemen, all well mounted and eager for the sport.² The hunt was divided into two squads; one of which was to follow the windings of the river on the ice, and the other to make a circuit on the prairie. A pack of dogs, consisting of a grayhound or two for running the game, with several of a heavier and fiercer breed for pulling it down, accompanied each party. I was attached to that which took the river; and it was a beautiful sight, as our friends trotted off in the prairie, to see their different colored capotes and gayly equipped horses contrasted with the bright carpet of spotless white over which they rode; while the sound of their voices

²An anonymous writer (probably Gen. James Grant Wilson) in *Appleton's Journal of Literature, Science and Art*, October 9, 1869, describes the activities of a wolf-hunting club which existed at Chicago at this time, and names a number of the members of the hunting party which entertained Hoffman.

was soon lost to our ears, as we descended to the channel of the river, and their lessening figures were hid from our view by the low brush which in some places skirted its banks. The brisk trot into which we now broke, brought us rapidly to the place of meeting, where to the disappointment of each party, it was found that neither had started any game. We now spread ourselves into a broad line, about gunshot apart from each other, and began thus advancing into the prairie. We had not swept it thus more than a mile, when a shout on the extreme left, with the accelerated pace of the furthestmost riders in that direction, told that they had roused a wolf. "The devil take the hindermost," was now the motto of the company, and each one spurred for the spot with all eagerness. Unhappily, however, the land along the bank of the river, on the right, was so broken by ravines choked up with snow, that it was impossible for us, who were half a mile from the game when started, to come up at all with the two or three horsemen who led the pursuit. Our horses sunk to their cruppers in the deep snowdrift. Some were repeatedly thrown; and one or two breaking their saddle girths, from the desperate struggles their horses made in the snowbanks, were compelled to abandon the chase entirely. My stout roan carried me bravely through all; but when I emerged from the last ravine on the open plain, the horsemen who led the chase, from some inequality in the surface of the prairie, were not visible; while a fleet rider, whose tall figure and Indian headdress had hitherto guided me, had been just unhorsed, and, abandoning the game afoot, was now wheeling off, apparently with some other object in view. Following on the same course, we soon encountered a couple of officers in a train, who were just coming from a mission of charity in visiting the half-starved orphans of a poor woman who was frozen to death on the prairie, a day or two since—the wolves having already picked her bones before her fate became known. One by one, the whole squad to which I belonged, collected around to make inquiries about the poor children; and then, as our horses generally were yet in good condition, we scattered once more over the prairie, with the hope of rousing more game.

Not ten minutes elapsed before a wolf, breaking from the dead weeds which, shooting eight or ten feet above the level of the snow, indicated the banks of a deep ravine, dashed off into the prairie, pursued by a horseman on the right. He made instantly for the deep banks of the river, one of whose windings was within a few hundred yards. He had a bold rider behind him, however, in the gentleman who led the chase (a young educated half-blood, well connected at Chicago). The precipitous bank of the stream did not retard this hunter for a moment;


but, dashing down to the bed of the river, he was hard upon the wolf before he could ascend the elevation on the opposite side. Our whole squad reached the open prairie beyond in time to take part in the chase. Nothing could be more beautiful. There was not an obstacle to oppose us in the open plain; and all our dogs having followed the other division of our company, nothing remained but to drive the wolf to death on horseback. Away, then we went, shouting on his track; the hotly-pursued beast gaining on us whenever the crust of a deep snowdrift gave him an advantage over the horse, and we in our turn nearly riding over him when we came to ground comparatively bare. The sagacious animal became at last aware that his course would soon be up at this rate, and turning rapidly in his tracks as we were scattered over the prairie, he passed through our line, and made at once again for the river. He was cut off and turned in a moment by a horseman on the left, who happened to be a little behind the rest; and now came the keenest part of the sport. The wolf would double every moment upon his tracks, while each horseman in succession would make a dash at and turn him in a different direction. Twice I was near enough to strike him with a horsewhip, and once he was under my horse's feet; while so furiously did each rider push at him, that as we brushed by each other and confronted horse to horse, while riding from different quarters at full speed, it required one somewhat used "to turn and wind a fiery Pegasus" to maintain his seat at all. The rascal, who would now and then look over his shoulder and gnash his teeth, seemed at last as if he was about to succumb; when, after running a few hundred yards in an oblique direction from the river, he suddenly veered his course, at a moment when every one thought his strength was spent, and gaining the bank before he could be turned, he disappeared in an instant. The rider nearest to his heels became entangled in the low boughs of a tree which grew near the spot; while I, who followed next, was thrown out sufficiently to give the wolf time to get out of view by my horse bolting as he reached the sudden edge of the river. The rest of the hunt were consequently at fault when they came up to us; and after trying in vain to track our lost quarry over the smooth ice for half an hour, we were most vexatiously compelled to abandon the pursuit as fruitless, and proceed to join the other squad of our party, who could now be seen at some distance, apparently making for the same point to which our route was leading. A thicket on the bank soon hid them from our view; and we then moved more leisurely along in order to breathe our horses. But suddenly the distant cry of hounds gave intimation that new game was afoot; and, on topping a slight elevation, we discerned a party of

horsemen far away, with three wolves running apparently about a pistol shot ahead of them. Our squad was dispersed in an instant. Some struck off at once in the prairie, in a direct line for their object, and were soon brought to in the deep snow banks; others, taking a more circuitous course, proceeded to double the ravines that were filled with the treacherous drift; and some, more fortunate, took to the frozen river, where the clatter of their hoofs on the hard ice seemed to inspirit their horses anew. I chanced to be one of the latter, and was moreover the first to catch sight again of one of the animals we were pursuing, and find myself nearer to him than any of our party. The wolf was of the large gray kind. But one of the hunters had been able to keep up with him, and him I could distinguish far off in the prairie, turning and winding his foaming horse as the wolf would double every moment upon his tracks, while half a dozen dogs, embarrassed in the deep snow, were slowly coming up. I reached the spot just as the wolf first stood at bay. His bristling back, glaring eyes, and ferociously distended jaws, might well have appalled the dogs for a moment; when an impetuous greyhound, who had been for some time pushing through the snow-drifts with unabated industry, having now attained a comparatively clear spot of ground, leaped with such force against the flank of the wolf as to upset him in an instant, while the greyhound shot far ahead of the quarry. He recovered himself instantly, but not before a fierce powerful hound, whose thick neck and broad muzzle indicated a cross of the bulldog blood with that of a nobler strain, had struck him first upon the haunch, and was now trying to grapple him by the throat. Down again he went, rolling over and over in the deep snow, while the clicking of his jaws, as he snapped eagerly at each member of the pack that by turns beset him, was distinctly audible. The powerful dog, already mentioned, secured him at last by fixing his muzzle deeply in the breast of the prostrate animal. This, however, did not prevent the wolf giving some fearful wounds to the other dogs which beset him; and, accordingly, with the permission of the gentleman who had led the chase, I threw myself from my horse, and gave the game the *coup de grace* with a dirk knife which I had about me. Two of our party soon after joined us, each with a prairie wolf hanging to his saddle-bow; and the others gradually collecting, we returned to Chicago, contented at last with the result of our morning's sport.

It was with no enviable feelings, I assure you, that on making my arrangements an hour ago to start in the new line of stage coaches which has just been established between this point and St. Louis, I found myself compelled to part with the friend to whom I was chiefly indebted for

my share in the glorious sports I have just attempted to describe to you—the four-footed companion of my last six weeks' rambles. I remember being once struck with the remark of an ingenious writer in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, when, in discussing the real and relative value of horses, he observes that the commonest hackney, if in every respect suiting his owner, is priceless to the possessor. A favorite horse, in fact, though his estimation may only depend upon the whim of his master, is one of this world's goods which can never be thoroughly replaced. It is not, however, when the charge of such property falls exclusively to grooms and others from one end of the year to another that you feel its value: the stall-fed palfrey, which you drive along a turnpike from one hotel to another, and abandon when he falls sick for some other means of conveyance, with as little concern as you would exchange your trunk for a portmanteau, or vice versa, has but little hold on one's feelings in comparison with the hearty animal with which you wander away, where he meets with no care but such as you bestow upon him; and when you in turn become wholly dependent upon him for overcoming distances and difficulties between places so remote from each other, that not only your comfort, but sometimes your personal safety, depend upon accomplishing the intervals within certain periods; when you push ahead through falling sleet, ford rivers, plunge through snowbanks, or cross morasses, where the matted grass, spreading its carpet over the shaking slough, embarrasses and wearies the step of your sagacious quadruped, while it prevents his feet from sinking into the dangerous quagmire beneath. Three weeks of such intercourse between man and brute are like three rainy days when one is shut up in a country house with strangers: they cherish a fellowship more cordial than years of ordinary intercourse could engender. It is no little consolation to me that I leave my Bucephalus in excellent hands; nor does this necessary separation so engross my sympathies that I have none to spare for other partings. Upon these, however, I shall not dilate here; though you must not be surprised to find me returning more than once hereafter to characters, scenes, and incidents at Chicago, which I have hitherto left untouched.

HARRIET MARTINEAU'S VISIT, 1836

HICAGO looks raw and bare, standing on the high prairie above the lake shore. The houses appeared all insignificant, and run up in various directions, without any principle at all. A friend of mine who resides there had told me that we should find the inns intolerable, at the period of the great land sales, which bring a concourse of speculators to the place. It was even so. The very sight of them was intolerable; and there was not room for our party among them all. I do not know what we should have done, (unless to betake ourselves to the vessels in the harbor,) if our coming had not been foreknown, and most kindly provided for. We were divided between three families, who had the art of removing all our scruples about intruding on perfect strangers. None of us will lose the lively and pleasant associations with the place, which were caused by the hospitalities of its inhabitants.

I never saw a busier place than Chicago was at the time of our arrival. The streets were crowded with land speculators, hurrying from one sale to another. A negro, dressed up in scarlet, bearing a scarlet flag, and riding a white horse with housings of scarlet, announced the times of sale. At every street corner where he stopped, the crowd flocked round him; and it seemed as if some prevalent mania infected the whole people. The rage for speculation might fairly be so regarded. As the gentlemen of our party walked the streets, storekeepers hailed them from their doors, with offers of farms, and all manner of land-lots, advising them to speculate before the price of land rose higher. A young lawyer, of my acquaintance there, had realised five hundred dollars per day, the five preceding days, by merely making out titles to land. Another friend had realised, in two years, ten times as much money as he had before fixed upon as a competence for life. Of course, this rapid money making is a merely temporary evil. A bursting of the bubble must come soon. The absurdity of the speculation is so striking, that the wonder is that the fever should have attained such a height as I witnessed. The immediate occasion of the bustle which prevailed, the week we were at Chicago, was the sale of lots, to the value of two millions of dollars, along the course of a projected canal; and of another

set, immediately behind these. Persons not intending to game, and not infected with mania, would endeavor to form some reasonable conjecture as to the ultimate value of the lots, by calculating the cost of the canal, the risks from accident, from the possible competition from other places, &c., and, finally, the possible profits, under the most favorable circumstances, within so many years' purchase. Such a calculation would serve as some sort of guide as to the amount of purchase money to be risked. Whereas, wild land on the banks of a canal, not yet even marked out, was selling at Chicago for more than rich land, well improved, in the finest part of the valley of the Mohawk, on the banks of a canal which is already the medium of an almost inestimable amount of traffic. If sharpers and gamblers were to be the sufferers by the impending crash at Chicago, no one would feel much concerned: but they, unfortunately, are the people who encourage the delusion, in order to profit by it. Many a high-spirited, but inexperienced, young man; many a simple settler, will be ruined for the advantage of knaves.

Others, besides lawyers and speculators by trade, make a fortune in such extraordinary times. A poor man at Chicago had a preemption right to some land, for which he paid in the morning one hundred and fifty dollars. In the afternoon, he sold it to a friend of mine for five thousand dollars. A poor Frenchman, married to a squaw, had a suit pending, when I was there, which he was likely to gain, for the right of purchasing some land by the lake for one hundred dollars, which would immediately become worth one million dollars.¹

There was much gaiety going on at Chicago, as well as business. On the evening of our arrival a fancy fair took place. As I was too much fatigued to go, the ladies sent me a bouquet of prairie flowers. There is some allowable pride in the place about its society. It is a remarkable thing to meet such an assemblage of educated, refined, and wealthy persons as may be found there, living in small, inconvenient houses on the edge of a wild prairie. There is a mixture, of course. I heard of a family of half-breeds setting up a carriage, and wearing fine jewelry. When the present intoxication of prosperity passes away, some of the inhabitants will go back to the eastward; there will be an accession of settlers from the mechanic classes; good houses will have been built for the richer families, and the singularity of the place will subside. It will be like all the other new and thriving lake and river ports of America. Meantime, I am glad to have seen it in its strange early days.

¹ This refers to the attempt of Jean B. Beaubien to enter as a homestead a large portion of the Fort Dearborn reservation. Although he failed in his effort he succeeded in arousing much popular discussion and recrimination, and the Beaubien Land Claim became a celebrated case in early Chicago's legal and social annals.

We dined one day with a gentleman² who had been Indian agent among the Winnebagoes for some years. He and his lady seem to have had the art of making themselves as absolutely Indian in their sympathies and manners as the welfare of the savages among whom they lived required. They were the only persons I met with who, really knowing the Indians, had any regard for them. The testimony was universal to the good faith, and other virtues of savage life of the unsophisticated Indians; but they were spoken of in a tone of dislike, as well as pity, by all but this family; and they had certainly studied their Indian neighbors very thoroughly. The ladies of Indian agents ought to be women of nerve. Our hostess had slept for weeks with a loaded pistol on each side her pillow, and a dagger under it, when expecting an attack from a hostile tribe. The foe did not, however, come nearer than within a few miles. Her husband's sister was in the massacre [at Chicago] when the fort was abandoned, in 1812. Her [the sister's] father and her husband were in the battle, and her mother and young brothers and sisters sat in a boat on the lake near. Out of seventy whites, only seventeen escaped, among whom were her family. She was wounded in the ankle, as she sat on her horse. A painted Indian, in warlike costume, came leaping up to her, and seized her horse, as she supposed, to murder her. She fought him vigorously, and he bore it without doing her any injury. He spoke, but she could not understand him. Another frightful savage came up, and the two led her horse to the lake, and into it, in spite of her resistance, till the water reached their chins. She concluded that they meant to drown her; but they contented themselves with holding her on her horse till the massacre was over, when they led her out in safety. They were friendly Indians, sent by her husband to guard her. She could not but admire their patience when she found how she had been treating her protectors.

We had the fearful pleasure of seeing various savage dances performed by the Indian agent and his brother, with the accompaniments of complete costume, barbaric music, and whooping. The most intelligible to us was the Discovery Dance, a highly descriptive pantomime. We saw the Indian go out armed for war. We saw him reconnoitre, make signs to his comrades, sleep, warm himself, load his rifle, sharpen his scalping knife, steal through the grass within rifle shot of his foes, fire, scalp one of them, and dance, whooping and triumphing. There was a dreadful truth about the whole, and it made our blood run cold. It realized hatred and horror as effectually as Taglioni does love and grace.

² John H. Kinzie. His "lady" was the future author of *Wau Bun*, some of the stories of which Miss Martineau here relates being incorporated in it.

We were unexpectedly detained over the Sunday at Chicago; and Dr. F.³ was requested to preach. Though only two hours' notice was given, a respectable congregation was assembled in the large room of the Lake House; a new hotel then building. Our seats were a few chairs and benches, and planks laid on trestles. The preacher stood behind a rough pine table, on which a large Bible was placed. I was never present at a more interesting service; and I know that there were others who felt with me.

From Chicago, we made an excursion into the prairies. Our young lawyer-friend⁴ threw behind him the five hundred dollars per day which he was making, and went with us. I thought him wise; for there is that to be had in the wilderness which money cannot buy. We drove out of the town at ten o'clock in the morning, too late by two hours; but it was impossible to overcome the introductions to strangers, and the bustle of our preparations, any sooner. Our party consisted of seven, besides the driver. Our vehicle was a wagon with four horses.

We had first to cross the prairie, nine miles wide, on the lake edge of which Chicago stands. This prairie is not usually wet so early in the year; but at this time the water stood almost up to the nave of the wheels; and we crossed it at a walking pace. I saw here, for the first time in the United States, the American primrose. It grew in profusion over the whole prairie, as far as I could see; not so large and fine as in English greenhouses, but graceful and pretty. I now found the truth of what I had read about the difficulty of distinguishing distances on a prairie. The feeling is quite bewildering. A man walking near looks like a Goliath a mile off. I mistook a covered wagon without horses, at a distance of fifty yards, for a white house near the horizon; and so on. We were not sorry to reach the belt of trees, which bounded the swamp we had passed. At a house here, where we stopped to water the horses, and eat doughnuts, we saw a crowd of emigrants; which showed that we had not yet reached the bounds of civilization. A little further on we came to the river Aux Plaines [Des Plaines], spelled on a sign board "Oplain." The ferry here is a monopoly, and the public suffers accordingly. There is only one small flat boat for the service of the concourse of people now pouring into the prairies. Though we happened to arrive

³ Rev. Charles T. C. Follen, an eminent scholar and Unitarian minister, in whose party Miss Martineau was traveling. A native of Germany, Dr. Follen was driven from his native land, from France, and from Switzerland in turn because of his liberal tendencies. Seeking refuge in America he held a professorship for several years at Harvard, but lost this in 1834 because of his championship of the anti-slavery movement, then very unpopular in New England. Dr. Follen lost his life in January, 1840, in the burning of the steamer "Lexington" in Long Island Sound.

⁴ Joseph N. Balestier, author of the selection, "Annals of Chicago," which follows.

nearly first of the crowd of today, we were detained on the bank above an hour; and then our horses went over at two crossings, and the wagon and ourselves at the third. It was a pretty scene, if we had not been in a hurry; the country wagons and teams in the wood by the side of the quiet clear river; and the oxen swimming over, yoked, with only their patient faces visible above the surface. After crossing, we proceeded briskly till we reached a single house, where, or nowhere, we were to dine. The kind hostess bestirred herself to provide us a good dinner of tea, bread, ham, potatoes, and strawberries, of which a whole pailful, ripe and sweet, had been gathered by the children in the grass round the house, within one hour. While dinner was preparing, we amused ourselves with looking over an excellent small collection of books, belonging to Miss Cynthia, the daughter of the hostess.

I never saw insulation, (not desolation,) to compare with the situation of a settler on a wide prairie. A single house in the middle of Salisbury Plain would be desolate. A single house on a prairie has clumps of trees near it, rich fields about it; and flowers, strawberries, and running water at hand. But when I saw a settler's child tripping out of home-bounds, I had a feeling that it would never get back again. It looked like putting out into Lake Michigan in a canoe. The soil round the dwellings is very rich. It makes no dust, it is so entirely vegetable. It requires merely to be once turned over to produce largely; and, at present, it appears to be inexhaustible. As we proceeded, the scenery became more and more like what all travelers compare it to,—a boundless English park. The grass was wilder, the occasional footpath not so trim, and the single trees less majestic; but no park ever displayed anything equal to the grouping of the trees within the windings of the blue, brimming river Aux Plaines.

We had met with so many delays that we felt doubts about reaching the place where we had intended to spend the night. At sunset, we found ourselves still nine miles from Joliet; but we were told that the road was good, except a small "slew" or two; and there was half a moon shining behind a thin veil of clouds; so we pushed on. We seemed latterly to be traveling on a terrace overlooking a wide champaign, where a dark waving line might indicate the winding of the river, between its clumpy banks. Our driver descended, and went forward, two or three times, to make sure of our road; and at length, we rattled down a steep descent, and found ourselves among houses. This was not our resting place, however. The Joliet hotel lay on the other side of the river. We were directed to a footbridge by which we were to pass; and a ford below for the wagon. We strained our eyes in vain for the footbridge; and our

gentlemen peeped and pryed about for some time. All was still but the rippling river, and everybody asleep in the houses that were scattered about. We ladies were presently summoned to put on our waterproof shoes, and alight. A man showed himself who had risen from his bed to help us in our need. The footbridge consisted, for some way, of two planks, with a handrail on one side: but, when we were about a third of the way over, one half of the planks, and the handrail, had disappeared. We actually had to cross the rushing, deep river on a line of single planks, by dim moonlight, at past eleven o'clock at night. The great anxiety was about Charley; but between his father and the guide, he managed very well. This guide would accept nothing but thanks. He "did not calculate to take any pay." Then we waited some time for the wagon to come up from the ford. I suspected it had passed the spot where we stood, and had proceeded to the village, where we saw a twinkling light, now disappearing, and now reappearing. It was so, and the driver came back to look for us, and tell us that the light we saw was a signal from the hotel keeper, whom we found, standing on his doorstep, and sheltering his candle with his hand. We sat down and drank milk in the bar, while he went to consult with his wife what was to be done with us, as every bed in the house was occupied. We, meanwhile, agreed that the time was now come for us to enjoy an adventure which we had often anticipated, sleeping in a barn. We had all declared ourselves anxious to sleep in a barn, if we could meet with one that was airtight, and well supplied with hay. Such a barn was actually on these premises. We were prevented, however, from all practising the freak by the prompt hospitality of our hostess. Before we knew what she was about, she had risen and dressed herself, put clean sheets on her own bed, and made up two others on the floor of the same room; so that the ladies and Charley were luxuriously accommodated. Two sleepy personages crawled downstairs to offer their beds to our gentlemen. Mr. L. and our Chicago friend, however, persisted in sleeping in the barn. Next morning, we all gave a very gratifying report of our lodgings. When we made our acknowledgments to our hostess, she said she thought that people who could go to bed quietly every night ought to be ready to give up to tired travelers. Whenever she travels, I hope she will be treated as she treated us. She let us have breakfast as early as half-past five, the next morning, and gave Charley a bun at parting, lest he should be too hungry before we could dine.

The great object of our expedition, Mount Joliet, was two miles distant from this place. We had to visit it, and perform the journey

back to Chicago, forty miles, before night. The mount is only sixty feet high; yet it commands a view which I shall not attempt to describe, either in its vastness, or its soft beauty. The very spirit of tranquillity resides in this paradys scene. The next painter who would worthily illustrate Milton's Morning Hymn, should come and paint what he sees from Mount Joliet, on a dewy summer's morning, when a few light clouds are gently sailing in the sky, and their shadows traversing the prairie. I thought I had never seen green levels till now; and only among mountains had I before known the beauty of wandering showers. Mount Joliet has the appearance of being an artificial mound, its sides are so uniformly steep, and its form so regular. Its declivity was bristling with flowers; among which were conspicuous the scarlet lily, the white convolvulus, and a tall, red flower of the scabia form. We disturbed a nighthawk, sitting on her eggs, on the ground. She wheeled round and round over our heads, and, I hope, returned to her eggs before they were cold.

Not far from the mount was a log house, where the rest of the party went in to dry their feet, after having stood long in the wet grass. I remained outside, watching the light showers, shifting in the partial sunlight from clump to level, and from reach to reach of the brimming and winding river. The nine miles of prairie, which we had traversed in dim moonlight last night, were now exquisitely beautiful, as the sun shone fitfully upon them.

We saw a prairie wolf, very like a yellow dog, trotting across our path, this afternoon. Our hostess of the preceding day, expecting us, had an excellent dinner ready for us. We were detained a shorter time at the ferry, and reached the belt of trees at the edge of Nine-mile Prairie, before sunset. Here, in common prudence, we ought to have stopped till the next day, even if no other accommodation could be afforded us than a roof over our heads. We deserved an ague for crossing the swamp after dark, in an open wagon, at a foot pace. Nobody was aware of this in time, and we set forward; the feet of our wearied horses plashing in water at every step of the nine miles. There was no road; and we had to trust to the instinct of driver and horses to keep us in the right direction. I rather think the driver attempted to amuse himself by exciting our fears. He hinted more than once at the difficulty of finding the way; at the improbability that we should reach Chicago before midnight; and at the danger of our wandering about the marsh all night, and finding ourselves at the opposite edge of the prairie in the morning. Charley was bruised and tired. All the rest were hungry and cold. It was very dreary. The driver bade us look to our right

hand. A black bear was trotting alongside of us, at a little distance. After keeping up his trot for some time, he turned off from our track. The sight of him made up for all—even if ague should follow, which I verily believed it would. But we escaped all illness. It is remarkable that I never saw ague but once. The single case that I met with was in autumn, at the Falls of Niagara.

I had promised Dr. F. a long story about English politics, when a convenient opportunity should occur. I thought the present an admirable one; for nobody seemed to have anything to say, and it was highly desirable that something should be said. I made my story long enough to beguile four miles; by which time, some were too tired, and others too much disheartened, for more conversation. Something white was soon after visible. Our driver gave out that it was a house, half a mile from Chicago. But no: it was an emigrant encampment, on a morsel of raised, dry ground; and again we were uncertain whether we were in the right road. Presently, however, the Chicago beacon was visible, shining a welcome to us through the dim, misty air. The horses seemed to see it, for they quickened their pace; and before half-past ten, we were on the bridge.

The family, at my temporary home, were gone up to their chambers; but the wood fire was soon replenished, tea made, and the conversation growing lively. My companions were received as readily at their several resting places. When we next met, we found ourselves all disposed to place warm hospitality very high on the list of virtues.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S REMINISCENCES, 1838

(From "*The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson*"; copyright 1889, 1890; published by the Century Company)

IN the year 1838 the new town of Chicago had just turned from an Indian village into a thriving little place, and my uncle had written to my father urging him to join in the management of the new theater which was then being built there. As each fresh venture presented itself my father's hopeful nature predicted immediate and successful results. He had scarcely finished the letter when he declared that our fortunes were made, so we turned our faces towards the setting sun. In those days a journey from Albany to Chicago was no small undertaking for a large family in straitened circumstances; certain cherished articles had to be parted with to procure necessary comforts for the trip. I really do not know how, but we got from Albany to Schenectady, where we acted for a few nights with a company that was playing there. Several of the actors, who had received no salary for some time, decided to accompany my father and seek their fortunes in the West.

As I remember it, our journey was long, but not tedious. We traveled part of the way in a fast-sailing packet boat on the Erie Canal, the only smoke issuing from the caboose stovepipe. I can remember our party admiring this craft with the same enthusiasm that we now express in looking at a fine ocean steamer. She was painted white and green and enlivened with blue window blinds, and a broad red stripe running from bow to stern. Her name was the *Pioneer*, which was to us most suggestive, as our little band was among the early dramatic emigrants to the far West. The boat resembled a Noah's ark with a flat roof, and my father, like the patriarch of old, took his entire family on board, with this difference, however—he was required to pay his passage, it being understood between him and the captain that he should stop a night in Utica and one in Syracuse, give a theatrical entertainment in each place, and hand over the receipts in payment of our fare.

We acted in Utica for one night, and the receipts were quite good. My father and mother were in high spirits, and there is no doubt that

the captain had hopes that the next night's entertainment in Syracuse would liquidate our liabilities, for there was a visible improvement in the coffee at breakfast, and an extra piece of pie all around for dinner. The next night, unfortunately, the elements were against us: it rained in torrents and the attendance was light, so that we were short of our passage money about ten dollars.

The captain being a strict member of the ——— Church could not attend either of the performances, and as he was in his heart most anxious to see what acting was like, he proposed that if the company would "cut up" for him and give him a private show in the cabin he would call it "square." Our actors, being highly legitimate, declined; but my mother, ever anxious to show off the histrionic qualities of her son, proposed that I should sing some comic songs for the captain, and so ransom the rest of the actors. The captain turned it over in his mind—being, I am afraid, a little suspicious of my genius—but after due consideration consented. So he prepared himself for the entertainment, the cook and my mother comprising the rest of the audience. The actors had wisely retired to the upper deck, as they had been afflicted on former occasions. I now began a dismal comic song called "The Devil and Little Mike." It consisted of some twenty-five stanzas, each one containing two lines with a large margin of "whack fol de riddle." It was never quite clear whether the captain enjoyed this entertainment or not: my mother said he did, for, though the religious turn of his mind would naturally suppress any impulse to applaud, he said even before I had half finished that he was quite satisfied.

On our arrival in Buffalo we found another pioneer company, under the management of Dean and McKenney. Here we staid over two or three days, waiting for the steamer to take us up the lakes. Marble was starring there; he was one of the first and best of the Yankee comedians. In those days the stage New Englander was acted and dressed in a most extravagant manner. I remember seeing Marble play, and his costume was much after the present caricature of Uncle Sam, minus the stars but glorying in the stripes.

In a few days we steamed up the beautiful lakes of Erie, Huron, and Michigan. The boat would stop sometimes for hours at one of the stations to take in wood, or a stray passenger, and then the Indians would paddle out to us in their canoes offering their beadwork and moc-casins for sale. Sometimes we would go ashore and walk on the beach gathering pebbles, carnelians and agates. I thought them of immense value, and kept my treasures for years afterwards. What a lovely trip it was as I remember it! Lake Huron at sunset is before me now—a

purple sky melting into a golden horizon; rich green foliage on the banks; yellow sand with many-colored pebbles making the beach of the lake; the clear and glassy water; groups of Indians lolling on the banks, smoking their pipes and making baskets; the hills dotted with their little villages with tents made of skins and painted canvas; blue smoke curling slowly up in the calm summer air; and all the bright colors reflected in the lake. I stood there as a boy, skimming flat stones over the surface of the water, and now as I write in the autumn of my life these once quiet shores are covered with busy cities; the furnaces glow with melted iron, the locomotive screams and whistles along the road where once the ox-teams used to carry the mail, and corner lots and real-estate agents "fill the air." When we think that all these wonderful changes have taken place within the last fifty years, it is startling to speculate upon what the next half century may bring about.

So day by day passes, till one night a light is espied in the distance, then another, and then many more dance and reflect themselves in the water. It is too late to go ashore, so we drop anchor. At sunrise we are all on deck looking at the haven of our destination, and there in the morning light, on the shores of Lake Michigan, stands the little town of Chicago, containing two thousand inhabitants. Aunt, uncle, and their children come to meet and welcome us. Then there is such a shaking of hands and a kiss all round, and "Why, how well you are looking!" and "Is this Charlie? How he has grown!" "Why, that's not Joe! Dear me, who'd have believed it?" And then we all laugh again and have another kiss.

The captain said he had enjoyed a splendid trip, such fun, such music and singing and dancing. "Well, good-bye all," "Good luck"; and off we go ashore and walk through the busy little town, busy even then, people hurrying to and fro, frame buildings going up, board sidewalks going down, new hotels, new churches, new theaters, everything new. Saw and hammer—saw, saw, bang, bang—look out for the drays!—bright and muddy streets—gaudy-colored calicoes—blue and red flannels and striped ticking hanging outside the dry-goods stores—bar-rooms—real-estate offices—attorneys-at-law—oceans of them.

And now for the new theater, newly painted canvas, tack-hammer at work on stuffed seats in the dress-circle, planing-boards in the pit, new drop curtain let down for inspection, "beautiful!"—a medallion of Shakspeare, suffering from a severe pain in his stomach, over the center, with "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin" written under him, and a large, painted, brick-red drapery looped up by Justice, with sword and scales, showing an arena with a large number of gladiators

hacking away at one another in the distance to a delighted Roman public; though what Justice had to do with keeping these gladiators on exhibition was never clearly explained by the artist. There were two private boxes with little white-and-gold balustrades and turkey red curtains, over one box a portrait of Beethoven and over the other a portrait of Handel—upon unfriendly terms, glaring at each other. The dome was pale blue, with pink-and-white clouds, on which reposed four ungraceful ballet girls representing the seasons, and apparently dropping flowers, snow, and grapes into the pit. Over each season there floated four fat little cherubim “in various stages of spinal curvature.”

My father being a scenic artist himself, was naturally disposed to be critical, and when the painter asked his opinion of the dome, he replied:

“Well, since you ask me, don’t you think that your angels are a little stiff in their attitudes?”

“No, sir; not for angels. When I deal with mythological subjects I never put my figures in natural attitudes; it would be inharmonious. A natural angel would be out of keeping with the rest of the work.”

To which my father replied that it was quite likely that such would be the case. “But why have you made Handel and Beethoven frown at each other? They are not mythological subjects.”

“No, no,” said the painter. “But they are musicians, you know; and great musicians always quarrel, eh? Ha, ha!”

“Yes,” said my father; “but as Handel died before Beethoven was born, I don’t see how any coolness could have existed between them.”

The foregoing dialogue, while it may not be verbatim, is at least in the spirit of the original. I could not possibly remember the exact words of the different conversations that will naturally occur through these chapters; but I have placed them in their present form, as I believe it is the clearest and most effective way to tell the story. Many of the conversations and incidents are traditional in my family; I have good reason to take them for granted, and I must ask the reader to share my confidence.

The greenroom was a perfect gem, with a three-foot wavy mirror and cushioned seats around the wall—traps under the stage so convenient that Ophelia could walk from her grave to her dressing room with perfect ease.

With what delight the actors looked forward to the opening of a new theater in a new town, where dramatic entertainments were still unknown—repairing their wardrobes, studying their new parts, and speculating on the laurels that were to be won!

After a short season in Chicago, with the varying success which in those days always attended the drama, the company went to Galena

for a short season, traveling in open wagons over the prairie. Our seats were the trunks that contained the wardrobe—those old-fashioned hair trunks of a mottled and spotted character made from the skins of defunct circus horses: "To what base uses we may return!" These smooth hair trunks, with geometrical problems in brass tacks ornamenting their surface, would have made slippery seats even on a macadamized road, so one may imagine the difficulty we had in holding on while jolting over a rough prairie. Nothing short of a severe pressure on the brass tacks and a convulsive grip of the handles could have kept us in position; and whenever a treacherous handle gave way our company was for the time being just one member short. As we were not an express mail-train, of course we were allowed more than twenty minutes for refreshments; the only difficulty was the refreshments. We stopped at farm-houses on the way for this uncertain necessity, and they were far apart. If the roads were heavy and the horses jaded, those actors who had tender hearts and tough limbs jumped out and walked to ease the poor brutes. Often I have seen my father trudging along ahead of the wagon, smoking his pipe, and I have no doubt thinking of the large fortune he was going to make in the next town, now and then looking back with his light blue eyes, giving my mother a cheerful nod which plainly said: "I'm all right. This is splendid; nothing could be finer." If it rained he was glad it was not snowing; if it snowed he was thankful it was not raining. This contented nature was his only inheritance; but it was better than a fortune made in Galena or anywhere else, for nothing could rob him of it.

We traveled from Galena to Dubuque on the frozen river in sleighs—smoother work than the roughly rutted roads of the prairie; but it was a perilous journey, for a warm spell had set in and made the ice sloppy and unsafe. We would sometimes hear it crack and see it bend under our horses' feet: now a long-drawn breath of relief as we passed some dangerous spot, then a convulsive grasping of our nearest companion as the ice groaned and shook beneath us. Well, the passengers arrived safe, but, horror to relate! the sleigh containing the baggage, private and public, with the scenery and properties, green curtain and drop, broke through the ice and tumbled into the Mississippi. My poor mother was in tears, but my father was in high spirits at his good luck, as he called it—because there was a sand-bar where the sleigh went in! So the things were saved at last, though in a forlorn condition. The opening had to be delayed in order to dry the wardrobe and smooth the scenery.

The halls of the hotel were strung with clothes-lines, and the costumes of all nations festooned the doors of the bedrooms, so that when

an unsuspecting boarder came out suddenly into the entry he was likely to run his head into a damp "Roman" shirt, or perhaps have the legs of a soaking pair of red tights dangling round his neck. Mildew filled the air. The gilded pasteboard helmets fared the worst. They had succumbed to the softening influences of the Mississippi, and were as battered and out of shape as if they had gone through the pass of Thermopylae. Limp leggings of scale armor hung wet and dejected from the lines; low-spirited cocked hats were piled up in a corner; rough-dried court coats stretched their arms out as if in the agony of drowning, as though they would say, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink." Theatrical scenery at its best looks pale and shabby in the daytime, but a well-worn set after a six-hours' bath in a river presents the most woe-begone appearance that can well be imagined; the sky and water of the marine had so mingled with each other that the horizon line had quite disappeared. My father had painted the scenery, and he was not a little crestfallen as he looked upon the ruins: a wood scene had amalgamated with a Roman street painted on the back of it, and had so run into stains and winding streaks that he said it looked like a large map of South America; and, pointing out the Andes with his cane, he humorously traced the Amazon to its source. Of course this mishap on the river delayed the opening for a week. In the mean time the scenery had to be repainted and the wardrobe put in order: many of the things were ruined, and the helmets defied repair.

After a short and, I think, a good season at Dubuque, we traveled along the river to the different towns just springing up in the West—Burlington, Quincy, Peoria, Pekin, and Springfield. In those primitive days, I need scarcely say, we were often put to severe shifts for a theater.

In Quincy the courthouse was fitted up, and it answered admirably. In one town a large warehouse was utilized, but in Pekin we were reduced to the dire necessity of acting in a pork-house. This establishment was a large frame building, stilted up on piles about two feet from the ground, and situated in the open prairie just at the edge of the town. The pigs were banished from their comfortable quarters, and left to browse about on the common during the day, taking shelter under their former abode in the evening. After undergoing some slight repairs in the roof, and submitting to a thorough scouring and whitewashing, the building presented quite a respectable appearance. The opening play was "Clari, the Maid of Milan." This drama was written by John Howard Payne, and his song of "Home, Sweet Home" belongs to the play. My mother, on this occasion, played the part of *Clari* and sang the touching ballad.

Now it is a pretty well established fact in theatrical history that if an infant has been smuggled into the theater under the shawl of its fond mother, however dormant it may have been during the unimportant scenes of the play, no sooner is an interesting point arrived at, where the most perfect stillness is required, than the "dear little innocent" will break forth in lamentation loud and deep. On this occasion no youthful humanity disturbed the peace, but the "animal kingdom," in the shape of the banished pigs, asserted its rights to a public hearing. As soon as the song of "Home, Sweet Home" commenced they began by bumping their backs up against the beams, keeping anything but good time to the music; and as my mother plaintively chanted the theme "Sweet, Sweet Home," realizing their own cruel exile, the pigs squealed most dismally. Of course the song was ruined, and my mother was in tears at the failure. My father, however, consoled her by saying that though the grunting was not quite in harmony with the music, it was in perfect sympathy with the sentiment.

Springfield being the capital of Illinois, it was determined to devote the entire season to the entertainment of the members of the legislature. Having made money for several weeks previous to our arrival here, the management resolved to hire a lot and build a theater. This sounds like a large undertaking, and perhaps with their limited means it was a rash step. I fancy that my father rather shrunk from this bold enterprise, but the senior partner (McKenzie) was made of sterner stuff, and, his energy being quite equal to his ambition, the ground was broken and the temple erected.

The building of a theater in those days did not require the amount of capital that it does now. Folding opera chairs were unknown. Gas was an occult mystery, not yet acknowledged as a fact by the unscientific world in the West; a second-class quality of sperm oil was the height of any manager's ambition. The footlights of the best theaters in the Western country were composed of lamps set in a "float" with the counter-weights. When a dark stage was required, or the lamps need trimming or refilling, this mechanical contrivance was made to sink under the stage. I believe if the theater, or "Devil's workshop," as it was sometimes called, had suddenly been illuminated with the same material now in use, its enemies would have declared that the light was furnished from the "Old Boy's" private gasometer.

The new theater, when completed, was about ninety feet deep and forty feet wide. No attempt was made at ornamentation; and as it was unpainted, the simple lines of architecture upon which it was constructed gave it the appearance of a large drygoods box with a roof. I do not

think my father, or McKenzie, ever owned anything with a roof until now, so they were naturally proud of their possession.

In the midst of our rising fortunes a heavy blow fell upon us. A religious revival was in progress at the time, and the fathers of the church not only launched forth against us in their sermons, but by some political maneuver got the city to pass a new law enjoining a heavy license against our "unholy" calling; I forget the amount, but it was large enough to be prohibitory. Here was a terrible condition of affairs: all our available funds invested, the legislature in session, the town full of people, and we by a heavy license denied the privilege of opening the new theater!

In the midst of their trouble a young lawyer called on the managers. He had heard of the injustice, and offered, if they would place the matter in his hands, to have the license taken off, declaring that he only desired to see fair play, and he would accept no fee whether he failed or succeeded. The case was brought up before the council. The young lawyer began his harangue. He handled the subject with tact, skill, and humor, tracing the history of the drama from the time when Thespis acted in a cart to the stage of today. He illustrated his speech with a number of anecdotes, and kept the council in a roar of laughter; his good humor prevailed, and the exorbitant tax was taken off.

This young lawyer was very popular in Springfield, and was honored and beloved by all who knew him, and after the time of which I write he held rather an important position in the government of the United States. He now lies buried near Springfield, under a monument commemorating his greatness and his virtues—and his name was Abraham Lincoln!

THE ANNALS OF CHICAGO IN 1840

THE year 1836 is especially memorable in the Annals of Chicago. An unregulated spirit of speculation had manifested itself very decidedly throughout the whole country in the year 1835, which in the succeeding year attained it acme. The cities of the east were visited with an epidemic madness which found its way into every hamlet in the Atlantic states. It was suddenly discovered that the American people had labored under serious misapprehensions with regard to the value of land, especially that which lay in cities and villages. No sooner was this startling discovery made, than the price of real property suddenly rose a hundred, and frequently a thousandfold. Sagacious men, looking far into the future, now perceived that cities and villages covering only a few acres of land, were soon destined to extend over an illimitable domain. Visions of the glorious future filled the imaginations of the multitude; wherever the surveyor took the magic chain and compass—no matter how remote from population—there it became certain that a mighty city would, at no distant day, arise. Paper cities flourished in a manner unparalleled, and the public mind became utterly diseased.

This unwholesome spirit was confined to no classes—it extended itself into every walk of life. The farmer forsook the plow, and became a speculator upon the surface of the soil, instead of a producer from beneath the sod. If happily a city or a village were in his vicinity, the farm was laid off in lots and exhibited on a map. The mechanic laid aside his tools and resolved to grow rich without labor. The lawyer sold his books and invested the proceeds in lands. The physician “threw physic to the dogs,” and wrote promissory notes instead of prescriptions. Even the day laborer became learned in the mysteries of quit-claim and warranty, and calculated his fortune by thousands.

When the mass of the community thus abandoned or neglected their proper pursuits, it may readily be assumed that the ignoble few who were willing to work, received an ample reward for their pains. The price of labor was exorbitant; the simplest service was purchased at a dear rate. Even the barbers, who, since the days of Abraham, had shaved for six-pence, discovered that they had been working at half

price. The great increase of consumers, and the proportionate decrease of producers, rendered the price of provisions enormous.

To the merchant especially, this appeared to be the golden era; but alas! he soon learned that it was the age of dross. Had he been prudent—had he confined himself to his proper vocation, and kept clear of over-expansion, he might have done well. But the spirit of the times drowned the voice of reason. *Credit*, reckless and indiscriminate, was the master principle of those wild and maddening days. Overleaping every barrier, disdaining restraint, tempting the inexperienced and unwary, laughing to scorn the calculating and prudent, alluring the ignorant and avaricious—the evil spirit went forth, sowing at broadcast the prolific seeds of bankruptcy and ruin.

To the abuse of *credit* then, did the country in a great degree owe its disasters. Already had the banks, which greatly multiplied at this period, issued sufficient paper promises to create a spirit of wild extravagance; but the property of the country rose too rapidly in value to be represented by an inflated bank note circulation. Individuals, therefore, in humble imitation of the banks, issued their notes without stint or limit. The merchant trusted, without discrimination, all who chose to buy, and he gloried in the fictitious profits which appeared upon his ledger. He thought it prudent to diversify his pursuits by purchasing land on credit, confiding in his surplus profits as a means of payment. In this manner obligations to the amount of millions, were contracted for an imaginary consideration.

If old established communities were thus frightened from their propriety, it can hardly be supposed that the rising village of Chicago could escape the contagion. The year 1835 found us just awakened to a sense of our own importance. A short time before, the price of the best lots did not exceed two or three hundred dollars; and the rise had been so rapid that property could not from the nature of things have acquired an ascertained value. In our case, therefore, the inducements to speculation were particularly strong; and as no fixed value could be assigned to property, so no price could by any established standard be deemed extravagant. Moreover, nearly all who came to the place expected to amass fortunes by speculating. The wonder then is, not that we speculated so much, but rather that we did not rush more madly into the vortex of ruin. Well indeed would it have been, had our wild speculations been confined to Chicago; here at least there was *something* received in exchange for the money and notes of the purchaser. But the few square miles which composed Chicago, formed but a small item among the subjects of speculation. So utterly reckless had the

community grown, that they chased every bubble which floated in the speculative atmosphere; madness increased in proportion to the foulness of its aliment; the more absurd the project, the more remote the object, the more madly were they pursued. The prairies of Illinois, the forests of Wisconsin, and the sand hills of Michigan, presented a chain almost unbroken of supposititious villages and cities. The whole land seemed staked out and peopled on paper. If a man were reputed to be fortunate, his touch, like that of Midas, was supposed to turn every thing into gold, and the crowd entered blindly into every project he might originate. These worthies would besiege the land offices, and purchase town-sites at a dollar and a quarter per acre, which in a few days appeared upon paper, laid out in the most approved rectangular fashion, emblazoned in glaring colors, and exhibiting the public spirit of the proprietor in the multitude of their public squares, church lots, and school reservations. Often was a fictitious streamlet seen to wind its romantic course through the heart of an ideal city, thus creating water lots and water privileges. But where a *real* stream, however diminutive, did find its way to the shore of the lake—no matter what was the character of the surrounding country—some wary operator would ride night and day until the prize was secured at the government price. Then the miserable waste of sand and fens which lay unconscious of its glory on the shore of the lake, was suddenly elevated into a mighty city, with a projected harbor and lighthouse, railroads and canals, and in a short time the circumjacent lands were sold in lots 50 feet by 100 under the names of "additions." Not the puniest brook which approached the shore of Lake Michigan was suffered to remain without a city at its mouth, and whoever will travel around that lake shall find many a mighty mart staked out in spots suitable only for the habitations of wild beasts.

If a man were so fortunate as to have a disputed title, it made no great difference where the land lay, or how slender was his claim; his fortune was made; for the very insecurity of the purchase made it desirable in the eyes of the venturous.

A powerful auxiliary to the speculating spirit was the sale of lands by auction.

When bodies of men actuated by a common motive, assemble together for a common object, zeal is apt to run into enthusiasm; when the common passion is artfully inflamed by a skilful orator, enthusiasm becomes fanaticism, and fanaticism madness. Men who wish to be persuaded are already more than half won over, and an excited imagination will produce almost any anticipated result. Popular delusions have carried away millions at a time; mental epidemics have raged at every

period of the world's history, and conviction has been ever potent to work miracles. Now the speculating mania was an epidemic of the mind, and every chord struck by the chief performers produced endless vibrations, until the countless tones of the full diapason broke forth in maddening strains of fascination.

The auctioneers were the high priests who sacrificed in the Temple of Fortune; through them the speculators spread abroad their specious representations. Like the Sybils and Flamens of old, they delivered false oracles, and made a juggle of omens and auguries.

But the day of retribution was at hand; the reaction came on, and the professional speculator and his victims were swallowed up in one common ruin. Trusting to the large sums due to him, the land operator involved himself more and more deeply, until his fate was more pitiable than that of his defrauded dupes. The year 1837 will ever be remembered as the era of protested notes; it was the harvest of the notary and the lawyer—the year of wrath to the mercantile, producing, and laboring interests. Misery inscribed its name on many a face but lately radiant with high hopes; despair was stamped on many a countenance which had wont to be “wreathed in smiles.” Broken fortunes, blasted hopes, aye, and blighted characters; these were the legitimate offspring of those pestilent times. The land resounded with the groans of ruined men and the sobs of defrauded women who had entrusted their all to greedy speculators. Political events, which had hitherto favored these wild chimeras, now conspired to hasten and aggravate the impending downfall. It was a scene of woe and desolation.

Temporary relief came in the shape of Michigan money—but like all empty expedients, it in the end, aggravated the disease it pretended to cure—it seemed a sovereign panacea, but it proved a quack specific.

Let us turn from this sickening spectacle of disaster and ruin. Mad as her citizens had been, Chicago *was* Chicago still. Artificial enterprises had failed, but nature was still the same.

There stood Chicago “in her pride of place,” unmoved and immovable. Though mourning and desolate she could still sustain an active population. Need I add that *she has done it*?

On the 4th of July, 1836, the first ground was broken on the canal. A steamboat and two schooners conveyed a numerous company to Canal Port where the ceremony was performed. Thus far this noble work has made good progress; with its great resources there is reason to hope, notwithstanding the narrow spirit of some of our legislators, that it will be urged to a speedy completion. Then shall we see Chicago take

her stand among the proudest cities of the nation, and by the blessing of God, no obstacle can impede her onward march to greatness.*

*This is not a mere outpouring of enthusiasm. The Illinois and Michigan Canal when completed will render Chicago a place of vast importance. I will briefly advert to a few of the advantages which will be derived from that great work.

It is well known that no dependence can be placed on the Ohio River as a channel of transportation, while the Lakes afford a certain means of conveyance. All the forwarding business for towns lying on the Illinois River, and for the interior of Illinois must be done through Chicago. Indeed this is already the case to a considerable extent. But the canal will also open to us the forwarding business to St. Louis and all the great towns which are springing up on the upper Mississippi and its branches. Thus will Chicago be the grand avenue for the transportation of merchandise bound westward.

Again, the Chicago market can furnish an almost inexhaustible supply of pine lumber from the forests of Michigan and Wisconsin. The lumber trade is already very considerable, and the supply can be increased in proportion to the demand. The towns on the upper Mississippi and its branches, are chiefly supplied with lumber brought from the Allegheny River, a distance of upwards of 1200 miles. The price of pine lumber at St. Louis, I am informed, generally averages \$40, while at Chicago the average price is about \$14 per thousand. Our lumber trade must consequently be immense.

But the produce of the soil, will be the great and unfailing source of prosperity to Chicago. An immense region of country, unsurpassed in fertility, will send its produce to this market. The lines of railroad connecting with the canal, will bring into cultivation large tracts of country now considered valueless. As a stock country Illinois is unsurpassed; for her vast prairies are capable of sustaining innumerable herds of cattle. It is doing no violence to truth to say, that Chicago will at no distant day, be the great produce mart of the western world. Wheat, corn, beef, pork, butter, cheese, &c. will come into the place in great abundance. The mines of northern Illinois, Missouri, and Wisconsin will pour a portion of their treasures into the lap of Chicago. An immense traffic will grow out of the interchange of commodities, and no limit can be assigned to the prosperity of the place. Emigration will open new fields of enterprise "beyond the swelling flood" of the Mississippi, and the influence of Chicago will extend to the base of the Rocky mts

Mountains. We may form some idea of the future growth of the country by looking into the past. Ten years ago there was scarcely a farm in Illinois to the north of Chicago. This congressional district then contained only 54,213 inhabitants; it now contains a population of more than 200,000 souls, and numbers over 40,000 voters. Until the last year we depended in a great measure on the East for supplies of provisions. Our pork, flour, butter, &c. were brought from the states of New York and Ohio. Last year we exported some pork, and a small quantity of wheat. When navigation opens in the spring of 1840 we shall send forward a large amount of produce. Every year will increase the value of our exports, and never again will the East supply us with provisions.

Chicago is also destined to be a great thoroughfare. Already have our splendid steamboats attracted travelers from all the large towns on the Mississippi, including New Orleans, and every year brings with it an increasing throng.

The Illinois and Michigan Canal connecting the waters of Lake Michigan with the Illinois River, and completing an inland communication by water between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, is now nearly half completed. According to the last report of the commissioners, it can be finished in 1843 if the necessary means are procured. The canal will be almost 100 miles in length, 60 feet wide at surface, and 6 feet deep. It will be fed with the pure waters of Lake Michigan, and for that reason will be very expensive. About \$2,750,000 have already been expended upon the work, and it will require upwards of \$5,000,000 to complete it. Of the amount already expended, about \$500,000 have been derived from the resources of the canal. These resources consist of farming lands, town lots, wood, timber, &c. The Governor in his last message estimates the total cost of the canal at \$8,118,616.38—the amount of canal property at \$7,034,102.35, leaving a balance of \$1,084,513.63 against the canal, the greater part of which, he thinks can be realized from contingent resources. The amount of canal lands not sold is 270,182 acres which the Governor estimates at \$5,500,000 being sufficient to complete the work. It should be remembered that these lands include several valuable town sites, among which are Chicago, Lockport, Joliet, Ottawa, and La Salle, the terminating point. The lands lie in alternate sections of a mile square, and extend back five miles on each side of the entire line of the canal. Near La Salle are large beds of coal which may be classed among the resources of the canal.

The Chicago River is to be used for the purposes of a canal for a

distance of about 4 miles. Then for about 18 miles the cutting is very deep, averaging about 20 feet, and that through a clay stratum of the heaviest character. Rock excavations follow, and doubtless the quarries laid open by the canal, will hereafter supply Chicago with an indefinite quantity of good building materials. From Chicago to the mouth of the Kankakee, a distance of 50 miles, the whole work is under contract. About 25 miles of comparatively light work, are not as yet let out, but the remaining portion is under contract, and the work far advanced.

The revenue which will be derived from tolls, water privileges, coal, &c. cannot fail to be very great.

Part IV

A Metropolis Develops



HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

PART IV



THE third decade of the nineteenth century, a period of revolution, political and social, in Europe and America alike, witnessed the birth of modern Chicago. Ushered into being with all the accompaniments of a boom, a process which was destined to be many times repeated as the frontier of civilization moved westward across the continent, the youthful city soon experienced the severe reaction that keen observers like Miss Martineau had foretold. But the substantial elements of potential prosperity were in no wise affected by the depression that accompanied the panic of 1837, a thing which thoughtful citizens of the nascent metropolis, however great their previous infatuation had been, were quick to see. The basis of their convictions was well set forth by Balesier, whose argument concludes the preceding chapter. With the settlement of the adjoining region Chicago was bound to grow. Its prosperity spelled inevitable prosperity for her. Whatever the outlook of the immediate present, a great future was in store for Chicago, and of this fact shrewd observers were fully aware.

In the present chapter we have gathered a number of narratives describing Chicago in different stages of her development from the sprawling village of 1840, hopefully facing her future, to the industrial and metropolitan center of 1916, with greater achievements to her credit than any the wildest enthusiast two generations ago would have dared to dream of, and with a still more glorious future in prospect. Covering so long a period of time the treatment is necessarily less intensive than in the preceding chapter. The first narrative presents the Chicago of 1850 as seen by Fredrika Bremer, the well-known Swedish novelist. Miss Bremer spent two years in an extensive tour of the United States, the literary fruit of which was a thoughtful and entertaining two-volume narrative entitled *The Homes of the New World*.

Although fond of life and society Miss Bremer possessed the soul of a reformer, being greatly interested in religious, social, and philanthropic subjects. We follow her on her journey from Buffalo westward, and through her stay at Chicago.

The two selections that follow were both published anonymously. The first contains the observations of a hard-headed Canadian business man during a visit to the United States in the autumn of the year 1857. Published first as a series of letters in a Toronto newspaper, they appeared the following year as a tiny volume entitled *Impressions of the West and South*. The opening letter is dated at Chicago, November 13, 1857. Naturally the author writes from the viewpoint of a business man whose primary interest is the upbuilding of the trade and commerce of his own country. That he was a shrewd and not unkindly observer is sufficiently evident from his letters. To the preface of the volume are subscribed the initials "W. K.," supposed to stand for William Kingsford.

Widely different in character are the observations of our next author, extracted from an article "Illinois in Spring-time," appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1858. More popular in character than Kingsford's description, the present narrative yet displays a certain seriousness which relieves it from mere superficiality. One expects to find the usual comment upon the now-proverbial hurry and bustle of Chicago street life, but it is matter for genuine surprise that the visitor found "not one lady" there. Whatever the explanation of this anomaly, we are gratified to note that the evidence was visible six decades ago, even as today, that Chicago was possessed of loyal citizens toiling quietly and modestly for the common weal.

Almost a quarter of a century now passes. Civil war and scourge of fire alike have failed to stay the city's progress. In the summer of 1881 there came for a second visit to America and Chicago an observer famous in his generation. William H. Russell was the virtual creator of the office of modern special newspaper correspondent. In the Crimean War his remorseless exposure of the English governmental and military mismanagement and blundering largely inspired the immortal work of Florence Nightingale, and brought about the overthrow of the Aberdeen ministry. Sent to report the American Civil War for the pro-Southern London *Times*, Russell conceived an intense dislike for the institution of negro slavery, while the South conceived a similar feeling for the *Times* correspondent. His faithful report of the Federal rout at Bull Run, brought upon Russell similar unpopularity in the North, so intense a feeling against him developing that he conceived his life to be threatened. Now, in 1881, he returned to the United States, in company of

the Duke of Sutherland's party, as to a new world. Something of the impression made upon the veteran correspondent may be seen in the narrative we print, taken from his volume entitled *Hesperothen. Notes from a Rambler in the United States and Canada*.

To the closing decade of the century belong the two following selections taken, the one from Paul Bourget's *Outre-Mer*, the other from William Archer's *America Today*. The former presents the impressions gained of Chicago in the World's Fair year by the distinguished French critic and novelist. A brilliant and sympathetic observer of things American, even into a description of his visit to the stockyards Bourget succeeds in injecting a certain measure of literary charm. The contemporary English critic, visiting Chicago in 1899, is quite as sympathetic and philosophical as Bourget, if perhaps a trifle less brilliant.

The three selections from the early years of the twentieth century, with which the volume concludes, are all from the pens of English visitors of contemporary fame in the world of letters. To the present generation of American readers no introduction either to H. G. Wells or Arnold Bennett is required. From the former's *Future in America*, published in 1906, is taken his interpretative description of Chicago; from Bennett's *Your United States*, published six years later, is derived the narrative of the latter's Chicago impressions. About Canon Hannay of St. Patrick's Cathedral, who writes under the pen name of "George A. Birmingham," the average American reader is probably less well informed. We select from his volume *From Dublin to Chicago*, published in 1914, the chapter entitled "Advance, Chicago," as our final offering in the way of an interpretative analysis of the city to which the present volume is devoted.

A word of comment in closing upon the significance of these later selections, seems in order. It was long the bitter plaint of America—justified, largely, too, by the facts, that visitors from the motherland came only to taunt the daughter and jeer at her achievements. Happily a better era has come to pass. The bond of sympathy between the two countries, latent for a century, has been renewed. However well or ill they succeed, our English visitors come today in sympathetic mood prepared to try to understand us. To this spirit the closing selections of our volume bear ample witness.

FREDRIKA BREMER'S VISIT, 1850

Chicago, Illinois, Sept. 15th.

THERE, upon the southwestern shore of Lake Michigan, sits your sister, my little Agatha, not, however, upon the sandy shore, but in a pretty villa, built in the Italian style, with Corinthian pillars, surrounded by beautiful trees and flowers.

It was in the market of Buffalo, amid horses and carriages, and throngs of people buying and selling, passing hither and thither, amid chests and all sorts of baggage, amid crowds and bustle, that I parted from my young friends, who had become dear to me almost as brother and sister. There was neither time nor space to say many words in, the smoking iron-horse which was to speed them away along the iron-road stood ready; iron-road, iron-horse, iron-necessity, all were there; the warm heart had neither time nor language; thus we kissed in silence from our inmost hearts, and parted—perhaps forever! The Lowells intend to make a journey to Italy next year. I saw them no longer, and was conducted out of the throng in the market to an hotel by a respectable old gentleman, Judge B., under whose care I am to continue my journey. He had presented himself to me at Niagara with a letter of introduction from Mr. E.

This excellent, vigorous gentleman, yet quite youthful in spirit, one of the oldest pioneers of the West, and who had taken part in the founding or laying out of many of its most flourishing cities, as Rochester, Lockport, and many others, was quite at home in all the districts through which we were to travel, as far even as Lake Michigan, and for that reason, and also because he was evidently a good and cordial man, I was well satisfied to have him for my companion.

At the hotel at Buffalo I was again tormented by some new acquaintance with the old, tiresome questions, "How do you like America?" "How do you like the States?" "Does Buffalo look according to your expectations?" To which latter question I replied that I had not expected any thing from Buffalo; but yet, that I must say it struck me as being one of the least excellent cities which I had seen in America. Business! business! appeared to me to be the principal life and character there. But the truth is, that I did not see much of Buffalo.

Toward evening I went on board "The Ocean," a magnificent three-decked steamboat, which conveyed me across Lake Erie, frequently a very stormy and dangerous lake; its billows, however, now resembled naiads sporting in the sunshine.

"Erie," says M. Bouchette, a French writer, describing this part of the country, "may be regarded as the great central reservoir from which canals extend on all sides, so that vessels from this point may go to every part of the country inland, from the Atlantic Ocean on the east and north to the countries and the sea of the south, and bring together the productions of every land and climate." Emigrants of all nations cross Lake Erie on their way to the colonies west of those great inland seas. But to too many of them has Erie proved a grave. Not long since a vessel of emigrants, mostly Germans, was destroyed by fire on Lake Erie, and hundreds of these poor people found a grave in its waters. Among those who were taken up were seven or eight couples, locked in each other's arms. Death could not divide them. Love is stronger than death. The helmsman stood at the helm steering the vessel toward land till the flames burned his hands. The negligence of the captain is said to have been the cause of this misfortune. He too perished. Only between thirty and forty passengers were saved.

For me, however, the sail across Lake Erie was like a sunbright festival, in that magnificent steamer where even a piano was heard in the crowded saloon, and where a polite and most agreeable captain took charge of me in the kindest manner. My good old pioneer related to me various incidents of his life, his religious conversion, his first love and his last, which was quite recent; the old gentleman declaring himself to be half in love with "that Yankee woman, Mrs. L."; and I do not wonder at it. It convinced me that he had good taste. He declared himself to be "first and foremost a great ladies' man."

At four o'clock in the afternoon—that is to say, of the day after we went on board, we reached Detroit, a city first founded by the French upon that narrow strait between the Lakes Erie and St. Clair, which separates Michigan from Canada. The shores, as seen from the vessel, appeared to be laid out in small farms consisting of regular allotments, surrounded by plantations. The land seemed to me low but fertile, undulating hill and valley. Detroit is, like Buffalo, a city where business life preponderates, yet still it looked to me pleasanter and more friendly than Buffalo. I saw at the hotel some tiresome catechisers, and also some very agreeable people, people whom one could talk well and frankly with, and whom one could like in all respects. Among these I remember, in particular, the Episcopal bishop of Michigan, a frank, excellent, and

intellectual man; and a mother and her daughters. I was able to exchange a few cordial words with them, words out of the earnest depths of life, and such always do me good. The people of Detroit were, for the rest, pleased with their city and their way of life there, pleased with themselves, and with each other. And this seems to me to be the case in most of the places that I have been to here in the West.

The following evening we were at Anne Arbor, a pretty little rural city. Here also I received visitors, and was examined as usual. My good old pioneer did not approve of traveling *incognito*, but insisted upon it that people should be known by people, and could not comprehend how any one could be tired, and need a cessation of introductions and questions. In Anne Arbor, also, the people were much pleased with themselves, their city, its situation, and way of life. The city derived its name from the circumstance that when the first settlers came to the place they consisted principally of one family, and while the woods were felled and the land plowed, the laborers had no other dwelling than a tent-like shed of boughs and canvas, where the mother of the family, "Anne," prepared the food, and cared for the comfort of all. That was the domestic hearth; that was the calm haven where all the laborers found rest and refreshment under the protection of Mother Anne. Hence they called the tent Anne's Arbor or Bower, and the city, which by degrees sprung up around it, retained the name. And with its neat houses and gardens upon the green hills and slopes the little city looked, indeed, like a peaceful retreat from the unquiet of the world.

We remained over night at Anne Arbor. The following morning we set off by railroad and traveled directly across the State of Michigan. Through the whole distance I saw small farms, with their well built houses, surrounded by well cultivated land; fields of wheat and maize, and orchards full of apple and peach trees. In the wilder districts the fields were brilliant with some beautiful kind of violet and blue flowers, which the rapidity of our journey prevented me from examining more closely, and with tall sunflowers, the heads of which were as large as young trees. It was splendid and beautiful. My old pioneer told me that he never had seen anywhere such an affluence of magnificent flowers as in Michigan, especially in the olden times before the wilderness was broken up into fields. Michigan is one of the youngest states of the Union, but has a rich soil, particularly calculated for the growth of wheat, and is greatly on the increase. The legislation is of the most liberal description, and it has abolished capital punishment in its penal code. Nevertheless, I heard of crime having been committed in this

state which deserved death, or at least imprisonment for life, if any crime does deserve it. A young man of a respectable family in Detroit, during a hunt, had shot clandestinely and repeatedly at another young man, his best friend, merely to rob him of his pocket book. He had been condemned for an attempt to murder, which he acknowledged, only to twenty years' imprisonment. And in prison he was visited by young ladies, who went to teach him French and to play on the guitar! One of these traveled with me on the railroad. She spoke of the young prisoner's "agreeable demeanor!" There is a leniency toward crime and the criminal which is disgusting, and which proves a laxity of moral feeling.

The weather was glorious the whole day. The sun preceded us westward. We steered our course directly toward the sun; and the nearer it sank toward the earth, more brightly glowed the evening sky as with the most transcendent gold. The country, through the whole extent, was lowland, and monotonous. Here and there wound along a lovely little wooded stream. Here and there in the woods were small frame houses, and beside one and another of them wooden sheds, upon which a board was fastened, whereon might be read in white letters, half a yard high, the word "Grocery." The cultivated districts were in all cases divided regularly, scattered over with farmhouses resembling those of our better class of peasant farmers. The settlers in the West purchase allotments of from eighty to one hundred and sixty or two hundred acres, seldom less and seldom more. The land costs, in the first instance, what is called "government price," one dollar and a quarter per acre; and will, if well cultivated, produce abundant harvests within a few years. The farmers here work hard, live frugally, but well, and bring up strong, able families. The children, however, seldom follow the occupation of their fathers. They are sent to schools, and after that endeavor to raise themselves by political or public life. These small farms are the nurseries from which the northwest states obtain their best officials and teachers, both male and female. A vigorous, pious, laborious race grows up here. I received much enlightenment on this subject from my good old pioneer, who, with his piety, his restless activity, his humanity, his great information, and his youthfully warm heart, even in advancing years, was a good type of the first cultivators of the wilderness in this country. He parted from me on the journey in order to reach his home in the little city of Niles.

In company with an agreeable gentleman, Mr. H., and his agreeable sister-in-law, I went on board the steamer which crosses Lake Michigan. The sun had now sunk; but the evening sky glowed with the brightest

crimson above the sea-like lake. We departed amid its splendor and in the light of the new moon. The water was calm as a mirror.

On the morning of the 13th of September, I saw the sun shine over Chicago. I expected to have been met at Chicago by some friends, who were to take me to their house. But none came; and on inquiring, I learned that they were not now there. Nor was this to be wondered at, as I was two months after the appointed time. I now, therefore, found myself quite alone in that great unknown West. And two little misadventures occurring just now with my luggage made it still less agreeable. But precisely at the moment when I stood quite alone on the deck—for my kind new acquaintance had left the steamer somewhat earlier—my gladness returned to me, and I felt that I was not alone; I felt vigorous, both body and mind. The sun was there too; and such a heartfelt rejoicing filled my whole being, in its Lord and in my Father, and the Father of all, that I esteemed myself fortunate that I could shut myself up in a little solitary room at an hotel in the city, and thus be still more alone with my joy.

But my solitude was not of long continuance. Handsome, kind people gathered round me, offered me house, and home, and friendship, and every good thing, and all in Chicago became sunshine to me.

In the evening I found myself in that pretty villa, where I am now writing to you, and in the beautiful night a serenade was given in the moonlight gardens, in which was heard the familiar

Einsam bin ich nicht allein.

It was a salutation from the Germans of the city.

September 17th. Prairies! A sight which I shall never forget.

Chicago is situated on the edge of the prairie-land. The whole State of Illinois is one vast rolling prairie (that is to say, a plain of low, wave-like hills); but the prairie proper does not commence until about eighteen miles from the city. My new friends wished me to pass a day of prairie-life. We drove out early in the morning, three families in four carriages. Our pioneer, a dark, handsome hunter, drove first with his dogs, and shot, when we halted by the way, now and then, a prairie hen (grouse) on the wing. The day was glorious; the sky of the brightest blue, the sun of the purest gold, and the air full of vitality, but calm; and there, in that brilliant light, stretched itself far, far out into the infinite, as far as the eye could discern, an ocean-like extent, the waves of which were sunflowers, asters, and gentians. The plain was splendid with them, especially with the sunflowers, which were frequently four yards high, and stood far above the head of our tallest gentleman.

We ate our dinner in a little wood, which lay like a green shrub upon that treeless, flowery plain. It was an elevation, and from this point the prairie stretched onward its softly waving extent to the horizon. Here and there, amid this vast stretch, arose small log houses, which resembled little birds' nests floating upon the ocean. Here and there, also, were people making hay; it looked like some child's attempt, like child's play. The sun-bright soil remained here still in its primeval greatness and magnificence, unchecked by human hands, covered with its flowers, protected and watched alone by the eye of the sun. And the bright sunflowers nodded and beckoned in the wind, as if inviting millions of beings to the festival set out on the rich table of the earth. To me it was a festival of light. It was a really great and glorious sight; to my feeling less common and grander even than Niagara itself.

The dark hunter, a man of few words but evidently of strong feelings, leaned upon his gun and said softly, "Here I often stand for hours and gaze on creation!"

And well he might. That sight resembles an ecstasy in the life of nature. It was bathed in light; it reposed blissfully in the bosom of light. The sunflowers sang praises to the sun.

I wandered about in the wood and gathered flowers. The asters grew above my head. Nearly all the flowers which now cover the prairies are of the class Syngenesia, and of these the Solidago and Helianthus predominate. The prairies are covered each different month with a different class of flowers; in spring white, then blue, then purple, and now mostly of a golden yellow.

In the course of the day we visited one of the log houses on the plain. A nice old woman was at home. The men were out getting in the hay. The house was one year old, and tolerably open to the weather, but clean and orderly within, as are houses generally in which live American women. I asked the good woman how the solitude of this great prairie agreed with her. She was tired of it, "it was so monotonous," she said. Yes, yes, there is a difference between seeing this sight of heaven and earth for one day and for a whole year! Nevertheless, I would try it for a year.

We did not see a cloud during the whole of this day, nor yet perceive a breath of air; yet still the atmosphere was as fresh as it was delicious. The Indian summer will soon begin. The whole of that little prairie festival was cloudless, excepting that the hunter's gun went off and shot one of our horses in the ear, and that a carriage broke down; but it was near the end of the journey and was taken all in good part, and thus was of no consequence.

Chicago, September 27th.

I have heard a great deal about the Indians from Mr. and Mrs. K. [Kinzie], in whose extremely agreeable family I have now my home. Mr. K. is the government agent in all transactions with the Indian tribes in these northwestern states, and he and his family were among the earliest settlers in the wilderness there. Mrs. K., who writes with facility and extremely well, has preserved in manuscript many incidents in the lives of the first colonists, and of their contests with the Indians, and among these many which occurred in her own family. The reading of these narratives is one of the greatest pleasures of the evenings; some are interesting in a high degree; some are full of cruel and horrible scenes, others also touchingly beautiful, and others, again, very comic.

There is material for the most beautiful drama in the history of the captivity of Mrs. K.'s mother and her free restoration. I know nothing more dramatic than the first terrible scene of the carrying off of the little girl; then the attachment of the Indian chief to the child, the affection which grew up in his heart for her as she grew up in his tent, and was called by the savage tribe "the White Lily"; the episode of the attempt to murder her by the jealous wife of the chief; and, lastly, the moment when the chief, after having for several years rejected all offers of negotiation and gifts, both on the part of the parents and the government, for the restoration of the child, yielded at length to prayers, and consented to a meeting of the mother and daughter, but on the express condition that she should not seek to retain her; and then, when arrived at the appointed place of meeting, with all his warriors in their complete array, he rode alone—spite of all their remonstrances—across the little brook which separated the camp of the whites from that of the Indians, and saw the young girl and her mother throw themselves into each other's arms with tears of joy, he stood overpowered by the sight and exclaimed, "The mother must have her child!" turned his horse, recrossed the brook, and rejoined his own people without a glance at the darling of his heart, "the White Lily," who now, in the fifteenth year of her age, returned to her family! What an excellent subject for dramatic treatment! I hope that Mrs. K. will some day publish this beautiful narrative, together with several others which I heard during these evenings.¹

The massacre of Chicago belongs to the unpleasing portion of the chronicle, and Chicago still retains fresh traces of this event. Yet even that is ennobled by beautiful human actions.

¹They were published six years later as the book, *Wau Bun, the "Early Day" in the Northwest*.

The wooing of my noble and gentlemanly host by the Indian chief Fourlegs for his daughter, and the arrival of the fat Miss Fourlegs on her buffalo hides in the city, where she met with a refusal, belong to the comic portion of the chronicle, and very much amused me. For the rest, the gentle and refined Mr. K., like many others who have lived much among the Indians, has a real attachment to them, and seems to have an eye rather for their virtues than the failings which are peculiar to this remarkable people. The K.'s resided long in Minnesota [Wisconsin], and only within the last few years at Chicago (Illinois), where they have a handsome house with a large garden.

Chicago is one of the most miserable and ugly cities which I have yet seen in America, and is very little deserving of its name, "Queen of the Lake"; for, sitting there on the shore of the lake in wretched dishabille, she resembles rather a huckstress than a queen. Certainly, the city seems for the most part to consist of shops. One sees scarcely any pretty country houses, with their gardens, either within or without the city—which is so generally the case in American towns—and in the streets the houses are principally of wood, the streets formed with wood, or, if without, broad and sandy. And it seems as if, on all hands, people came here merely to trade, to make money, and not to live. Nevertheless, I have, here in Chicago, become acquainted with some of the most agreeable and delightful people that I ever met with anywhere; good people, handsome and intellectual; people to live with, people to talk with, people to like and grow fond of, both men and women; people who do not ask the stranger a hundred questions, but who give him an opportunity of seeing and learning in the most agreeable manner which he can desire; rare people! And besides that, people who are not horribly pleased with themselves and their world, and their city, and their country, as is so often the case in small towns, but who see deficiencies and can speak of them properly, and can bear to hear others speak of them also.

Today and last evening also, a hot wind has been blowing here, which I imagine must be like the Italian sirocco. One becomes quite enervated by it; and the air of Chicago is a cloud of dust.

September 23d. But in the evening when the sun descends, and the wind subsides, I go to some higher part of the city, to see the sun set over the prairie land, for it is very beautiful; and, beholding this magnificent spectacle, melancholy thoughts arise. I see in this sun-bright western land thousands of shops and thousands of traders, but no Temple of the Sun, and only few worshippers of the sun and of eternal beauty. Were the Peruvians of a nobler intellectual culture than this

people? Had they a loftier turn of mind? Were they the children of the light in a higher degree than the present race who colonize the western land of the New World?

* * * * *

There are a great number of Germans in Chicago, especially among the tradespeople and handcraftsmen. The city is only twenty years old, and it has increased in that time to a population of twenty-five thousand souls. A genuine "baby" of the Great West! but, as I have already said, somewhat unkemmed as yet. There is, however, here a street, or, more properly speaking, a row of houses or small villas along the shore of the lake, standing on elevated ground, which has in its situation a character of high life, and which will possess it in all respects some day, for there are already people here from different parts of the globe who will constitute the sound kernel of a healthy aristocracy.

Chicago bears on its arms the name of "the City in the Garden"; and when the prairie land around it becomes garden, there will be reason for its poetical appellation.

I have seen here, also, light and lofty schoolrooms, and have heard the scholars in them, under the direction of an excellent master, sing quartettes in such a manner as affected me to tears. And the children, how eager, how glad to learn they were! Hurra! The West builds light schoolrooms where the young may learn joyfully, and sing correctly and sweetly! The West must progress nobly. The building of the Temple of the Sun has already commenced.

My friends here deplored the chaotic state, and the want of integrity which prevails in political affairs, and which may be principally attributed to the vast emigration of the rudest class of the European population, and the facility with which every civil right is obtained in the state. A year's residence in the state gives the immigrant the right of a citizen, and he has a vote in the election of the governors of both the city and the state. Unprincipled political agitators avail themselves of the ignorance of immigrants, and inveigle them by fine speeches to vote for the candidate whom they laud, and who sometimes betrays them. The better and more noble-minded men of the state are unable to compete with these schemers, and therefore do not offer themselves; hence it most frequently happens that they are not the best men who govern the state. Bold and ambitious fortune hunters most easily get into office; and once in office, they endeavor to maintain their place by every kind of scheme and trick, as well as by flattering the masses

* We here omit a considerable amount of personal detail concerning some Swedish individuals, inhabitants of Chicago.

of the people to preserve their popularity. The ignorant people of Europe, who believe that kings and great lords are the cause of *all* the evils in the world, vote for that man who speaks loudest against the powerful, and who declares himself to be a friend of the people.

I also heard it lamented that the Scandinavian immigrants not unfrequently come hither with the belief that the State Church and religion are one and the same thing, and when they have left behind them the former, they will have nothing to do with the latter. Long compulsion of mind has destroyed, to that degree, their powers of mind; and they come into the West very frequently, in the first instance, as rejectors of all church communion and every higher law. And this is natural enough for people not accustomed to think greatly; but is a moment of transition which can not last very long in any sound mind, and in a hemisphere where the glance is so clear and alive to everything which contributes to the higher life of man or of society.

Illinois is a youthful state, with a million inhabitants, but is able, with her rich soil, to support at least ten millions. The climate, however, is not favorable to immigrants from Europe, who during the first few years suffer from fever and other climatic diseases.

In the morning I leave Chicago and cross Lake Michigan to Milwaukee, in Wisconsin. An agreeable young man came last evening to fetch me there.

I have been merely a few days in Chicago, and yet I have seen people there with whom I should like to live all my days.

But these feelings for amiable people whom I meet with now and then during my pilgrimage are to me as "a tent of one night," under which I repose thankfully. I would fain linger yet longer; but I must the next morning remove my tent and proceed still further—and I do so with a sigh.

Farewell, ye charming people in that ugly city! Receive my thanks, warm hearts of Chicago!

A CANADIAN BUSINESS MAN'S IMPRESSIONS, 1857

IT was a cold, sharp morning, when I stepped out of the hotel into the heart of Chicago, and the scene was one full of liveliness and animation. I had not gone one hundred yards before I was struck with a peculiarity in the strange difference of level of the footpaths. I found myself constantly ascending and descending steps. Without explanation it would appear to be an absurd attention to individual caprice, at the expense of the popular convenience, whereas the very opposite is the case, and nowhere can be found a greater example of good municipal government, conducted, too, with a courage setting at defiance all influences, and looking entirely for support to good sense, and to those sober second thoughts which in the end generally prevail. Chicago naturally is but a trifle above the level of Lake Michigan, which even now is rising annually. It varies from 6 feet to 17 feet higher, and some of the main avenues are on the lowest level. Thus the system of sewerage could be but ill carried out, unless the grade of such streets were placed at a higher level. But the difficulty existed, that in the earliest annals of this wonderful place—for with barely the existence of a quarter of a century, it has now 110,000 inhabitants—costly buildings were put up at a level which would be affected by any change of grade. Some few of them might possibly be raised; on the other hand, there were others of so expensive a character as to be beyond that remedy. Still there was the improvement called for, and common sense pointed out that without drainage there could be no health. Higher grades were accordingly determined on and the streets raised, that is, the center of the road, while the footpaths were kept to the old level, retaining walls being built to the sides of the carriage-way to keep it from falling outwards. As new buildings are put up the new level is given; but as the old ones keep to the original sidewalk, these strange inequalities exist, and the footpaths present the appearance I describe. A few years will lead to conformity, and then the wisdom of the present measures will be appreciated. I have mentioned the population of Chicago, and the question follows, is it a city? I am hardly prepared after but a few hours' stay here to answer the


question myself. The term city means much. It is not simply a commercial center, but there must be found all the combination and power which can influence the politics, the tone, the feelings, and the habits of the territory tributary to it. From a metropolis must emanate a literature, if not rich in thought, at least original and written with power, to be worthy of the name. There must exist circles where are found none but polished manners and that exquisite refinement which never even accidentally pains. There, too, is the type of good breeding, of dress and conversation, and of all on which we base our social ethics. No man of common sense in Chicago, who has been, I will not say to Europe, but simply to Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, and at a venture I add New Orleans, would deny this proposition abstractedly. Applying it to Chicago, what would be his reply? I think that we might make a compromise and agree to say that Chicago is a western city. To my mind the very term is suggestive. Commercially there are few points more marked. Eleven railways center there. It is the head of Lake navigation—of those large inland waters which we in Canada have done so much to develop; and to perfect which, effort after effort is yet imperatively called for. It is the one great point on the high road from the seaboard to the West, and from the West to the North. It is the ruling market in western commercial operations. It follows necessarily that there is much wealth, much hospitality, great display, and lavish living. But here we stop. Everybody knows everybody. The press, although marked by energy and ability, is unknown out of the state of Illinois. The two theaters are notable enough edifices—the new one especially—but neither is sufficiently lighted, while the acting is what one would not walk across the street to see; for there is no censorship, no criticism upon it; no inducements for merit to be diligent. Literature there is none; and to speak of social results, no doubt there are happy homes in Chicago where charming and refined women can be met, who have thought some education to be necessary; but their influence is confined to those who have the happiness to enjoy their society. Politics we would even discard from our calculation; for the very spirit of the United States' institutions is in opposition to anything like centralization, but the public opinion of a city of 100,000 inhabitants ought in any case to have weight. Has it in this instance? Perhaps it may be said that this mode of treating the question is hardly fair. Nevertheless, it so strikes my mind. Otherwise, I will admit the undoubted splendor of many of the public buildings, although aesthetically they might be closely criticised. But architecture is hardly yet a fine art on this continent. There is often a great deal of cleverness and originality

displayed; but the fault is that the designers have not been subjected to the discipline of study, and, therefore, fail to observe those strict cardinal points of outline, proportion, and composition which can never be violated. For a building to be unlike anything else is not necessarily a triumph of art. It is now many centuries since the first temples were fashioned into form; and it is hardly reasonable to expect that a young man who does not give himself the trouble to study, can be acquainted with the principles which only by slow degrees are evolved, and which it requires ages to mould into rule. These words, which I have made as few as possible, may appear a digression, but I could not otherwise explain my meaning; for while I recognize many noble edifices here, there is nearly in all the fault which I point out. Perhaps the most striking terrace is a row of houses with a front of white marble on the Michigan Avenue, which, commanding the front of the lake, is the grand promenade—the *Paseo* of Chicago, and is the fashionable street, or what perhaps is the same thing, is inhabited by the wealthy operators of the place. An old friend whom I had the good fortune to meet here, pointed out houses to me and stated the rents, which, if I had to pay, I should shudder at; and he told me the prices of land, which, in my simplicity, I deemed fabulous. Fancy one living on sixty or seventy feet of frontage, worth \$400 the lineal foot, and as the legal interest in Illinois is 10 per cent., you would pay for ground rent \$2800 without having more than a yard twelve feet square. We have hitherto considered rents excessive in Toronto, but a house which—according to the rates of a year back—would be worth with us from \$400 to \$500, here obtains \$1400 or \$1500; and a wooden frame house which would be worth only \$160 or \$170, is here worth from \$400 to \$600. Wabash Avenue, which is parallel to Michigan Avenue, struggles with it for supremacy, and I was shown a house, with a stone front certainly, but with but one window to the front room on the ground floor, while the other remaining three stories consisted of two windows each, of which the rent was \$1600. The rents of stores are equally enormous. Buildings are still going up all over the city; some of these have iron fronts, and are marked by much architectural pretension. When painted they admirably resemble stone, and are striking buildings. How they would be affected by fire remains to be seen, for the system is yet only an experiment; although I cannot but think the effect of great heat would so seriously warp and twist the metal as to render restoration necessary.

Everywhere you hear of the bad times, but the people accept them with resignation, for they seem to live just as fast as usual. When I

visited the theaters both were crowded, and a linen draper's store selling off bargains in some wonderful way, is thronged at all hours. Perhaps the crisis is looked upon after all as one of those calamities which are necessary in the mercantile as well as in the physical and moral world—which give some pain and cause some suffering, but which chasten and improve. I am told that it has long been felt here, that in that property which is considered peculiarly to represent money, there was much that was fictitious, and that much of the extravagance and recklessness in commercial circles was attributable to this feeling. A shock like the present could but have its sobering influence, and it is considered that by next spring there will be a sounder state of public opinion. Doubtless many houses have been brought down simply by the panic, and it is fair to expect that these will resume operations without loss of credit. But the mere things of straw have passed away, it is to be hoped never to rearise.

CHICAGO IN SPRINGTIME, 1858

HICAGO, the Wondrous, sits amid her wealth, like a magnificent sultana, half reclining over a great oval mirror, supplied by that lake of lakes, the fathomless Michigan. Perhaps the resemblance might be unpoetically traced to particulars; for we are told by the lotus-eating travelers, that Oriental beauties, with all their splendor, are not especially clean. Certain it is that our Occidental sultana dresses her fair head with towers and spires, and hangs about her neck long rows of gems in the shape of stately and elegant dwellings,—yet, descending to her feet, we sink in mud and mire, or tumble unguardedly into excavations set like traps for the unwary, or oust whole colonies of rats from beneath plank walks where they have burrowed securely ever since “improvements” began. At some seasons, indeed, there is no mud; because the high winds from the lake or the prairies turn the mud into dust, which blinds our eyes, fills our mouths, and makes us Quakers in appearance and anything but saints in heart. Chicago walking resembles none but such as Christian encountered as he fled from the City of Destruction; yet in this case the ills are those of a City of *Construction*,—sure to disappear as soon as the builders find time to care for such trifles. Chicago people, it is well known, walk with their heads in the clouds, and, naturally, do not mind what happens to their feet. It is only strangers who exclaim, and sometimes more than exclaim, at the dangers of the way. Castaway carriages lie along the roadside, like ships on Fire Island beach. Nobody minds them. If you see a gentleman at a distance, progressing slowly with a gliding or floundering pace, you conclude he has a horse under him, and, perhaps, on nearer approach, you see bridle and headstall. This is in early spring, while the frost is coming out of the ground. As the season advances, the horse emerges, and you are just getting a fair sight of him when the dust begins and he disappears again. So say the scoffers, and those who would, but do not, own any city lots in that favored vicinity; and to the somewhat heated mind of the traveler who encounters such things for the first time, the story does not seem so very much exaggerated. Simple wayfarers like myself, however, tell no such wicked tales of the Garden City; but remember only her youth,

her grandeur, her spirit, her hospitality, her weight of cares, her immense achievements, and her sure promise of future metropolitan splendors.

The vicinity of Chicago is all dotted with beautiful villa-residences. To drive among them is like turning over a book of architectural drawings,—so great is their variety, and so marked the taste which prevails. Many of them are of the fine light-colored stone found in the neighborhood, and their substantial excellence inspires a feeling that all this prosperity is of no ephemeral character. People do not build such country houses until they feel settled and secure. The lake shore is of course the line of attraction, for it is the only natural beauty of the place. But what trees! Several of the streets of Chicago may easily become as beautiful drives as the far-famed Cascino at Florence, and will be so before her population doubles again,—which is giving but a short interval for the improvement. No parks as yet, however. Land on the lake shore is too precious, and the flats west of the town are quite despised. Yet city parks do not demand very unequal surface, and it would not require a very potent landscape gardener or an unheard-of amount of dollars to make a fine driving and riding ground, where the new carriages of the fortunate might be aired, and the fine horses of the gay exercised, during a good part of the year.

To describe Chicago, one would need all the superlatives set in a row. Grandest, flattest,—muddiest, dustiest,—hottest, coldest,—wettest, driest,—farthest north, south, east, and west from other places, consequently most central,—best harbor on Lake Michigan, worst harbor and smallest river any great commercial city ever lived on,—most elegant in architecture, meanest in hovel-propping,—wildest in speculation, solidest in value,—proudest in self-esteem, loudest in self-disparagement,—most lavish, most grasping,—most public-spirited in some things, blindest and darkest on some points of highest interest.

And some poor souls would doubtless add,—most fascinating, or most desolate,—according as one goes there, gay and hopeful, to find troops of prosperous friends, or, lonely and poor, with the distant hope of bettering broken fortunes by struggling among the driving thousands already there on the same errand. There is, perhaps, no place in the world where it is more necessary to take a bright and hopeful view of life, and none where this is more difficult. There is too much at stake. Those who have visited Baden-Baden and her Kur-saal sisters in the height of the season need not be told that no “church-face” ever equalled in solemnity the countenances of those who surround the fatal tables, waiting for the stony lips of the *croupier* to announce “*Noir perd*,” or “*Rouge gagne*.” At Chicago are a wider table, higher stakes, more

desperate throws, and Fate herself presiding, or what seems Fate, at once partial and inexorable.

But, on this great scale, even success fails to bring smiles. The winners sit "with their hair on end at their own wonders," and half-fearing that such golden showers have some illusion about them and may prove fairy favors at last. Next to this feeling comes the thirst for more. Enlarged means bring enlarged desires and ever-extending plans. The repose and lightness of heart that were at first to be the reward of success recede farther and farther into the dim distance, until at last they are lost sight of entirely, confessed, with a sigh, to be unattainable. How can people in this State wear cheerful countenances? When one looks at the gay and social faces and habits of some little German town, where are cultivated people, surrounded by the books and pictures they love, with leisure enough for music and dancing and tea-garden chat, for deep friendships and lofty musings, it would seem as if our shrewd Yankeeland and its outcroppings at the West had not yet found out everything worth knowing. Froissart's famous remark about the English in France—"They take their pleasure sadly, after their fashion"—may apply to the population of Chicago, and it will be some time yet, I fancy, before they will take it very gayly.

At a little country town, the other day, not within a thousand miles of Chicago, a family about leaving for a distant place advertised their movables for sale at auction. There was such a stir throughout the settlement as called forth an expression of wonder from a stranger. "Ah!" said a good lady, "auctions are the only gayety we have here!"

Joking apart, there was a deep American truth in this seeming *niaiserie*.

Chicago has, as we have said, with all her wealth, no public park or other provision for outdoor recreation. She has no gallery of Art, or the beginning of one,—no establishment of music, no public library,—no social institution whatever, except the church. Without that blessed bond, her people would be absolute units, as independent of each other as the grains of sand on the seashore, swept hither and thither by the ocean winds.

But even before these words have found their way to the Garden City, they will, perhaps, be inapplicable,—so rapid is progress at the West. The people are like a great family moving into a new house. There is so much sweeping and dusting to do, so much finding of places for the furniture, so much time to spend in providing for breakfast, dinner, and tea, lodging and washing, that nobody thinks of unpacking the pictures, taking the books out of their boxes, or getting up drives or

riding parties. All these come in good time, and will be the better done for a little prudent delay.

There is, to the stranger, an appearance of extreme hurry in Chicago, and the streets are very peculiar in not having a lady walking in them. Day after day I traversed them, meeting crowds of men, who looked like the representatives of every nation and tongue and people,—and every class of society, from the greenest rustic, or the most undisguised sharper, to the man of most serious respectability, or him of highest *ton*. Yet one lady walking in the streets I saw not; and when I say not one lady, I mean that I did not meet a woman who seemed to claim that title, or any title much above that of an ordinary domestic. Perhaps this is only a spring symptom, which passes off when the mud dries up a little,—but it certainly gave a rather forlorn or funereal aspect to the streets for the time.

There is, nevertheless, potent inspiration in the resolute and occupied air of these crowds. Hardly any one stays long among them without feeling a desire to share their excitement, and do something towards the splendid future which is evidently beckoning them on. Preparing the future! It is glorious business. No wonder it makes the pulse quicken and the eye look as if it saw spirits. It may be said, that in some sense we are all preparing the future; but in the West there is a special meaning in the expression. In circumstances so new and wondrous, first steps are all-important. Those who have been providentially led to become early settlers have immense power for good or evil. One can trace in many or most of our Western towns, and even states, the spirit of their first influential citizens. Happy is it for Chicago that she has been favored in this respect,—and to her honor be it said, that she appreciates her benefactors. Of one citizen, who has been for twenty years past doing the quiet and modest work of a good genius in the city of his adoption, it is currently said, that he has built a hundred miles of her streets,—and there is no mark of respect and gratitude that she would not gladly show him. Other citizens take the most faithful and disinterested care of her schools; and to many she is indebted for an amount of liberality and public spirit which is constantly increasing her enormous prosperity. Happy the city which possesses such citizens! Happy the citizens who have a city so nobly deserving of their best services!

A GREAT REPORTER'S OBSERVATIONS, 1881

[May 21st.]

THE special train scrambled into the Chicago terminus, or depot (which has not yet done Phoenix from its ruination in the great fire) at some unpleasantly early hour this morning. (We have been subjected to three, if not four, distinct alterations in time-keeping as we traveled west. New York time rules up to the State borders; Columbia time regulates watches and clocks till Chicago is reached, and then westward the time changes again.)

The cars underwent the shocks that railway flesh is heir to at shunting time, till it was necessary to get up and go forth. Whilst the baggage was being taken out of the train, the Duke and I set out to find our way to the hotel. The ancient landmarks, however, such as I remembered them, had been ruthlessly swept away by the great fire; but it is not easy for a man to lose himself in an American city, where the streets are at right angles to each other, cutting the buildings into rectangular blocks. And so we wandered on through the crowds of early workmen and people going to their various places of business in straight lines, and saw street life in the morning—coffee-stands and shops in full play, crowds round the barbers' doors and saloons, and colored men and women—a large element—shuffling to and fro along to the scene of their labors. Vast piles of masonry now tower above the broad thoroughfares, bearing the usual striking and disfiguring notices which the traders stick up to "differentiate" their establishments—very wonderful indeed when one reflected that they had all been raised on the area of the recent conflagration, one of the greatest the world has ever seen. Over a large proportion of the shops German names were inscribed; here and there over the cellars figured the styles and titles of Chinese washermen; and small establishments where groceries and drinks and the feebler kinds of commerce were carried on, displayed Hibernian patronymics.

Noble edifices, public and private, challenged admiration from time to time, especially the Post Office and Custom House; and as I read the inscription on the monument to "G. B. Armstrong, a native of Co.

Antrim, Ireland, the founder of the Railway Mail Service," I could not but wonder what he could have founded had he remained at home.

Our walk through the streets to the Grand Pacific Hotel gave us the idea that the authorities did not turn much of their attention to sanitary measures.

There is reason to be proud of the activity and energy which came forth to reconstruct the city out of the ashes on grander lines than ever. But, oh! the filth of the streets! refuse in masses by the curbstones, orange and apple peels, peanuts, oyster shells, feathers, paper, mud, dirt, on the flags. As such a state of things was felt to be a slur on the administration, it was explained to us that it was, to say the least, unusual, and it is only fair to say that it was accounted for in some measure by the exceedingly severe and protracted winter which filled the streets with snow, and only ended before our arrival. Five thousand men and more had been employed in clearing away the mess and slush; but they had not by any means done the work. The Mayor, Mr. Harrison, was, as we had occasion to perceive, a man of great energy, and he was grappling with the dirt and official abuses in public administration and elsewhere very vigorously. If he comes out of the struggle with success and unbegrimed, Chicago and he may be proud of each other, and I heartily wish him a safe deliverance.

The Grand Pacific Hotel was involved in the common ruin ere it was completed; but it is now ready for any possible demand on its space and resources.

A little incident of the following morning afforded an illustration of the conditions under which the Venice of the West has grown up. Soon after breakfast Mr. Drake, the landlord, sent up word that General Jefferson Davis was below, and would be glad to pay his respects to the Duke of Sutherland, if his grace would receive him. He had only arrived that morning from New Orleans, which he had left on Monday evening. Nine hundred miles is a long way for an old man to travel at a stretch, but he did not complain of fatigue, and he was going on to Montreal, where he had business that night. The ex-President of the Confederate States—the man who was pronounced by Mr. Gladstone to have "made a nation"—was seated in the crowded hall smoking a cigar alongside of General Wright, who had fought against him on the Federal side, but who had not forgotten the old days when he and Jefferson Davis were cadets together. He is now grey, almost white-headed, wearing a closely-cut beard and mustaches, his features thinner and sharper than of yore, but his eye is as bright and as clear as ever. But it struck me that he had what is called "aged" very much within the last

few years, and his step had lost a great deal of the springy lightness which distinguished his walk at the time of the Great War. He sat with the Duke of Sutherland for some time, talking of railway traveling and the improvements in it and other matters in the States; and mentioned with regret that he had been informed of a serious accident to Mr. Benjamin,¹ of whom he spoke in high praise. "The last time I was in Chicago," he said, "I was in command of the post we had here,² and the Indians disputed our right to cross the river. That was fifty years ago." How history makes itself in the Western World! This day they are going to place the memorial³ on the site of the blockhouse which then contained the little frontier garrison that Jeff Davis commanded, and whose control the red man refused to accept! When he went away every one of the party—and there were some among them who certainly had no sympathy with the lost cause he had championed so valiantly, and to which he still adheres with indomitable courage and affection—expressed the admiration which was inspired by his dignity and charming manner. *Diis placuit*, &c. A little later the Duke, Sir H. Green, Mr. Stephens, and Mr. Wright visited General Sheridan, and were presented to the members of the Head-Quarters Staff of the immense region over which his command is exercised, and amongst them General Forsyth, who had been in India at the time of the Prince of Wales' visit, and was known to the Duke of Sutherland. General Sheridan promised us every assistance we would require, and held out great temptations to the sporting weaknesses of the travelers could they but stay a little longer; nay, more, he sorely tried the domesticity of Sir H. Green by telling him of an expedition which is to come off on Indian territory never yet trodden by the white man's foot or seen by white man's eye; but a programme is a Procrustean bed which men make for themselves, and these joys had to be foregone like many another by reason of previous engagements. The Duke and most of the party were borne off to visit the slaughter and packing houses, and so we missed the speeches and the parade which celebrated the erection of a memorial of Fort Dearborn, the frontier post, just fifty years ago, of the United States on Lake Michigan.

Armor porcosque cano! Of the slaughter yards and packing houses of Messrs. Armour and Co., five miles from Chicago, I need not say much,

¹Judah P. Benjamin, United States senator from Louisiana, and later a member of the Confederate cabinet. On the collapse of the Confederacy he fled to England where he attained eminence as a lawyer. He died in Paris in 1884.

²This is incorrect of course. Davis was stationed at Fort Winnebago, Wisconsin, for several years, and on at least one occasion visited Fort Dearborn during this period.

³The Hoyt memorial tablet opposite the south end of Rush Street bridge. For an account of the ceremonies attending the unveiling see *Fergus Historical Series*, No. 16.

for they have been described in every detail of killing, scalding, skinning, cutting, and preserving, by many visitors. The sight and the smell were too much for some of the weaker vessels, and they returned to the special train by which they had journeyed to the yards, whilst the others supped full of horrors and statistics. And how these statistics did rain upon us! Millions of pounds weight, millions of dollars, millions of cubic feet—figures in millions and tens of millions everywhere—everything the biggest, the tallest, the deepest, the broadest in the world. What human brain could bear the weight of that multiplication table gone mad? Fortunately it is all down in little books neatly tabulated. I confess the greatest wonder to me was not that so many living things should be slaughtered, and that so much food should be grown and garnered and carried, but that there were over the world so many millions of devouring creatures having stomachs for them all.

I have called Chicago the Venice of the American lakes, or something of the kind. In one respect indeed it excels the Queen of the Adriatic—the odors of the canal-like river to which it owes so much of its extraordinary prosperity. But these odors are to be deodorised some day, and the energies which have raised a city up twice in little more than a generation from ashes and muddy waters, will no doubt accomplish greater works than that.

The mayor (twice elected to that high office), Mr. Harrison, took the Duke out to see the "Crib," as it is termed, whence the waters of the lake are conducted by two iron tunnels, two miles long, to supply the city. On our way he stopped his carriage in an obscure and ill-looking quarter to show us the working of the ingenious system by which 400 police are supposed to be enabled to do the work usually allotted to 1000 men in other cities. Against a dead wall there was affixed a wooden box about 3 ft. square. The mayor took a key out of his pocket and opened it. The key was at once fixed in the lock and could not be removed till the patrol came from the station. This station was a mile and a quarter away. Then the mayor pulled down a small lever inside the box and gave the signal for the patrol to come up at once. Whilst we were waiting he showed us the telephone apparatus by which detailed information can be given to the police of what is required in cases of burglary, assault, fire, &c., and explained that keys similar to those he used are given to trustworthy householders who desire them, so that in case of need they can summon the police at once, and as these keys are numbered and cannot be withdrawn from the lock there is no risk of practical joking, and offenders are heavily fined. In 2½ minutes there came tearing along the street at full speed, driven by a policeman, a

light cart with two horses, with two of the force in the vehicle. Inside were the stretchers and appliances for removing prisoners, and, that the alarm might not be fruitless, the mayor directed the police to pick up a "drunk" whom we had passed on our way, amusing a group of children by his innocent but ill-regulated gambols. A little crowd assembled round the mayor and the strangers as he explained the devices by which the authorities battled with the crime and excesses of the hybrid population of the city, and I was amused by the expression of disgust on the faces of some of them at the laudations his honor bestowed on the ingenuity and effectiveness of the means he was developing to restrain the lawless desire of gain or the love of a free fight which distinguish some of the citizens.

The proprietor of the grand hotel in which we lodged displayed an amount of energy in directing our movements, for which we were scarcely prepared. He was evidently master in his own house, and in America a man who can keep an hotel is able to do anything, and is certainly a peer of any duke in the world. After dinner, wishing to go to a theater, a request was made at the bar to procure places. And as we humbly walked off to the place of entertainment, the hotel proprietor accompanied us, and we were joined on our way by an agreeable young gentleman who had introduced himself to us in the early part of the day as Chairman of the Committee of Reception of the Press. I had certain uneasy suspicions that there was going to be some kind of show made of the unostentatious, quiet gentleman who was sauntering along, smoking his cigar, side by side with the spirited hotelkeeper. These were not appeased when, on entering the theater, I perceived unmistakable officials, managers, box-keepers, and the like, drawn up in the manner of a deputation. It was half an hour behind time, but the play had not yet commenced—they were waiting for the Duke. As he passed along by the pit tier to the stage box reserved for his use, every eye was directed upon him; and when he entered—awful moment—the orchestra struck up, amidst applause from the gallery and thumping of umbrellas and sticks, and clapping of hands, "God Save the Queen." What it was expected his Grace should do I know not. It was exceedingly embarrassing, and all we could do was to sit tight and take no notice. No doubt it was intended as a compliment, and very kindly meant, but it was most trying, and only the hotel proprietor and the Chairman of the Reception Committee of the Press were at all at their ease at that moment. The play proved an exceedingly interesting national piece; not very probable in all the incidents, but still giving a very fair idea of the general attitude of the American mind in its relation to Mormonism,

and tending to bring into deserved contempt the disciples and practices of that most outrageous creed.

[*May 22nd.*] The *Chicago Times* of Saturday contained the greater part of the revised New Testament, telegraphed from New York. The *Chicago Tribune* of Sunday (to-day) presents its readers with the whole of the Revised Testament, complete from beginning to end.

We had a very pleasant dinner, at which General Sheridan, General M'Dowell, and General Forsyth assisted. It was a relief to get away for a little from grain averages and railway statistics, but these are rare escapades from the study of material interests. The subsidence of the mass of combatants which the Civil War summoned to the field north and south from civil life into the ordinary pursuits of citizens was one of the most wonderful phenomena of the contest. I find my old friends have beaten their swords into all kinds of peaceful implements. One day General McClellan writes to me from a railway office in New Jersey to say he is on the eve of a voyage to Europe. Now I get a letter from "Bangs and Kirkland, attorneys-at-law, 142, La Salle St., Chicago," dated May 9th, which puzzled me a little till I read the text and the well-known signature of "Joseph Kirkland," recalling the old days of the army and headquarters of the Potomac in 1861, and remembered the martial major who was my frequent companion in excursions about the camps around Washington.⁴

[*May 23rd.*].—The Duke and most of the party started at 8.30 to inspect the Pullman car factory. The town is called Hyde Park, South Chicago, Calumet, Grand Crossing, and Kensington—and lies upon the outside of the great city, nine miles distant. Nine months ago, according to a Chicago paper, there was not a single trace of an industrial habitation upon the spot, and for five months of the subsequent time there was one of the most severe winters on record; but in April the largest engine in the world, as we were told, was started as the central motive power of one of the most extensive manufacturing schemes of the world. The Corliss Centennial Exhibition engine, which was built at a cost of 25,000£, was set to work with its 24,000 horsepower, to give life to the machinery which had been erected by the enterprise of Colonel Pullman; and since that time a city of freight shops, hammer shops, equipment buildings, lumber storehouses, foundries, brickworks, with

⁴Joseph Kirkland (1830-94) came to Chicago as a young man in 1856. In 1861 he enlisted as a private in the Twelfth Illinois Infantry; in time he became aid-de-camp on the staffs of General McClellan and General Porter, in which connection, evidently, he came in contact with Russell. In his later years he turned his attention to literary pursuits, being literary editor of the *Chicago Tribune* for several years, and author of a number of novels and historical works.

railway tracks to connect them, gas-houses, artesian wells, and wide and long ranges of streets round the central depôt, have sprung up in Pullman; and locomotive works are also busy in connection with the rolling mills and iron- and steel mills which are connected with the town of Pullman by water, rail, and wagon roads. The sentiment of wonder is taxed when one visits this great American enterprise. It is said that before the year is over ten thousand people will be comfortably housed and living in this city, the work of a few weeks. No wonder that the Chicago people are enthusiastic about their city, though they are apt to be somewhat tiresome in the details which they give of its greatness. "I have sometimes tried," said one of them, "when I was traveling about, to invent some fabulous story to relate about Chicago; but when I woke up in the morning I always found that the progress made had exceeded the wildest fabrication I could think of." Twenty-five cars a day will be turned out when the works are in full swing. The most interesting operation, perhaps, was the manufacture of paper wheels intended to take the place of iron in all railway, and which are already used by the Pullman cars. The paper is made of wood, which is cut on the shores of Lake Michigan, is brought to the works, reduced to pulp, and under hydraulic pressure is made as hard as granite, and perfectly impenetrable by air or water. It is sheathed with a steel band, which holds it like a vice, and it is cheaper and more lasting than iron.

The thermometer at 88 degrees in the shade, and the thermometer higher still. For there are thorns in the flesh, and trials, small though they be, to vex the spirit. Some there are who can endure interviewing without wincing, others who laugh at evil or good reports; but there are people who fret and fume at obstinate inquisition, and who are indignant at misrepresentation. These latter should stay at home. If one of these writes a letter marked "private" to the editor of a newspaper, he may be vexed if he sees it in print, with the word "private" omitted. It must be admitted that the peculiarities which invited comment in times past have nearly disappeared—I mean manners and customs connected with tobacco and its uses. Not only that—the burning curiosity which proved so troublesome to thin-skinned strangers appears to have been slaked by copious indulgence. Americans no longer care to know, or at least disdain to ask, "Well, sir; and what do you think of our country?" They feel that they have a country which travelers must recognise as one of the first in the world. However, I think an American is not always pleased when an Englishman, tired out, perhaps, by the strain which a continual demand upon his power of expressing surprise involves, meekly intimates that there is something of the same sort to be seen in

the Old Country. The other day, when we were taken out on the lake at Chicago, and asked to admire the water, which was not particularly clear, I remarked that the water supply of London, with its three millions and a half of people, and no lake at all, was rather creditable. The worthy Mayor was at once antagonistic "Where do you get your water?" "From the various water companies—the New River, the Chelsea," &c. The Mayor next day, at a public meeting, congratulated the people of Chicago that they were not supplied with such water as London had to put up with, "where," he said, "I am told it comes from Chelsea, which is one of the filthiest places in the world."

By this time the whole party has got into working order; Lady Green, as a soldier's wife, sets an excellent example of punctuality and ready-packed-up-edness, no matter how early the start may be. It is a large party, but, by reason of its discipline, very easy to move. And so, notwithstanding the work in the early morning nine miles away, we were all ready at the terminus of the Shore Line by noon to strike out for the West by the rail which runs by Lake Michigan, halting first at Milwaukee, eighty miles away.

The Americans have many things to be grateful for on the vast continent of which they own so goodly a share, especially the natural facilities which they possess for turning the development of their energies to account; and among these, next, perhaps, to the navigable rivers opening up the length and breadth of the States to the sea, is the series of lakes stretching from the Atlantic to the central mountain ridges, affording the most admirable intercommunication between the great cities which are growing up on their shores and the corn-growing and stock-producing regions which extend far away on either side of them.

Perchance farther out from the shore, under the influence of a brighter sky, they may be blue, but certainly the waves that broke on the beach were muddy and the river flowing into the lake at Milwaukee, which is visible from the train, is exceedingly filthy. Only comparisons are odious, I would say that it looked as vile as that at Chicago. It needs a strong sense of the picturesque and beautiful to tolerate the waters of the Venetian canals in summer time, but here, without any compensation, there are the odors and the nastiness which one would more willingly encounter in paying homage to the Queen of the Adriatic in July or August.

On the lake were many sailing vessels with snowy cotton canvas, the intermediate belt of land being thickly populated, rich, well cultivated, and prettily wooded. Now and then a huge steamer came in view, vomiting masses of smoke, too common a disfigurement of these

pure skies, for neither on shore nor on the river do they burn it. Chicago is almost as black and smoky as Birmingham. Racine seemed to have its full share of prosperity and manufacturing industry, but Milwaukee, which we reached at 2.20 P. M., added one of the many surprises which our party encountered in the United States. Mr. W. Mitchell, who came from Aberdeen some forty odd years ago, one of the chief men of the place, in company with other gentlemen, met the Duke of Sutherland, and drove us through the city. It contrasted very favorably in the cleanliness of the streets and the general appearance of unadulterated well-doing of the population with Chicago—a crowning glory to Mr. Mitchell, and those like him who remember the town as a toddling, wee hamlet, and see it now flourishing and opulent, with its 50,000 inhabitants.

IN THE WORLD'S FAIR YEAR, 1893

(From "*Outre-Mer, Impressions of America*," by Paul Bourget, published by T. Fisher Unwin)

CHICAGO IN AN AUTUMN MORNING FROM THE TOWER OF THE AUDITORIUM

IT is two hundred and seventy feet high, and it crowns and dominates a chaotic cyclopean structure which connects a colossal hotel with a colossal theater. One's first visit on arriving should be here, in order to get the strongest impression of the enormous city, lying black on the shore of its blue lake.

Last night when the conductor called out the name of the station at which I was to leave the train, a frightful storm, such as one experiences nowhere but in America, was deluging the whole country with cataracts of water, and between the station and the hotel I could see nothing but the outlines of gigantic buildings hanging, as it were, from a dark sky streaked with lightning, and between them small wooden houses, so frail that it seemed as if the furious wind must scatter their ruins to the four quarters of the tempest-tossed city.

This morning the sky is clear, with a soft, warm clearness, washed clean by the rain. It brings out all the more strikingly the dark coloring of the city, as it is reflected back from the deeper azure of Lake Michigan, ploughed with steamboats like a sea. Far as the eye can reach Chicago stretches away, its flat roofs and its smoke—innumerable columns of whitey-gray smoke. They rise straight upward, then stoop to heap themselves into vapory capitals, and at last meet together in a dome above the endless avenues.

It needs but a few minutes for the eye to become accustomed to the strange scene. Then you discern differences of height among these levels. Those of only six or seven stories seem to be the merest cottages, those of two stories are not to be distinguished from the pavement, while the "buildings" of fourteen, fifteen, twenty stories, uprise like the islands of the Cyclades as seen from the mountains of Negroponte.

A mighty murmur uprises from below like that of no other city. There is an incessant tinkle of locomotive bells, that seem to be sounding

in advance the knell of those they are about to crush. They are everywhere, crossing the streets, following the lake shore, passing over the river which rolls its leaden waters under soot-colored bridges, meeting and crossing each other's tracks, pursuing and overtaking one another. Now you distinguish an elevated road, and there, beside the railways on the level street, you see other trains on the avenues, three or four cars long, but without locomotive. It is the cable system. And there are steamers lowering their yards and coming to anchor in the harbor.

Yes, the scene is strange even to unreality, when one reminds oneself that this Babel of industry grew out of a tiny frontier post,—Fort Dearborn. The Indians surprised it and massacred the garrison about 1812. I am not very far beyond my youth, and yet how many men have I known that were alive then, and how near that date is! In 1871, that is to say, later than the Franco-Prussian War, there was fire writhing around this very place where I am standing this bright morning. The irresistible devouring force of one of the most terrific conflagrations mentioned in history transformed this entire plain into a burning mass which still smoked after many days had passed.

"Where this tower now stands," said my Chicago guide, concluding the epos of that awful event, "you might have stood in a bed of ashes, with not a single house between the lake on your right hand and the river on your left."

I looked from one to the other, the river and the lake, as I heard these words. That month of October, 1871, was more than near to me; it seemed as if I could touch it, as if I were still in it. I could tell the names of the books that I was reading then, the articles that I was writing. I could remember how I spent almost every day. I realized with an almost physical accuracy the length of the years since that date, —twenty-two. How few hours that makes, after all! and I leaned again over the balustrade of the tower, gazing down upon this prodigy, stunned with the thought of what men have done!

Men! The word is hardly correct applied to this perplexing city. When you study it more in detail, its aspect reveals so little of the personal will, so little caprice and individuality, in its streets and buildings, that it seems like the work of some impersonal power, irresistible, unconscious, like a force of nature, in whose service man was merely a passive instrument.

This power is nothing else than that business fever which here throbs at will, with an unbridled violence like that of an uncontrollable element. It rushes along these streets, as once before the devouring flame of fire; it quivers; it makes itself visible with an intensity which lends something tragical to this city, and makes it seem like a poem to me.

When, from this overhanging tower, you have gazed down upon this immense volcano of industry and commerce, you go down to look more closely into the details of this exuberant life, this exhaustless stream of activity. You walk along the sidewalks of streets which bear marks of haste,—here flagstones, there asphalt, yonder a mere line of planks crossing a miry swamp. This want of continuity in road material is repeated in the buildings. At one moment you have nothing around you but “buildings.” They scale the very heavens with their eighteen and twenty stories. The architect who built them, or rather, made them by machinery, gave up all thought of colonnades, mouldings, classical decorations. He ruthlessly accepted the speculator’s inspired conditions,—to multiply as much as possible the value of the bit of earth at the base by multiplying the superimposed “offices.”

One might think that such a problem would interest no one but an engineer. Nothing of the kind! The simple power of necessity is to a certain degree a principle of beauty; and these structures so plainly manifest this necessity that you feel a strange emotion in contemplating them. It is the first draught of a new sort of art,—an art of democracy made by the masses and for the masses, an art of science, where the invariability of natural laws gives to the most unbridled daring the calmness of geometrical figures. The portals of the basements, usually arched as if crushed beneath the weight of the mountain which they support, look like dens of a primitive race, continually receiving and pouring forth a stream of people. You lift your eyes, and you feel that up there behind the perpendicular wall, with its innumerable windows, is a multitude coming and going,—crowding the offices that perforate these cliffs of bricks and iron, dizzyed with the speed of the elevators. You divine, you feel the hot breath of speculation quivering behind these windows. This it is which has fecundated these thousands of square feet of earth, in order that from them may spring up this appalling growth of business palaces, that hide the sun from you and almost shut out the light of day.

Close beside the preposterous, Babel-like building extends a shapeless bit of ground, undefined, bristling, green with a scanty turf, on which a lean cow is feeding. Then follows a succession of little wooden houses, hardly large enough for a single family. Next comes a Gothic church, transformed into a shop, with a sign in great metal characters. Then comes the red and pretentious ruin of some other building burned the other week. Vacant lots, shanties, churches, ruins,—speculation will sweep over it all tomorrow, this evening perhaps, and other “buildings” will spring up. But time is needed, and these people have none. These

two years past, instead of completing their half-finished city, they have been amusing themselves in building another over yonder, under pretext of their exhibition. It is entirely white, a dream city, with domes like those of Ravenna, colonnades like those at Rome, lagoons like Venice, a fair of the world like Paris.

They have succeeded, and now the most composite, the most cosmopolitan of human mixtures fill these suburban and elevated railways, these cable cars, coaches, carriages, which overflow upon these unfinished sidewalks before these wildly dissimilar houses. And as at Chicago, it seems that everything and everybody must be larger, more developed, stronger, so from block to block in the middle of these streets are posted, to maintain order, enormous mounted policemen, tall as Pomeranian grenadiers; gigantic human barriers against which break the seething eddies of this multitude. Most of them are Germans; their red faces are unformed as if hewn out with a hatchet, as if hastily blocked out, and their bullock-like necks and shoulders make a striking comment on divers facts of the daily papers, which continually tell of some "hands up" performed in the taverns, the gambling houses, or simply in a carriage, or on the tramway.

"Hands up!" It is the classic command of the Western robber, as he enters, revolver in hand, his first business to make sure that you have not yours. How many times has it been uttered in the suburbs of this city, the meeting-place of the adventurers of the two worlds? How many times will it yet be uttered? But the spirit of adventure is also the spirit of enterprise, and if the size of the policemen of this surprising city attests the frequency of surprises attempted by these ruffians, it completes its complex physiognomy; different, surely, from every other since the foundation of the world, a mosaic of extreme civilization and almost barbarism, a savage existence only part discerned through the abruptness of this industrial creation. In short, it is Chicago, a miracle that would confound the dead of seventy years ago, if they were to return to earth and find themselves in this city, now the ninth in the world as to population, which when they were alive had not a single house.

One of the enormous branches of traffic of this city is in meat. The Chicago folk are a little ashamed of it. In earlier days they would talk to you of their packing houses, with that artless pride which is one of the charms of great parvenus. It is the simplicity natural to an elemental strength, which knows itself strong and loves to exercise itself frankly. They are tired now of hearing their detractors call them the inhabitants of Porkopolis. They find it a grievance that their city is

always "identified," as they say here, with that brutal butchery, when it has among its publishing houses one of the vastest marts of books in the world, when its newspapers never let any incident of literature or art pass without investigating it, when it has founded a university at a cost of seven millions of dollars, when it has just gathered together representatives of all forms of belief, at its remarkable Parliament of Religions,—a phenomenon unique in the history of human idealism! Chicago aspires to be something more than the distributor of food, although last year a single one of its firms cut up and distributed one million seven hundred and fifty thousand hogs, a million and twenty-five thousand beeves, and six hundred and twenty-five thousand sheep. Its enemies seek to crush it under figures like these, omitting to remember that the Chicago of the abattoirs is also the Chicago of the "White City," the Chicago of a museum which is already incomparable, the Chicago which gave Lincoln to the United States.

On the other hand, these abattoirs furnish material most precious to the foreigner who desires to understand the spirit in which the Americans undertake their great enterprises. A slaughter-house capable of shipping in twelve months, to the four parts of this immense continent, three millions five hundred thousand dressed cattle is worth the trouble of investigating. Everywhere else the technical details are very difficult to grasp. They are less so here, the directors of these colossal manufactories of roast beef and hams having discovered that the best possible advertisement is to admit the public to witness their processes of working. They have made a visit to their establishments, if not attractive,—physical repulsion is too strong for that,—at least convenient and thorough. On condition of having your nerves wrung once for all, these are among the places where you shall best see how American ingenuity solves the problems of a prodigiously complicated organization.

I therefore did like other unprejudiced tourists, and visited the "stock yards" and the most celebrated among the "packing houses," as they are called,—cutting-up houses, rather,—which is here in operation; the one, indeed, the statistics of whose operations I have but now quoted. This walk through that house of blood will always remain to me one of the most singular memories of my journey. I think, however, that I owe to it a better discernment of the characteristic features of an American business concern. If this is so, I shall have no reason to regret the painful experience.

To reach the "Union Stock Yards," the carriage crosses an immense section of the city, even more incoherent than those which border

on the elegant Michigan Avenue. It stops before the railways, to permit the passage of trains running at full speed. It crosses bridges, which immediately after uprear themselves to permit the passage of boats. It passes by hotels which are palaces, and laborers' houses which are hovels. It skirts large plots of ground, where market gardeners are cultivating cabbages amongst heaps of refuse, and others which bear nothing but advertisements. How shall I deny myself the pleasure of copying this one, among a hundred others:—

"Louis XIV. was crowned King of France at the age of five years (1643). X——'s pepsin had been crowned with success as a remedy for indigestion before it had been publicly known a single year."

The advertising fields give place to more houses, more railways, under a sky black with clouds, or smoke,—one hardly knows which,—and on both sides of the road begin to appear fenced enclosures, where cattle are penned by the hundred. There are narrow lanes between the fence, with men on horseback riding up and down. These are the buyers, discussing prices with the "cowboys" of the West.

You have read stories of the "ranches." This adventurous prairie life has taken hold upon your imagination. Here you behold its heroes, in threadbare overcoats, slouch hats, and the inevitable collar and cuffs of the American. But for their boots, and their dexterity in guiding their horses by the knees, you would take them for clerks. They are a proof, among many others, of the instinctive disdain of this realistic people for the picturesque in costume. That impression which I had in the park in New York, almost the first day, as of an immense store of ready-made clothes hurrying hither and thither, has never left me. And yet, nothing can be less "common," in the bad sense of the word, than Americans in general, and these Western cowboys in particular. Their bodies are too nervous, too lithe, under their cheap clothes. Their countenances, especially, are too intent and too sharply outlined, too decided and too stern.

The carriage stops before a building which, in its massiveness and want of character, is like all other manufactories. My companions and I enter a court, a sort of alley, crowded with packing boxes, carts, and people. A miniature railway passes along it, carrying packing boxes to a waiting train, entirely composed of refrigerator cars, such as I saw so many of as I came to Chicago. Laborers were unloading these packing boxes; others were coming and going, evidently intent upon their respective duties. There was no sign of administrative order, as we conceive it, in this establishment, which was yet so well ordered. But already one of the engineers had led us up a staircase, and we enter

an immense hall, reeking with heavy moisture, saturated with a strong acrid odor, which seems to seize you by the throat. We are in the department where the hogs are cut up. There are hundreds of men hard at work, whom we have not time so much as to look at. Our guide warns us to stand aside, and before us glides a file of porkers, disemboweled and hung by their hind feet from a rod, along which they slip toward a vaulted opening, where innumerable other such files await them. The rosy flesh, still ruddy with the life that but now animated them, gleams under the electric light that illuminates those depths. We go on, avoiding these strange encounters as best we may, and reach at last, with feet smeared in a sort of bloody mud, a platform whence we can see the initial act of all this labor, which now seems so confused, but which we shall shortly find so simple and easy to understand. There are the pigs, in a sort of pit, alive, grunting and screaming, as if they had a vision of the approach of the horrible machine, from which they can no more escape than a doomed man whose head lies on the guillotine. It is a sort of movable hook, which, being lowered by a man, seizes one of the creatures by the cord which ties its hind legs together. The animal gives a screech, as he hangs, head downward, with quivering snout and a spasmodic agitation of its short fore legs. But already the hook has slid along the iron bar, carrying the hapless victim to a neighboring recess where, as it slips by, a man armed with a long knife cuts its throat, with a slash so well aimed and effective that there is no need to repeat it. The creature utters a more terrific screech, a stream of blood spurts out, jet black and as thick as your arm. The snout quivers more pitifully, the short legs are agitated more frantically, but the death struggle only quickens the motion of the hook, which glides on to a third attendant.

The latter, with a quick movement, cuts down the animal. The hook slides back, and the carcass falls into a sort of canal tank filled with boiling water, in which an automatic rake works with a quick vibratory motion. In a few seconds it has caught the creature, turned it over and over, caught it again, and thrown the scalded carcass to another machine, which in a few more seconds has shaved it from head to tail. In another second, another hook has descended, and another bar carries that which, four minutes ago, was a living, suffering creature, toward that arched opening where, on coming in, I had seen so many similar relics. It is already the turn of another to be killed, shaved and finished off. The operation is of such lightning quickness that you have no time to realize its atrocity. You have no time to pity the poor things, no time to marvel at the cheerfulness with which the butcher—a red-

headed giant, with shoulders broad enough to carry an ox—goes on with his horrible work.

And yet, even in its lower forms, life is something so mysterious, the death and sufferings, even of a creature of the humblest order, are something so tragic when, instead of carelessly picturing them you look them thus full in the face, that all spectators, and they are many, cease to laugh and joke. For my part, before this coarse slaughter-house scene I felt myself seized with an unreasoning sadness, very short but very intense, as if, for a few minutes, the spirit of Thomas Graindorge had passed before me,—the philosophic dealer in salt and pork oil, so dear to my master, Taine. It suddenly seemed as if I saw before me existence itself, and all the work of nature, incarnated in a pitiable symbol. All that I had often thought of death was as if concrete before my eyes, in the irresistible clutch of that hook lifting those creatures, as the overpowering force of destruction which is in the world will one day seize us all,—sages, heroes, artists, as well as these poor unconscious brutes. I saw them rushing, writhing, moaning, their death agonies following fast on one another, as ours follow one another, only a little more rapidly,—how little more, considering how fast time flies, and how small a part remains for all that must be done! And the way that we looked in at this ghastly scene, my companions and I, was in nothing different from the way with which others will one day look on at our entrance into the great darkness, as on a picture, a something exterior, whose reality, after all, concerns only the being who undergoes it!

We went into the department reserved for the cattle. Here the death struggle is different. No outcry, almost no blood; no terrified expectation on the creature's part. And the scene is all the more tragic. The animals are penned by twos, in stalls like those of a stable, though without the manger. You see them trying, with their intelligence and their gentleness, to accommodate themselves to the narrow space. They gazed with their large, soft eyes—upon whom? The butcher, standing in a passageway a little above them. This man holds in his hand a slender bludgeon of steel. He is waiting until the ox is in the right position: You see him gently, caressingly, guiding the animal with the tip of his bludgeon. Suddenly he uplifts it. It falls upon the creature's forehead, and it sinks down in a lifeless heap.

In an instant a hook has lifted it up, blood pouring from the mouth and nostrils, its large glassy eyes overshadowed with a growing darkness, and within another minute another man has stripped the skin from the breast, letting it hang down like an apron, has cut open the carcass, and sent it by the expeditious method of the sliding bar, to take its place

in the refrigerating-room. Thousands of them await here the time for being carried and hung up in other rooms, also of ice, but on wheels, ready to be despatched. I see the closing of the last car of a train on the point of departure. The locomotive whistles and puffs; the bell rings. On what table of New York or Boston, Philadelphia or Savannah, will at last appear this meat, fattened on the prairie pasture-lands of some district in some Western state, and here prepared in such a way that the butcher will have merely to cut it into pieces? It will arrive as fresh, as intact, as if there had not been thousands and thousands of miles between the birth, death, and dismemberment of the enigmatical and peaceable creature.

If there was nothing but killing to be seen in this manufacture of food, it would hardly be worth while to go through so many bloody scenes for the sake of verifying, in one of its lower exemplifications, what the philosopher Huxley somewhere magnificently calls "the gladiatorial theory of existence," the severe law that murder is necessary to life. But this is only a first impression, to experience before passing to a second, that of the rapidity and ingenuity of the cutting-up and packing of this prodigious quantity of perishable meat. I don't know who it was who sportively said that a pig that went to the abattoir at Chicago came out fifteen minutes later in the form of ham, sausages, large and small, hair oil, and binding for a Bible. It is a witty exaggeration, yet hardly overdone, of the rapid and minute labor which we had just seen bestowed upon the beasts killed before our eyes; and the subdividing of this work, its precision, simplicity, quick succession, succeeding in making us forget the necessary but intolerable brutality of the scenes we had been witnessing.

An immense hall is furnished with a succession of counters placed without much order, where each member of the animal is cut apart and utilized without the loss of a bone or tendon. Here, with a quick, automatic blow, which never misses, a man cuts off first the hams, then the feet, as fast as he can throw them into caldrons, which boil and smoke them before your eyes. Farther along, a hatchet, moved by machinery, is at work making sausage-meat, which tubes of all sizes will pour forth in rolls ready for the skins, that are all washed and prepared. The word "garlic" which I see written on a box in German, "Knoblauch," and the accompanying inscription, transports me to the time of the Franco-Prussian War, when each Prussian soldier carried in his sack just such provisions, which had come from this very place. These products of Chicagoan industry will be sent far enough beyond New York!

Elsewhere the head and jowl are cleaned, trimmed, and dressed, to figure in their natural form in the show window of some American or European market. Elsewhere, again, enormous receptacles are being filled with suet which boils and bubbles, and having been cunningly mixed with a certain proportion of cream will be transformed into margarine, refined in an automatic beating machine of which we admired the artful simplicity.

"A workingman invented that," said our guide. "For that matter," he added, "almost all the machines that are used here were either made or improved by the workmen."

These words shed light for us upon all this vast workshop. We understood what these men require of a machine that for them prolongs, multiplies, perfects the acts of men. Once again we felt how much they have become refined in their processes of work, how they excel in combining with their personal effort the complication of machinery, and also how the least among them has a power of initiative, of direct vision and adjustment.

Seated again in our carriage, and rolling away over the irregular wooden pavement made of round sections of trees embedded at pleasure in the mud, we reflected upon what we had just seen. We tried to discern its intellectual significance, if we may use this word in reference to such an enterprise. And why not? We are all agreed that the first characteristic of this enterprise is the amplitude, or rather the stupendousness, of its conception. For an establishment like this to have, in a few years, brought up the budget of its employees to five million five hundred thousand dollars, that is, to more than twenty-seven millions of francs, its founders must have clearly perceived the possibilities of an enormous extension of business, and have no less clearly perceived, defined, and determined its practical features.

A colossal effort of imagination on the one hand, and, on the other, at the service of imagination, a clear and carefully estimated understanding of the encompassing reality,—these are the two features everywhere stamped upon the unparalleled establishment which we have just visited. One of us pointed out another fact,—that the principal practical feature is the railway, reminding us that the locomotive has always been an implement of general utility in American hands. By it they revolutionized military art and created a full-panoplied modern warfare, such as the Germans were later to practise at our expense. In the great national war of 1860, they first showed what advantage could be taken of this new means of mobilization. The length of the trains they sent out during that period has passed into legend. In fact, the establish-

ment which we have been discussing is only one particular case of that universal use of the railway, which is itself only a particular illustration of that essentially American turn of mind,—the constant use of new methods.

The entire absence of routine, the daily habit of letting the fact determine the action, of following it fearlessly to the end,—these characteristics grow out of the other, and this acute consciousness of the fact also explains that sort of superficial incoherence in the distribution of labor which we have already noticed. Extreme clearness, perspicuity of administrative order, always spring from an *a priori* theory. All societies and all enterprises in which realism, rather than system, rules are constructed by juxtaposition, by series of facts accepted as they arise. But how should the people here have leisure to concern themselves with those small, fine points of administrative order with which our Latin peoples are so much in love? Competition is too strong, too ferocious, almost. There is all of warfare and its breathless audacity back of the enterprises of this country, even of those most firmly established, like this one.

Our guide, who listens to our philosophizing without seeming much to disapprove, tells us that this very year, in order to elude a coalition of speculators in grain, which he explains to us, the head of the house which we have just visited was forced to erect in nineteen days, for the housing of his own wheat, a building three hundred feet square by a hundred high!

"Yes, in nineteen days, working night and day," he said, smiling; "but we Americans like 'hard work.'"

With this almost untranslatable word,—to one who has not heard it uttered here,—our visit ends. It sums up and completes it with a terseness worthy of this people of much action and few phrases!

I visited in detail the building of one of the principal Chicago newspapers, just when they were printing the Sunday edition,—a trifling affair of twenty-four pages. I had seen in New York also on a Saturday evening, the making up of such a number,—that of the *Herald*. It had forty pages, and pictures! There was a matter of a hundred and fifty thousand copies to be sent out by the early morning trains. When the circulation reaches such figures as these, a newspaper is not merely a machine for moulding public opinion, of a power incalculable in a democratic country, it is also an inconceivably complicated business to carry on. Precisely because this business differs radically from that which the day before yesterday I was endeavoring to understand, I shall be the better able to judge whether the general features which I

there discovered are to be found in all American enterprises. I can judge of that more easily here than in New York, the number of copies of the paper being somewhat less than in New York, and the process of shipping more convenient to follow.

It needed not five hundred steps in these offices to make evident to me the simultaneous play of those two mental tendencies which appeared to me so characteristic the other day,—the enormous range of invention, and the constant, minute, ever-watchful adoption of new means. The American journalist does not propose to himself to reach this or that reader, but all readers. He does not propose to publish articles of this or that kind, but of all kinds. His purpose is to make his newspaper an accurate mould of all that actually is, a sort of relief map, which shall be an epitome, not of the day, but of the hour, the minute, so all-embracing and complete that tomorrow a hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, a million persons shall have before them at breakfast a compendious picture first of their own city, next of their state, then of all the states of the Union, and finally of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia. Nor does this ambition content them; it is their will that these hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, million of readers shall find in their favorite newspaper that which shall answer all questions of every sort which they may put to themselves upon politics, finance, religion, the arts, literature, sport, society, and the sciences. It is a daily encyclopedia, set to the key of the passing moment, which is already past.

The meaning of this colossal project is shown naturally and in every possible way in every part of the newspaper building. Workmen and editors must be able to take their meals at any hour, and without leaving the building. They have therefore their own bar and restaurant. The printing of the pictures, so dear to Americans, must not be delayed. The paper has its type foundry, a regular smelting-shop, where the lead boils in the coppers. The news must be gathered up to the last second, like water in the desert, without losing a drop. The paper has its own telegraph and telephone wires, by which it is in communication with the entire world. At the time of the last presidential election, a number of Mr. Cleveland's partisans came together here, in one of the editorial rooms which was shown me, and from there they conversed with the candidate, himself in New York, receiving his instructions and giving him information. And what presses! Capable of turning off work which thirty years ago would have required a force of how many hundreds of men! Two workmen are enough today.

I find here a press of the kind of which I saw a large size in the New York *Herald* building, which, they told me there, turned off seventy thousand numbers in two hours. The enormous machine is going at full speed when I approach it. Its roar is so great that no voice can be heard beside it. It is a noise like the roar of Niagara, and the colossal strip of paper rapidly unrolling as it is drawn through the machine gives an effect as of falling water, or the eddying of liquid metal. You see a whiteness gliding by, bent and folded by the play of innumerable bars of steel, and at the other end a sort of mouth pouring forth newspapers of sixteen pages all ready for distribution. The machine has seized the paper, turned and returned it, printed it on both sides, cut it, folded it, and here is a portion of a colossal number which without undue haste a child joins with the other portions.

In presence of this formidable printing creature—it is the only expression that will serve my turn—I feel again, as in New York, a sensation as of a power which transcends the individual. This printing press is a multiplier of thought to an extent not measurable by any human arithmetic. There is a singular contrast between the extreme precision of its organs—as delicate and accurate as those of a watch—and that indefinite reach of mind projection which Americans accept as they accept all facts. To their mind amplitude calls for amplitude by a sequence which it is easy to follow in the history of journalism; having conceived the idea of a paper of enormous circulation, they invented machines which would produce copies enough, and, as their machines appeared to them capable of producing a large number of copies, their conception of circulation increased in parallel lines. There can be no doubt that in less than twenty years they will have found means of producing papers of which five hundred thousand copies a day will be sold, like our *Petit Journal*, only theirs will have sixteen, twenty-four, forty, sixty folio pages.

This is the practical aspect of the plant; there is another. In vain is a newspaper conceived of and managed as a matter of business—it is a business of a special kind. It must have a moral purpose, must take its stand for or against such a law, for or against such a person; it must have its own individuality. It cannot owe its individuality, as with us, to the personality of its editors, since its articles are not signed; nor even, as in England, to the style and manner of the articles. The “editorial,” as they call the leaders, occupies too small a place in this enormous mass of printed paper. And yet each one of the great newspapers of New York, Chicago, or Boston is a creation by itself, made in

the image of him who edits it,—usually the proprietor. In the same way the president of a railway company is usually the principal stockholder.

Here, again, is a particular feature of large business enterprises in America and one which explains their vitality; a business is always the property of a man, the visible will of that man, his energy, as it were, incarnated and made evident. The formula which I just now used and emphasized very happily expresses this intimate relation between the man and his work. You will hear it currently said that Mr. So-and-so has long been "identified" with such a hotel, such a bank, or railway, or newspaper, and this identification is so complete that if, on passing in a street car before that hotel or bank, or railway station, or newspaper, you ask your neighbor about it, he will always reply to you with a proper name. From this it results that in all American enterprises there is an elasticity, a vitality, a continual "Forward!" and also an indefatigable combativeness.

I recognize this latter characteristic once again as I pass through these offices, if only by the minute questions of my guide as to the French press and our methods of securing a superior literary criticism. They feel that this is our peculiar excellence, and they long to have their own newspapers attain to it. Every actual director of one of these great public enterprises is thus on the watch for possible modifications which may distinguish his sheet from all others, continually working it over and loading it down with more facts, more articles, enrolling more people in its service, employing them to better purpose.

Thus managed, the direction of such an enterprise becomes a work of incalculable complexity. The power to which these dictators of public opinion attain is so exceptional and so real, its existence means so much that is dear to Americans,—immense fortune and immense responsibility, enormous labor to undergo and the continual manifestation of the fact that the ambition of truly enterprising men continually impels them into these lines. A city is no sooner founded than papers begin to multiply. Some of them have their newspapers before they are even founded. It still sometimes occurs that the government gives up a large stretch of territory to an invasion of immigrants. At a given signal they hasten thither, fall upon it, and each bit of land belongs to the first occupant. That very evening or the next morning, on the plain where wagons and tents vaguely indicate the outline of a city, you will always find a liquor saloon, a postoffice, a church, and a newspaper!

Who knows that these wagons and tents are not the beginning of a Minneapolis, a St. Paul, a Chicago? Who knows that in twenty-five

years this town will not have a hundred thousand, two hundred thousand inhabitants, and the newspaper as many readers? The insignificance of a beginning never frightens an American who is planning for business. Just as in meditating on the future of a business enterprise, there is no possibility of extension which does not occur to him, so no mediocrity disheartens him. He has before him too many examples of gigantic results attained from very small and humble beginnings. The greatest railway in the United States, the Central Pacific, was founded by four men almost without resources, two of whom were small shopkeepers in 'Frisco. They built the first sections of the line, mile by mile, without money to go forward except bit by bit. Legend has it that in certain cases they were obliged to lay the rails with their own hands!

While I am submitting these very general reflections to my companion, as we pass through the halls, I observe a number of men, nearly all young, bent over their desks and writing with that absorbed attention which speaks again of "hard work," the faculty of giving all one's powers to the present duty. Others are receiving despatches which they immediately transmit on writing-machines. There is none of that club atmosphere which makes the charm of Parisian editorial rooms. At this hour, over there, the paper is nearly ready, and even while the last touches are being added they talk; they smoke; they play cards, dominoes, cup and ball. Here in this precocious news-factory leisure is wanting, and the power to enjoy leisure.

To appreciate the difference between the two editorial offices, one must set over against one another the two personalities of the French and the American reporter. The principal quality of the former is to be witty and clever. His articles are signed, and, in consequence, his literary self-consciousness is always somewhat mingled with the notes to which he makes a point of giving his own peculiar touch. You know him as mocking or sarcastic, caustic or pathetic. He is an artist even in his work of ephemeral statement, and his best successes are most generally in a sort of picturesque chit-chat. He has a certain impressionism, and you will find in his "copy" something of the methods of the best writers of the day. The American reporter remains unknown, even when he gives to his journal news, to obtain which has cost him prodigies of shrewdness and energy. As if to show him that the important matter is not the quality of his phrases, but that of the facts he brings, he is paid by the word. There is in him something of the man of action, and something of the detective. Sensational novels naturally take for their hero this personage, whose master virtue is strength of will. He

must always be ready to set out for the most remote countries, where he will be obliged to play the part of explorer, and just as ready to descend to the lowest social stratum, where he will need to act as policeman.

In this strenuous school he may, if he has the gift, become a writer of the first order. Richard Harding Davis, the creator of Gallagher and Van Bibber, is a case in point. A man who is himself a judge of style, having an extraordinary faculty for language in his letters and public utterances—Bismarck—goes so far as to insist that reporting, as Americans understand it, is the best school for a man of letters who desires to picture the movement of life. The opinion is of the order of those uttered by the Emperor at St. Helena, very partial and full of misunderstanding of the character of literary thought. It was worth citing; for it is very true that those improvised, almost telegraphic paragraphs, in which the fact appears in its strong immediate clearness, often stand out in a relief which art cannot equal. But it is an unconscious relief, over which the reporter has had no anxiety. His anxiety is to be exact, and every means is good that will secure accuracy. Many people are indignant at his methods, and sometimes they are not wrong. Last summer I was passing through Beverly, near Boston, at the time of the death of one of the most distinguished officers of the Federal army. The corpse was to be carried to Baltimore, and a funeral service was first celebrated in the little village church. In the midst of the ceremony, a young man entered, drew near to the coffin, gently raised the pall, tapped the cover with his finger, and said softly:—

“Steel, not wood.”

Then he disappeared, in the midst of universal surprise; it was a reporter.

These ruthless audacities of research are, however, performed with a certain simplicity, almost ingenuousness. I have read many “interviews” and many personal paragraphs, and, short as has been my time in America, I could count those which have in them anything wounding or even one of those humors of the pen so habitual among the most insignificant paragrapher of the boulevards. This sort of innocence of a press so audacious in its investigations is explained, I think, first, by the professional character of the reporter, and next, if I may so speak, by that of the reader. The reporter holds it to be his duty to give the reader the greatest possible number of facts. The reader considers it his right to have these facts. In the superabundance of positive details the place reserved for each personality is too short to admit of an ill-natured insinuation. The reporter no more has time to point an epigram than

the detective to whom I but now compared him has time to make a practical joke upon the one he is questioning. He is much more occupied in discovering "headlines," a collection of which would constitute the most humorous chapter of a journey to the United States. Just now, on entering the room of the newspaper reserved for necrologies, where all the biographies of celebrated living men are ranged in pigeonholes, I saw upon the table a proof of an article prepared for a celebrated singer who, at the moment, was very ill, with this "heading": "The crystal voice is broken. The bird will sing no more."

As the charming woman got better, the article joined the thousands of similar paragraphs which are waiting their turn among proofs of pictures representing buildings and men.

"Buildings may burn and men may die," said my guide, philosophically. Seeing me amused by the fancifulness of these titles, he drew my attention to one which would appear on the morrow—the most surprising one, perhaps, which I have seen—"Jerked to Jesus." It was the account of the hanging of a negro, a "colored gentleman," for "the usual crime," as they euphemistically say here, that of having outraged a white woman. He repented on the eve of his execution and died Christianly. I am not sure that the reporter who summed up this death in these three sensational words is not himself a believer, who distinctly saw in this event the entrance of a ransomed soul into paradise. Certainly, thousands of plain readers will do so by the mere force of this announcement. What would be the headlines if the matter in hand was not so vulgar an event as this, but the arrival or departure of a pugilist, or his meeting with another prize fighter?

"That is the incident which most swells the circulation of a paper," said my companion. "Why not?" he added; "we Anglo-Saxons love a 'fight.' We like it in politics, and this is why we must always see two 'leaders' facing one another. We like it in our enterprises, and that is why I can never be content until I have made my paper the first in the United States. We like it even when it is only a question of fisticuffs. And I think our race will lose something the day when we are too nearly cured of the latter. It will take time for that," he added, with a smile that lighted up his countenance—a smile in which I found, as among many business men of this country, a little of the square solidity of the bulldog. I am not far from thinking, with him, that there is, in fact, an instinctive education in the national amusements, ferocious as they seem to be. Certainly, all that teaches the calculated ardor of attack and the invincible self-restraint of resistance is useful to men destined

to live in a country where they everywhere meet so intense an energy that, in ten years, this newspaper building, these machines, the very paper itself, will be things of the past, slow, unformed, behind the times. This is what a New Yorker replied to my utterance of apprehension with regard to crossing by the Brooklyn Bridge:—

“It is not possible that it will not fall some day,” I said.

“Well,” said he, “between now and then we shall have built another, and this one will be out of fashion.”

AT THE CLOSE OF THE CENTURY, 1899

(From "*America Today*," by William Archer; copyright 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons)

WHEN I was in America twenty-two years ago, Chicago was the city that interested me least. Coming straight from San Francisco—which, in the eyes of a youthful student of Bret Harte, seemed the fitting metropolis of one of the great realms of romance—I saw in Chicago the negation of all that had charmed me on the Pacific slope. It was a flat and grimy abode of mere commerce, a rectilinear Glasgow; and to an Edinburgh man, or rather boy, no comparison could appear more damaging. How different is the impression produced by the Chicago of today! In 1877 the city was extensive enough, indeed, and handsome to boot, in a commonplace, cast-iron fashion. It was a chequerboard of Queen-Victoria-streets. Today its area is appalling, its architecture grandiose. It is the young giant among the cities of the earth, and it stands but on the threshold of its destiny. It embraces in its unimaginable amplitude every extreme of splendor and squalor. Walking in Dearborn Street or Adams Street of a cloudy afternoon, you think yourself in a frowning and fuliginous city of Dis, piled up by superhuman and apparently sinister powers. Cycling round the boulevards of a sunny morning, you rejoice in the airy and spacious greenery of the Garden City. Driving along the Lake Shore to Lincoln Park in the flush of sunset, you wonder that the dwellers in this street of palaces should trouble their heads about Naples or Venice, when they have before their very windows the innumerable laughter, the ever-shifting opalescence, of their fascinating inland sea. Plunging in the electric cars through the river subway, and emerging in the West Side, you realise that the slums of Chicago, if not quite so tightly packed as those of New York or London, are no whit behind them in the other essentials of civilised barbarism. Chicago, more than any other city of my acquaintance, suggests that antique conception of the underworld which placed Elysium and Tartarus not only on the same plane, but, so to speak, round the corner from each other.

As the elephant (or rather the megatherium) to the giraffe, so is

the colossal business block of Chicago to the skyscraper of New York. There is a proportion and dignity in the mammoth buildings of Chicago which is lacking in most of those which form the jagged sky line of Manhattan Island. For one reason or another—no doubt some difference in the system of land tenure is at the root of the matter—the Chicago architect has usually a larger plot of ground to operate on than his New York colleague, and can consequently give his building breadth and depth as well as height. Before the lanky giants of the eastern metropolis, one has generally to hold one's aesthetic judgment in abeyance. They are not precisely ugly, but still less, as a rule, can they be called beautiful. They are simply astounding manifestations of human energy and heaven-storming audacity. They stand outside the pale of aesthetics, like the Eiffel Tower or the Forth Bridge. But in Chicago proportion goes along with mere height, and many of the business houses are, if not beautiful, at least aesthetically impressive—for instance, the grim fortalice of Marshall Field & Company, the Masonic Temple, the Women's Temperance Temple (a structure with a touch of real beauty), and such vast cities within the city as the Great Northern Building and the Monadnock Block. The last-named edifice alone is said to have a daily population of 6000. A city ordinance now limits the height of buildings to ten stories; but even that is a respectable allowance. Moreover, it is found that where giant constructions cluster too close together, they (literally) stand in each other's light, and the middle stories do not let. Thus the heaven-storming era is probably over; but there is all the more reason to feel assured that the business center of Chicago will ere long be not only grandiose but architecturally dignified and satisfactory. A growing thirst for beauty has come upon the city, and architects are earnestly studying how to assuage it. In magnificence of internal decoration, Chicago can already challenge the world: for instance, in the white marble vestibule and corridors of The Rookery, and the noble hall of the Illinois Trust Bank.

At the same time, no account of the city scenery of Chicago is complete without the admission that the gorges and canyons of its central district are exceedingly draughty, smoky, and dusty. Even in these radiant spring days, it fully acts up to its reputation as the Windy City. This peculiarity renders it probably the most convenient place in the world for the establishment of a Suicide Club on the Stevensonian model. With your eyes peppered with dust, with your ears full of the clatter of the elevated road, and with the prairie breezes playfully buffeting you and waltzing with you by turns, as they eddy through the ravines of Madison, Monroe, or Adams Street, you take your life

in your hand when you attempt the crossing of State Street, with its endless stream of rattling wagons and clanging trolley cars. New York does not for a moment compare with Chicago in the roar and bustle and bewilderment of its street life. This remark will probably be resented in New York, but it expresses the settled conviction of an impartial pedestrian, who has spent a considerable portion of his life during the past few weeks in "negotiating" the crossings of both cities.

On the other hand, I observe no eagerness on the part of New York to contest the supremacy of Chicago in the matter of smoke. In this respect, the eastern metropolis is to the western as Mont Blanc to Vesuvius. The smoke of Chicago has a peculiar and aggressive individuality, due, I imagine, to the natural clearness of the atmosphere. It does not seem, like London smoke, to permeate and blend with the air. It does not overhang the streets in a uniform canopy, but sweeps across and about them in gusts and swirls, now dropping and now lifting again its grimy curtain. You will often see the vista of a gorge-like street so choked with a seeming thunder-cloud that you feel sure a storm is just about to burst upon the city, until you look up at the zenith and find it smiling and serene. Again and again a sudden swirl of smoke across the street (like that which swept across Fifth Avenue when the Windsor Hotel burst into flames) has led me to prick up my ears for a cry of "Fire!" But Chicago is not so easily alarmed. It is accustomed to having its airs from heaven blurred by these blasts from hell. I know few spectacles more curious than that which awaits you when you have shot up in the express elevator to the top of the Auditorium tower—on the one hand, the blue and laughing lake, on the other, the city belching volumes of smoke from its thousand throats, as though a vaster Sheffield or Wolverhampton had been transported by magic to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. What a wonderful city Chicago will be when the commandment is honestly enforced which declares, "Thou shalt consume thine own smoke!"

What a wonderful city Chicago will be! That is the ever-recurring burden of one's cogitations. For Chicago is awake, and intelligently awake, to her destinies; so much one perceives even in the reiterated complaints that she is asleep. Discontent is the condition of progress, and Chicago is not in the slightest danger of relapsing into a condition of inert self complacency. Her sons love her, but they chasten her. They are never tired of urging her on, sometimes (it must be owned) with most unfilial objurgations; and she, a quite unwearied Titan, is bracing up her sinews for the great task of the coming century. I have given myself a rendezvous in Chicago for 1925, when airships will no

doubt make the transit easy for my septuagenarian frame. Nowhere in the world, I am sure, does the "to be continued in our next" interest take hold on one with such a compulsive grip.

Culture is pouring into Chicago as rapidly as pork or grain, and Chicago is insatiate in asking for more. In going over the Public Library (a not quite satisfactory building, though with some beautiful details) I was most of all impressed by the army of ironbound boxes which are perpetually speeding to and fro between the library itself and no fewer than fifty-seven distributing stations scattered throughout the city. "I thought the number was forty-eight," said a friend who accompanied me. "So it was last year," said the librarian. "We have set up nine more stations during the interval." The Chicago Library boasts (no doubt justly) that it circulates more books than any similar institution in the world. Take, again, the University of Chicago: seven years ago (or, say, at the outside ten) it had no existence, and its site was a dismal swamp; today it is a handsome and populous center of literary and scientific culture. Observe, too, that it is by no means an oasis in the desert, but is thoroughly in touch with the civic life around it. For instance, it actively participates in the admirable work done by the Hull House Settlement in South Halsted Street, and in the vigorous and wide-spreading University Extension movement.

At the present moment, Chicago is not a little resentful of the sharp admonitions addressed to her by two of her aforesaid loving but exacting children. One, Professor Charles Zueblin, has been telling her that "in the arrogance of youth she has failed to realise that instead of being one of the progressive cities of the world, she has been one of the reckless, improvident, and shiftless cities." Professor Zueblin is not content (for example) with her magnificent girdle of parks and boulevards, but calls for smaller parks and breathing spaces in the heart of her most crowded districts. He further maintains that her great new sewage canal is a gigantically costly blunder; and indeed one cannot but sympathise with the citizens of St. Louis in inquiring by what right Chicago converts the Mississippi into her main sewer. But if Professor Zueblin chastises Chicago with whips, Mr. Henry B. Fuller, it would seem, lashes her with scorpions. Mr. Fuller is one of the leading novelists of the city—for Chicago, be it known, had a flourishing and characteristic literature of her own long before Mr. Dooley sprang into fame. The author of *The Cliff-Dwellers* is alleged to have said that the Anglo-Saxon race was incapable of art, and that in this respect Chicago was pre-eminently Anglo-Saxon. "Alleged," I say, for reports of lectures in the American papers are always to be taken with caution, and are very

often as fanciful as Dr. Johnson's report of the debates in Parliament. The reporter is not generally a shorthand writer. He jots down as much as he conveniently can of the lecturer's remarks, and pieces them out from imagination. Thus, I am not at all sure what Mr. Fuller really said; but there is no doubt whatever of the indignation kindled by his diatribe. Deny her artistic capacities and sensibilities, and you touch Chicago in her tenderest point. Moreover, Mr. Fuller's onslaught encouraged several other like-minded critics to back him up, so that the city has been writhing under the scourges of her epigrammatists. I have before me a letter to one of the evening papers, written in a tone of academic sarcasm which proves that even the supercilious and "donnish" element is not lacking in Chicago culture. "I know a number of artists," says the writer, "who came to Chicago, and after staying here for a while, went away and achieved much success in New York, London, and Paris. The appreciation they received here gave them the impetus to go elsewhere, and thus brought them fame and fortune." Whatever foundation there may be for these jibes, they are in themselves a sufficient evidence that Chicago is alive to her opportunities and responsibilities. She is, in her own vernacular, "making culture hum." Mr. Fuller, I understand, reproached her with her stockyards—an injustice which even Mr. Bernard Shaw would scarcely have committed. Is it the fault of Chicago that the world is carnivorous? Was not "Nature red in tooth and claw" several aeons before Chicago was thought of? I do not understand that any unnecessary cruelty is practised in the stockyards; and apart from that, I fail to see that systematic slaughter of animals for food is any more disgusting than sporadic butchery. But of the stockyards I can speak only from hearsay. I shall not go to see them. If I have any spare time, I shall rather spend it in a second visit to St. Gaudens' magnificent and magnificently placed statue of Abraham Lincoln, surely one of the great works of art of the century, and of the few entirely worthy monuments ever erected to a national hero.

AN ENGLISH SOCIALIST'S REFLECTIONS, 1906

(From "*The Future in America*," by H. G. Wells; copyright 1906, by Harper & Brothers)

III.

IN smoky, vast, undisciplined Chicago Growth forced itself upon me again as the dominant American fact, but this time a dark disorder of growth. I went about Chicago seeing many things of which I may say something later. I visited the top of the Masonic Building and viewed a wilderness of skyscrapers. I acquired a felt of memories of swing bridges and viaducts and interlacing railways and jostling crowds and extraordinarily dirty streets. I learnt something of the mystery of "floating foundations" upon which so much of Chicago rests. But I got my best vision of Chicago as I left it.

I sat in the open observation car at the end of the Pennsylvania Limited Express, and watched the long defile of industrialism from the Union Station in the heart of things to out beyond South Chicago a dozen miles away. I had not gone to the bloody spectacle of the stock-yards that "feed the world," because, to be frank, I have an immense repugnance to the killing of fixed and helpless animals; I saw nothing of those ill-managed, ill-inspected establishments, though I smelt the unwholesome reek from them ever and again, and so it was here I saw for the first time the enormous expanse and intricacy of railroads that net this great industrial desolation, and something of the going and coming of the myriads of polyglot workers. Chicago burns bituminous coal, it has a reek that outdoes London, and right and left of the line rise vast chimneys, huge blackened grain elevators, flame-crowned furnaces and gauntly ugly and filthy factory buildings, monstrous mounds of refuse, desolate, empty lots littered with rusty cans, old iron, and indescribable rubbish. Interspersed with these are groups of dirty, disreputable, insanitary-looking wooden houses.

We swept along the many-railed track, and the straws and scraps of paper danced in our eddy as we passed. We overtook local trains and they receded slowly in the great perspective, huge freight trains met us

or were overtaken; long trains of doomed cattle passed northward; solitary engines went by—every engine tolling a melancholy bell; open trucks crowded with workmen went cityward. By the side of the track, and over the level crossings, walked great numbers of people. So it goes on mile after mile—Chicago. The sun was now bright, now pallid through some streaming curtain of smoke; the spring afternoon was lit here and again by the gallant struggle of some stunted tree with a rare and startling note of new green.

It was like a prolonged, enlarged mingling of the south side of London with all that is bleak and ugly in the Black Country. It is the most perfect presentation of nineteenth century individualistic industrialism I have ever seen—in its vast, its magnificent squalor; it is pure nineteenth century; it had no past at all before that; in 1800 it was empty prairie, and one marvels for its future. It is indeed a nineteenth century nightmare that culminates beyond South Chicago in the monstrous fungoid shapes, the endless smoking chimneys, the squat retorts, the black smoke pall of the Standard Oil Company. For a time the sun is veiled altogether by that.

And then suddenly Chicago is a dark smear under the sky, and we are in the large emptiness of America, the other America—America in between.

IV.

“UNDISCIPLINED”—that is the word for Chicago. It is the word for all the progress of the Victorian time, a scrambling, ill-mannered, undignified, unintelligent development of material resources. Packing-town, for example, is a place that feeds the world with meat, that concentrates the produce of a splendid countryside at a position of imperial advantage, and its owners have no more sense, no better moral quality, than to make it stink in the nostrils of any one who comes within two miles of it; to make it a center of distribution for disease and decay, an arena of shabby evasions and extra profits; a scene of brutal economic conflict and squalid filthiness, offensive to every sense. (I wish I could catch the soul of Herbert Spencer and tether it in Chicago for awhile to gather fresh evidence upon the superiority of unfettered individualistic enterprises to things managed by the state.)

Want of discipline! Chicago is one hoarse cry for discipline! The reek and scandal of the stockyards is really only a gigantic form of that same quality in American life that, in a minor aspect, makes the sidewalk filthy. The key to the peculiar nasty ugliness of those Schoellkopf works that defile the Niagara gorge is the same quality. The detestableness

of the Elevated railroads of Chicago and Boston and New York have this in common. All that is ugly in America, in Lancashire, in South and East London, in the Pas de Calais, is due to this, to the shoving unintelligent proceedings of underbred and morally obtuse men. Each man is for himself, each enterprise; there is no order, no prevision, no common and universal plan. Modern economic organization is still as yet only thinking of emerging from its first chaotic stage, the stage of lawless enterprise and insanitary aggregation, the stage of the prospector's camp.

But it does emerge.

Men are makers—American men, I think, more than most men—and amidst even the catastrophic jumble of Chicago one finds the same creative forces at work that are struggling to replan a greater Boston, and that turned a waste of dumps and swamps and cabbage gardens into Central Park, New York. Chicago also has its Parks Commission and its green avenues, its bright flower-gardens, its lakes and playing-fields. Its Midway Plaisance is in amazing contrast with the dirt, the congestion, the moral disorder of its State Street; its field houses do visible battle with slum and the frantic meanness of commercial folly.

Field houses are peculiar to Chicago, and Chicago has every reason to be proud of them. I visited one that is positively within smell of the stockyards and wedged into a district of gaunt and dirty slums. It stands in the midst of a little park, and close by it are three playing-grounds with swings and parallel bars and all manner of athletic appliances, one for little children, one for girls and women, and one for boys and youths. In the children's place is a paddling-pond of clear, clean, running water and a shaded area of frequently changed sand, and in the park was a broad asphalted arena that can be flooded for skating in winter. All this is free to all comers, and free too is the field house itself. This is a large, cool Italianate place with two or three reading rooms—one specially arranged for children—a big discussion hall, a big and well-equipped gymnasium, and big, free baths for men and for women. There is also a clean, bright refreshment place where wholesome food is sold just above cost price. It was early on Friday afternoon when I saw it all, but the place was busy with children, reading, bathing, playing in a hundred different ways.

And this field house is not an isolated philanthropic enterprise. It is just one of a number that are dotted about Chicago, mitigating and civilizing its squalor. It was not distilled by begging and charity from the stench of the stockyards or the reek of Standard Oil. It is

part of the normal work of a special taxing body created by the legislature of the State of Illinois. It is just one of the fruits upon one of the growths that spring from such persistent creative efforts as that of the Chicago City Club. It is socialism—even as its enemies declare.

Even amidst the somber uncleanness of Chicago one sees the light of a new epoch, the coming of new conceptions, of foresight, of large collective plans and discipline to achieve them, the fresh green leaves, among all the festering manure, of the giant growths of a more orderly and more beautiful age.

ARNOLD BENNETT'S OBSERVATIONS, 1912

(From "Your United States," by Arnold Bennett; copyright 1912, by Harper & Brothers)

WHEN I left New York and went to Washington I was congratulated on having quitted the false America for the real. When I came to Boston I received the sympathies of everybody in Boston on having been put off for so long with spurious imitations of America, and a sigh of happy relief went up that I had at length got into touch with a genuine American city. When, after a long pilgrimage, I attained Chicago, I was positively informed that Chicago alone was the gate of the United States, and that everything east of Chicago was negligible and even misleading. And when I entered Indianapolis I discovered that Chicago was a mushroom and a suburb of Warsaw, and that its pretension to represent the United States was grotesque, the authentic center of the United States being obviously Indianapolis. The great towns love thus to affront one another, and their demeanor in the game resembles the gamboling of young tigers—it is half playful and half ferocious. For myself, I have to say that my heart was large enough to hold all I saw. While I admit that Indianapolis struck me as very characteristically American, I assert that the unreality of New York escaped me. It appeared to me that New York was quite a real city, and European geographies (apt to err, of course, in matters of detail) usually locate it in America.

Having regard to the healthy mutual jealousy of the great towns, I feel that I am carrying audacity to the point of foolhardiness when I state that the streets of every American city I saw reminded me on the whole rather strongly of the streets of all the others. What inhabitants of what city could forgive this? Yet I must state it. Much of what I have said of the streets of New York applies, in my superficial opinion, for instance, to the streets of Chicago. It is well known that to the Chinaman all Westerners look alike. No tourist on his first visit to a country so astonishing as the United States is very different from a Chinaman; the tourist should reconcile himself to that deep truth. It is desolating to think that a second visit will reveal to me the blind-

ness, the distortions, and the wrong-headedness of my first. But even as a Chinaman I did notice subtle differences between New York and Chicago. As one who was brought up in a bleak and uncanny climate, where soft coal is in universal use, I at once felt more at home in Chicago than I could ever do in New York. The old instinct to wash the hands and change the collar every couple of hours instantly returned to me in Chicago, together with the old comforting conviction that a harsh climate is a climate healthy for body and spirit. And, because it is laden with soot, the air of Chicago is a great mystifier and beautifier. Atmospheric effects may be seen there that are unobtainable without the combustion of soft coal. Talk, for example, as much as you please about the electric sky-signs of Broadway—not all of them together will write as much poetry on the sky as the single word "Illinois" that hangs without a clue to its suspension in the murky dusk over Michigan Avenue. The visionary aspects of Chicago are incomparable.

Another difference, of quite another order, between New York and Chicago is that Chicago is self-conscious. New York is not; no metropolis ever is. You are aware of the self-consciousness of Chicago as soon as you are aware of its bitumen. The quality demands sympathy, and wins it by its wistfulness. Chicago is openly anxious about its soul. I liked that. I wish I could see a livelier anxiety concerning the municipal soul in certain cities of Europe.

Perhaps the least subtle difference between New York and Chicago springs from the fact that the handsomest part of New York is the center of New York, whereas the center of Chicago is disappointing. It does not impress. I was shown, in the center of Chicago, the first skyscraper that the world had ever seen. I visited with admiration what was said to be the largest department store in the world. I visited with a natural rapture the largest book store in the world. I was informed (but respectfully doubt) that Chicago is the greatest port in the world. I could easily credit, from the evidence of my own eyes, that it is the greatest railway center in the world. But still my imagination was not fired, as it has been fired again and again by far lesser and far less interesting places. Nobody could call Wabash Avenue spectacular, and nobody surely would assert that State Street is on a plane with the collective achievements of the city of which it is the principal thoroughfare. The truth is that Chicago lacks at present a rallying-point—some Place de la Concorde or Arc de Triomphe—something for its biggest streets to try to live up to. A convocation of elevated railroads is not enough. It seemed to me that Jackson Boulevard or Van Buren Street, with fine crescents abutting opposite Grant Park and Garfield Park,

and a magnificent square at the intersection of Ashland Avenue, might ultimately be the chief sight and exemplar of Chicago. Why not? Should not the leading thoroughfare lead boldly to the lake instead of shunning it? I anticipate the time when the municipal soul of Chicago will have found in its streets as adequate expression as it has already found in its boulevards.

Perhaps if I had not made the "grand tour" of those boulevards, I might have been better satisfied with the streets of Chicago. The excursion, in an automobile, occupied something like half of a frosty day that ended in torrents of rain—apparently a typical autumn day in Chicago! Before it had proceeded very far I knew that there was a sufficient creative imagination on the shore of Lake Michigan to carry through any municipal enterprise, however vast, to a generous and final conclusion. The conception of those boulevards discloses a tremendous audacity and faith. And as you roll along the macadam, threading at intervals a wide-stretching park, you are overwhelmed—at least I was—by the completeness of the scheme's execution and the lavishness with which the system is in every detail maintained and kept up.

You stop to inspect a conservatory, and find yourself in a really marvelous landscape garden, set with statues, all under glass and heated, where the gaffers of Chicago are collected together to discuss interminably the exciting politics of a city anxious about its soul. And while listening to them with one ear, with the other you may catch the laconic tale of a park official's perilous and successful vendetta against the forces of graft.

And then you resume the circuit and accomplish many more smooth, curving, tree-lined miles, varied by a jolting section, or by the faint odor of the Stockyards, or by a halt to allow the longest freight train in the world to cross your path. You have sighted in the distance universities, institutions, even factories; you have passed through many inhabited portions of the endless boulevard, but you have not actually touched hands with the city since you left it at the beginning of the ride. Then at last, as darkness falls, you feel that you are coming to the city again, but from another point of the compass. You have rounded the circle of its millions. You need only think of the unkempt, shabby, and tangled outskirts of New York, or of any other capital city, to realize the miracle that Chicago has put among her assets.


You descry lanes of water in the twilight, and learn that in order to prevent her drainage from going into the lake Chicago turned a river back in its course and compelled it to discharge ultimately into the Mississippi. That is the story. You feel that it is exactly what Chicago,

alone among cities, would have the imagination and the courage to do. Some man must have risen from his bed one morning with the idea, "Why not make the water flow the other way?" And then gone, perhaps diffidently, to his fellows in charge of the city with the suggestive query, "Why not make the water flow the other way?" And been laughed at! Only the thing was done in the end! I seem to have heard that there was an epilogue to this story, relating how certain other great cities showed a narrow objection to Chicago draining herself in the direction of the Mississippi, and how Chicago, after all, succeeded in persuading those whom it was necessary to persuade that, whereas her drainage was unsuited to Lake Michigan, it would consort well with the current of the Mississippi.

And then, in the night and in the rain, you swerve round some corner into the straight, by Grant Park, in full sight of one of the most dazzling spectacles that Chicago or any other city can offer—Michigan Avenue on a wet evening. Each of the thousands of electric standards in Michigan Avenue is a cluster of six huge globes (and yet they will tell you in Paris that the Rue de la Paix is the best-lit street in the world), and here and there is a red globe of warning. The two lines of light pour down their flame into the pool which is the roadway, and you travel continually toward an incandescent floor without ever quite reaching it, beneath mysterious words of fire hanging in the invisible sky! The automobile stops. You get out, stiff, and murmur something inadequate about the length and splendor of those boulevards. "Oh," you are told, carelessly, "those are only the interior boulevards. Nothing! You should see our exterior boulevards—not quite finished yet!"

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER

(From "*From Dublin to Chicago*," by George A. Birmingham; copyright 1914,
by George H. Doran Company)

HICAGO possesses one exceedingly good hotel. We know this by experience. The other hotels in the city may be equally good, but we shall never try them. Having found one almost perfect hotel, we shall, whenever we visit that city again, go back to it. But I expect that all the other hotels there are good too, very good; for Chicago appears to take an interest in its hotels. In most cities, perhaps in all other cities, hotels are good or bad according as their managers are efficient or the reverse. The city itself does not care about its hotels any more than it cares about its bootmakers. A London bootmaker might provide very bad leather for the soles of a stranger's boots. The *Times* would not deal with that bootmaker in a special article. It might be very difficult to obtain hot water in one of the great London hotels—I have seen it stated, on the authority of an American, that it is very difficult—but London itself does not care whether it is or not. The soling of boots and the comfort of casual guests are, according to the generally prevailing view, affairs best settled between the people directly interested, the traveler on the one hand and the bootmaker or manager on the other. No one else thinks that he has a right to interfere.

Chicago takes a different view. It has a sense of civic responsibility for its hotels, possibly also for its bootmakers. I did not try the bootmakers and therefore cannot say anything certainly about them. But I am sure about the hotels. It happened that there was a letter awaiting my arrival at the hotel, the very excellent hotel, in which we stayed. This letter was not immediately delivered to me. I believe that I ought to have asked for it, that the hotel manager expects guests to ask for letters, and that I had no reasonable ground of complaint when the letter was not delivered to me. Nor did I complain. I am far too meek a man to complain about anything in a large hotel. I am desperately afraid of hotel officials. They are all much grander than I am and occupy far more important positions in the world. I should not

grumble if a princess trod on my toe. Princesses have a right, owing to the splendor of their position, to trample on me. But I would rather grumble at a princess than complain to a head waiter or the clerk in charge of the offices of a large hotel. Princesses are common clay compared to these functionaries. But even if I were a very brave man, and even if I believed that one man was as good as another and I the equal of the manager of a large hotel, I should not have complained about the failure to deliver that letter. The hotel when we were there was very full, and full of the most important kind of people, doctors. It was not to be expected that such a trifle as a letter for me would engage the attention of anybody.

Next morning there was a paragraph in one of the leading Chicago papers about my letter and the manager of the hotel was told plainly, in clear print, that he must do his business better than he did. I was astonished when the manager, taking me solemnly apart, showed me the paragraph, astonished and terror-stricken. I apologized at once for daring to have a letter addressed to me at his hotel. I apologized for not asking for it when I arrived. I apologized for the trouble his staff had been put to in carrying the letter up to my room in the end. Then I stopped apologizing because, to my amazement, the manager began. He apologized so amply that I came gradually to feel as if I were not entirely in the wrong. Also I realized why it is that this hotel—and no doubt all the others in Chicago—is so superlatively good. Chicago keeps an eye on them. The press is alive to the fact that every citizen of a great city, even a hotel manager, should do not merely his duty but more, should practice counsels of perfection, perform works of supererogation, deliver letters which are not asked for.

The incident is in itself unimportant, but it seems to me to illustrate the spirit of Chicago. It is a great city and is determined to get things done right. It has besides, and this is its rare distinction, an unflinching conviction that it can get things done right. Most communities are conscious of some limitations of their powers. For Chicago there are no limitations at all anywhere. Whatever ought to be done Chicago will do. Nothing is too small, nothing too great to be attempted and carried through. It may be an insignificant matter, like the comfort of a helpless and foolish stranger. It may be a problem against which civilized society has broken its teeth for centuries, like the evil of prostitution. Chicago is convinced that it can be got right and Chicago means to do it.

I admire this sublime self-confidence. I ought always to be happy when I am among men who have it, because I was born in Belfast and

the first air I breathed was charged with exactly this same intensely bracing ozone of strong-willedness.

Belfast is very like Chicago. If a Belfast man were taken while asleep and transported on a magic carpet to Chicago, he would not, on waking up, feel that anything very strange had happened to him. The outward circumstances of life would indeed be different, but he would find himself in all essential respects at home. He would talk to men who said "We will," with a conviction that their "We will" is the last word which can or need be said on any subject; just as he had all his life before talked to men who said, "We won't," with the same certainty that beyond their "We won't" there was nothing.

Chicago is, indeed, greater than Belfast, not merely in the number of its inhabitants and the importance of its business, but in the fact that it asserts where Belfast denies. It is a greater and harder thing to say "Yes" than "No." But there is a spiritual kinship between the two places in that both of them mean what they say and are quite sure that they can make good their "yes" and "no" against the world. If all the rest of America finds itself up against Chicago as the British empire is at present up against Belfast, the result will be the bewilderment of the rest of America.

I was in Chicago only for a short time. I did not see any of the things which visitors usually see there. I went there with certain prejudices. I had read, like every one else, Mr. Upton Sinclair's account of the slaughter of pigs in Chicago. I had read several times over the late Mr. Frank Norris's "The Pit." I had read and heard many things about the wonderful work of Miss Jane Addams. I had a vague idea that Chicago was both better and worse than other places, that God and the devil had joined battle there more definitely than elsewhere, that the points at issue were plainer, that there was something nearer to a straight fight in Chicago between good and evil than we find in other places.

"We are here," says Matthew Arnold, "as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies strive by night."

In Chicago I felt the armies would be less ignorant, the alarms a little less confused. I am not sure now that this is so. It may be quite as hard in Chicago as it is anywhere else to find out quite certainly what is right; which, in certain tangled matters, is God's side and which the devil's. But I do not believe that the Chicago man, any more than the Belfast man, is tormented with the paralysis of indecision. He may

and very likely will do a great many things which will turn out in the end not to be good things. But he will do them quite unfalteringly. When, having done them, he has time to look around at the far side of them, he may discover that there was some mistake about them somewhere. Then he will undo them and do something else instead with the same vigorous conviction. He will, in any case, keep on doing things and believing in them.

I was in a large bookseller's shop while I was in Chicago. It was so large that it was impossible to discover with any certainty what pleases Chicago most in the way of literature. There seemed to me to be copies of every book I had ever heard of waiting there for buyers, and, I presume, they would not wait unless buyers were likely to come. But I was struck with the very large number of books dealing with those subjects which may be classed roughly under the term eugenics. There were more of these books in that shop than I had ever seen before. I should not have guessed that there were so many in the world. I may, of course, have received a wrong impression. This particular shop had its books arranged according to subjects. There was not, as generally in England and Ireland, a counter devoted to the latest publications, or a series of shelves given over to books priced at a shilling. In this shop all books on economics, for example, whether old or new, cheap or dear, were in one place; all books on music in another and so forth. The idea underlying the arrangement being that a customer knows more or less the subject he wants to read about and is pleased to find all books on that subject ready waiting for him in rows. Our idea, on the other hand, that which underlies the arrangements of our shops, is that a customer wants, perhaps a new book, perhaps a ten-and-sixpenny book, perhaps a shilling book, without minding much what the book is about. He is best suited by finding all the new books in one place, all the ten-and-sixpenny books in another, and all the shilling books in a third. I do not know which is the better plan, but that adopted in the Chicago shop has the effect of making the casual customer realize the very large number of books there are on every subject. I may therefore have been deceived about the popularity of books on eugenics in Chicago. There may be no more on sale there than elsewhere. But I think there are. Of some of these books there were very large numbers, twenty or thirty copies of a single book all standing in a row. Plainly it was anticipated that there were in Chicago twenty or thirty people who would want that particular book. I never, in any book shop elsewhere, saw more than five or six copies of a eugenic book in stock at the same time. I also noticed that the majority of these

books were cheap; not detailed and elaborate treatises on, let us say, Weissmannism and the mechanism of heredity; but short handbooks, statements of conclusions supposed to be arrived at and practical advice suited to plain people. I formed the opinion that the study of eugenics is popular in Chicago, more popular than elsewhere, and that a good many people believe that some good is to be got out of knowing what science has to teach on these subjects.

I was told by a man who ought to have known that these books are steadily becoming more popular. The demand for them was very small five years ago. It is very large now and becoming steadily larger. This seems to me a very interesting thing. For a long time people were content just to take children as they came, and they did not bother much about the hows and the whys of the business. Grown-up men and women did not indeed believe that storks dropped babies down chimneys or that doctors brought them in bags. But they might just as well have believed these things for all the difference such knowledge as they had made in their way of conducting the business. Their philosophy was summed up in a proverb. "When God sends the mouth He sends the food to fill it." To go further into the details struck people, twenty years ago, as rather a disgusting proceeding.

Now we have all, everywhere, grown out of this primitive innocence. We have been driven away from our old casual ways of reproducing ourselves, and are forced to think about what we are doing. There is nothing very interesting or curious about this. It is simply a rather unpleasant fact. What is interesting is that Chicago seems to be thinking more than the rest of us, is at all events more interested than the rest of us in the range of subjects which I have very roughly called eugenics. Chicago is, apparently, buying more books on these subjects, and presumably buys them in order to read them. Is this a symptom of the existence of a latent vein of weakness in Chicago?

I am not a very good judge of a question of this sort. The whole subject of eugenics and all the other subjects which are associated with it are extremely distasteful to me. I like to think of young men and young women falling in love with each other and getting married because they are in love without considering overmuch the almost inevitable consequences until these are forced upon them. I fancy that in an entirely healthy community things would be managed in this way, and that the result, generally speaking and taking a wide number of cases into consideration, would be a race of wholesome, sound children, fairly well endowed with natural powers and fitted to meet the struggle of life. But Chicago evidently thinks otherwise. The subject of

eugenics is studied there, and, as a consequence of the study, a number of clergy of various churches have declared they will not marry people who are suffering from certain diseases. They have all reason on their side. I admit it. I have nothing to urge against them except an old-fashioned prejudice in favor of the fullest possible liberty to the individual. Yet I cannot help feeling that it is not a sign of strength in a community that it should think very much about these things. A man seldom worries about his digestion or reads books about his stomach until his stomach and his digestion have gone wrong and begun to worry him. A great interest in what is going on in our insides is either a sign that things are not going on properly or else a deliberate invitation to our insides to give us trouble. It is the same with the community. But I should not like to think that anything either is or soon will be the matter with Chicago. It would be a lamentable loss to the world if Chicago's definite "I will" were to weaken, if the native hue of this magnificent, self-confident resolution were to be sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought.

At present, at all events, there is very little sign of any such disaster. It happened that while we were in Chicago there was some sort of Congress of literary men. They dined together, of course, as all civilized men do when they meet to take counsel together on any subject except the making of laws. In all probability laws would be better made if Parliaments were dining clubs; but this is too wide a subject for me to discuss. The literary men who met in Chicago had a dinner, and I was highly honored by receiving an invitation to it. I wish it had been possible for me to be there. I could not manage it, but I did the next best thing, I read the report of the proceedings in the papers on the following morning. One speaker said that he looked forward to the day when Chicago would be the world center of literature, music and art. He was not, of course, a stranger, one of the literary men who had gathered there from various parts of America. He was a citizen of Chicago. No stranger would have ventured to say so magnificent a thing. As long as Chicago says things like that, simply and unaffectedly, and believes them, Chicago can study eugenics as much as it likes, might even devote itself to Christian Science or take to Spiritualism. It would still remain strong and sane. For this was not a silly boast, made in the name of a community which knows nothing of literature, music or art. Chicago knows perfectly well what literature is and what art is. Chicago understands what England has done in literature and art, what France has done, what Germany has done. Chicago has even a very good idea of what Athens did. If I were to say that I looked

forward to inventing a perfect flying machine I should be a fool, because I know nothing whatever about flying machines and have not the dimmest idea of what the difficulties of making them are. If Chicago were as ignorant about literature and art as I am about aeronautics, its hope of becoming the world center of these things would be fit matter for a comic paper. What makes this boast so impressive is just the fact that Chicago knows quite well what it means.

There are no bounds to what a man can do except his own self-distrust. There is nothing beyond the reach of a city which unflinchingly believes in itself. No other city believes in itself quite so wholeheartedly as Chicago does, and I expect Chicago *will* be the world center of literature, music and art. There is nothing to stop it, unless indeed Chicago itself gives up the idea and chooses to be something else instead. It may, I hope it will, decide to be the New Jerusalem, with gates of pearl and streets of gold and a tree of life growing in the midst of it. Then Chicago will be the New Jerusalem and I shall humbly sue to be admitted as a citizen. My petition will, I am sure, be granted, for the hospitality of the people of Chicago seems to me to exceed, if that be possible, the hospitality of other parts of America. I am not sure that I should be altogether happy there, even under the new, perfected conditions of life; but perhaps I may. I was indeed born in Belfast, and as a young man shared its spirit. That gives me hope. But I left Belfast early in life. I have dwelt much among other peoples, and learned self-distrust. It may be too late for me to go back to my youth and learn confidence again. If it is too late, I shall not be really happy in Chicago.

hon. Chas. L.

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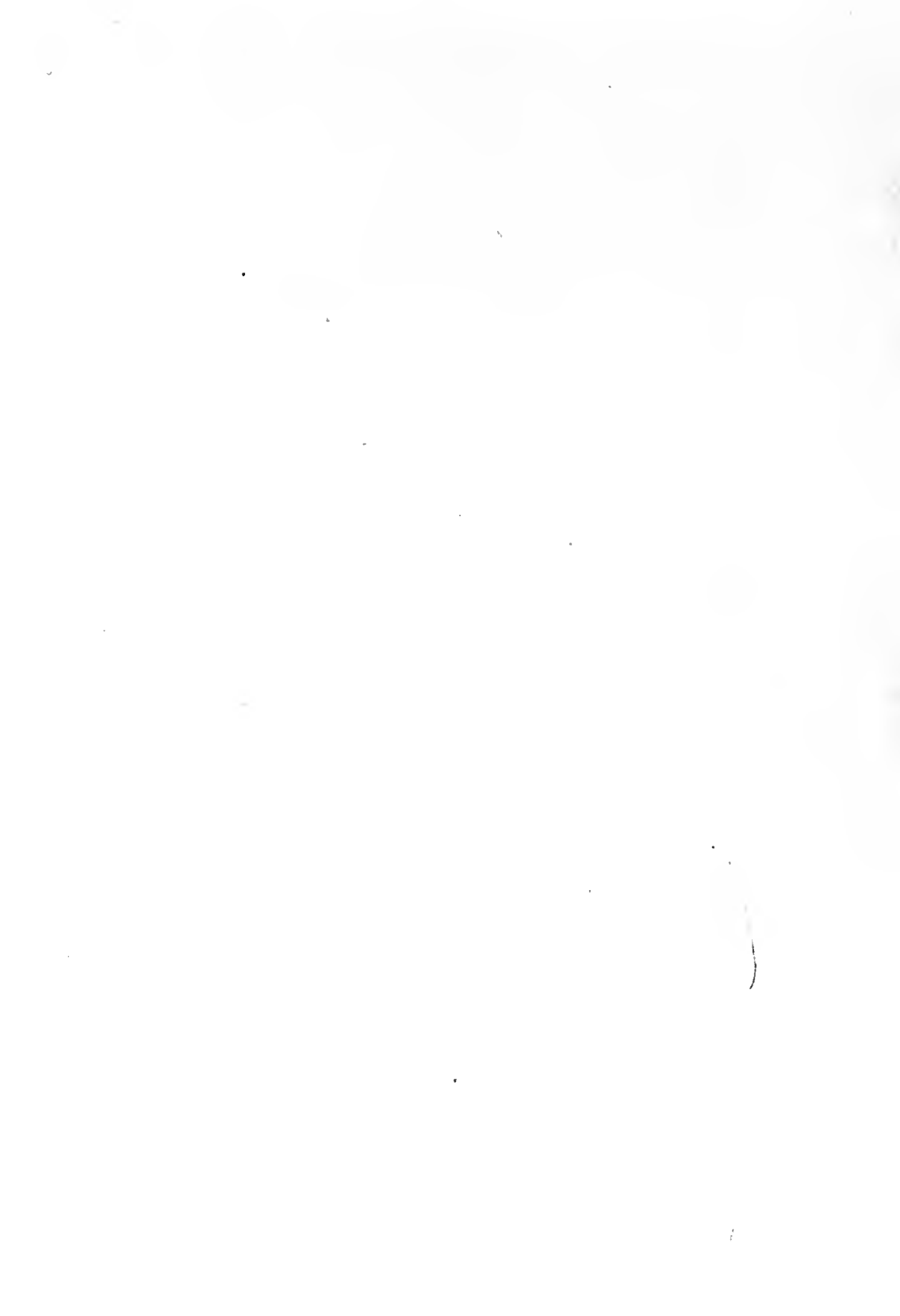
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